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MEMOIR

OF

EDWARD COPLESTON, D.D.

BISHOP OF LLANDAFF.

WITH

SELECTIONS FROM HIS DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE,

ETC.

BY

WILLIAM JAMES COPLESTON, M.A.

RECTOR OF CROMHALL, GLOUCESTERSHIRE;

AND LATE FELLOW OF ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

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LONDON:

JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, WEST STRAND.

MDCCCLI.

PREFACE.

PROBABLY most sensible persons are of opinion that *Memoirs* and *Remains* occur too frequently, and that the editors of many such books have given proof of an amiable weakness, rather than of a sound discretion, in presenting them to the public. When a person of merit and distinction is gathered to his fathers, it is natural, almost inevitable, that his immediate friends should fondly exaggerate those merits, and ascribe a greater degree of general interest to his memory than really attaches to it. I cannot, of course, feel absolutely secure that I have not been betrayed into the same error; but if it be so, I may be allowed to draw some excuse from the mortuary notices of Dr. Copleston that appeared in the public prints, and which, in their fulness and warmth of expression, went far beyond what usually attend the decease of merely learned men, or dignified ecclesiastics. Moreover, I am sure that the expectations of a large circle of friends await my attempt, and thus lay me under a sort of obligation to undertake that, to which (if I know myself) no foolish ambition to appear in print would have moved me.

Having before me a carefully-kept diary, and a variety of letters, kindly supplied, I have made it my chief object to select and arrange these, giving but few of my own sentiments, and leaving the subject of my Memoir to speak, as far as possible, for himself. Of the letters, it is difficult to avoid saying either too much or too little; I will, therefore, content myself with remarking that, if not strikingly *original* in thought or expression (which was not, indeed, the bishop's manner), they are generally models of good English and good taste, having also those characteristic touches which give the effect of a truthful sketch, satisfying us the better, because it is unstudied, and suggestive of more than is actually before us. It may seem that both the letters and the diary (but particularly the latter), are in some instances quoted with trivial effect; but I hope it will be then remembered that, in order to set faithfully before the reader the subject of my Memoir in all his views, habits, and tastes, slight as well as great points were to be noted.

Those friends to the memory of Bishop Copleston who have wished, and perhaps still wish, that his collected works should be given to the world, will see, in the letter given below, a very considerable reason for some hesitation. Posthumous publications stand, indeed, in a different predicament from those put forth during the author's life-time; and it is, therefore, possible that these restraining considerations may hereafter be set aside. Meanwhile, in the present volume, one light piece excepted, *extracts* only will be found; and, as regards those taken from the Charges, it is obvious that there need be no apprehension of my having offended against the spirit of the letter to which I refer. As regards the extracts from the *Replies*, I have sometimes found it difficult to give a valuable passage, without including here and there a trenchant sentence that tells of war gone by. But where it was possible to avoid such *κέντρα* without great sacrifice, I believe I have done so.

Sir Thomas Phillips, whose name is so well known as connected with the Newport riots, had, it seems, suggested to the Bishop the desirableness of his republishing, in a collected form, his various writings, and was answered thus:—

Oct. 26, 1841.

. . . . . . Nearly all my publications have been occasioned by some temporary circumstances; and although the subjects have been highly important, they ought, perhaps, to have been treated more methodically if the works were intended for permanent use. Most of them, too, have a controversial character; and in some there are passages directed against individuals, which, although I still think them perfectly just, yet I do not wish to perpetuate them. These reasons have induced me to decline a proposal made some time ago by an eminent bookseller, to collect and re-edit them. The letters to Peel I should, perhaps, reprint, but for the strictures on Lord Bexley's financial doctrines. Those in answer to the *Edinburgh Review* I am restrained from publishing on the same account.

The theological works I believe I shall ere long re-edit, with some additions. The last—*On Roman Catholic Errors*—I consider the most valuable, and I believe it is nearly out of print. . . . . . . I have not mentioned my *Academical Prælections,* because I did not suppose your inquiry was directed towards them. It is an octavo volume, which has, I believe, a steady, but slow and limited demand. I hope, when I come to town, I may have an opportunity of conversing with you on these subjects, especially on those connected with the welfare of the diocese. . . . . . .

I must direct the particular attention of the reader to the valuable contribution of Sir Thomas Phillips, which closes my Memoir, and without which the episcopal portion of it would be left very incomplete. The extracts from the Charges, above referred to, will be found in that paper, adding both interest and weight to the sentiments of one most competent, from his own turn of mind, to form a just estimate of his Diocesan's character.

To J. Hughes and P. B. Duncan, Esqs., my best thanks are due for their interesting communications; nor must I omit to express my obligations to Archdeacon Williams, and H. A. Bruce, Esq., for the matter which, towards the close, I have borrowed from their more able pens.

A complete list of the Bishop's publications is given at the end of this volume.

Cromhall, May 8th, 1851.

ERRATA.

Page 17, line 2 from bottom, *for* 'Lyson,' *read* 'Lysons.'
— 50, line 3, *for* '1814,' *read* '1813.'
— 64, *for* 'W. H. Tierney,' *read* 'W. H. Tinney.'
— 201, line 22, *for* 'Aberystwith,' *read* 'Aberystruth.'
— 346, line 1, *for* '1817,' *read* '1807.'

MEMOIR.

EDWARD, eldest son of John Bradford Copleston, rector of Offwell, in the county of Devon, was born at Offwell on the 2nd of February, 1776, and was educated by his father until he arrived at the age of fifteen. Of his early boyhood, no particular notices have been preserved; nor have I any anecdotes to give of that precocity in intellect, which has sometimes proved not less fallacious as to future hopes than marvellous for the present: but with such allowance as a poet's words require, I may say that he

> Undoubtedly
> Was fashioned to much honour. From his cradle
> He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one.

The sapling tree, gathering strength, 'occulto ævo,' was marked and transplanted at a very early age: for in 1791 we find Edward Copleston elected a scholar of C.C.C., Oxford; and in 1793 he appears as the successful candidate for the Latin Verse Prize; thus winning his first public honours, and, as it chanced, reciting his poem, amidst the splendours of an installation—that of the Duke of Portland, chancellor of the university. The letter in which he announced his success to his father has been preserved as a family relic, and is here given as a pleasing specimen of the artless and eager joy of the young scholar:—

My dear Father,

I am happy to inform you that your expectations with regard to my getting the university prize are verified. This morning I received the enchanting news, and I have taken the earliest opportunity of imparting it to you. Indeed, one of the greatest sources of pleasure to me from so distinguished an honour, is the thought of the satisfaction you will feel, as well as all the family. I have just been to Mr. Crowe, the public orator, who has paid me the most flattering compliments. I know you will excuse this slovenly and short letter, and impute it to the flurry of my spirits, which you will easily believe are rather agitated at so unexpected an event; and indeed it almost appears to me like a dream. I am so impatient that you should be informed of this, that I almost fancy every line I write retards your seeing my letter. And I am convinced no other intelligence after this can be any ways interesting to you. I will write again in a day or two, and be more particular; at present, I can only add my duty and kindest love to my mother, love to my brothers and sisters,

And I am, my dear Father,
Your ever dutiful and affectionate son,
E. Copleston.

A MS. book, containing this prize poem—*Marius in Tugurio ruinarum Carthaginiensium*—together with some other college exercises of no slight merit, now lies before me. Nor is it trivial to remark upon the extreme neatness and beauty of the writing, because, when this manner is uniformly preserved, as in the bishop's case, through life, we prognosticate, without the aid of the graphiologist, clear thought and methodical accuracy. To write intelligibly, was indeed matter of principle with Bishop Copleston; and that any person, able to handle a pen, should habitually do otherwise, he thought showed some degree of arrogance, or else of selfish carelessness. Let me further mention, as a pleasing trait, that this early MS. book contains a careful transcript of a Latin verse exercise, written by the bishop's younger brother, then of the age of sixteen, and living at home with his father.

An old friend and contemporary of the bishop, when a scholar at C. C. C., has kindly sent me the following specimen of *his* youthful muse, not unworthy to be classed with Milton's Latin effusions at the same age. The lines were written at Offwell, during a vacation, and sent to his friend by post, his age being then seventeen.

Sæpe ego vicinâ cùm nuncius urbe rediret
  (Unde refert quicquid poscit ab urbe domus)
Sæpe steti expectans si forsitan Oxoniensi
  Adveniat tandem littera facta manu.
Sed multos delusa dies spes longior usque,
  Et magis a votis cedere visa meis;
Nec quid agat "Corpus," nec tu Marcelle, meorum
  Inter amicorum semper habende chorum,
Quî valeas novi: Seu lætos inter ut olìm
  Felices profers lætus et ipse jocos;
Nec partem (largo perfusus membra lyæo)
  Demere de solido spernis ut antè die;

Sepositâque omni (namque hoc est vivere) curâ
  Appetis extremâ non nisi nocte torum :—
Sive (quod avertant Fata et quodcunque juventæ
  Gaudet in adversis numen adesse bonæ)
Stratus in ægroto dum tu torquêre cubili,
  Aufugit ardenti pulsa dolore quies,
Dumque doles calido salientes sanguine venas,
  Vexat adhuc variam pustula multa cutem ;—
Seu tandem immenso laudum perculsus amore
  Amplius ignavos non sinis ire dies,
Et nî vana fides, nunquam fleture laborem,
  Confisus propriis viribus alta petis,
Quippe ut, quod dudùm meritò domus inclyta poscit,
  Personet eloquium Sheldoniana tuum ;
(Nam te nec pigræ semper succumbere menti
  Exstiterit quamvìs hactenus iste pudor,
Nec te crediderim ingenio quandò tibi tali
  Dî dederunt, paucis quale dedêre frui,
Desidiam infamem potiùs sine fine fovere
  Quam petere ingenio præmia digna tuo)
Quicquid agis, responsa rogo. Si Musa negârit;
  Ne pete, quærenti quod tibi Musa negat ;
Te verò curasque tuas sermone pedestri,
  Et reliqui quid agant, fac mihi charta ferat.
Intereà (invitâ si sit, mî ignosce, Minervâ)
  Versiculos, præsens quos tulit hora, dabo :
Nec mirêre precor, flatus si Crassior Austri
  Spiret Hyperboreis duriùs auriculis,
Aut sese incultis Cantata Devonia Musis
  Jactet, et agrestes tantùm amet illa modos.
Vive meo nunquàm memori elapsurus amore
  Et, quod nunc volo se sic et habere, vale.

E. Copleston.

Offwell, Nov. 24, 1796.

For some few years, the path of the younger followed close upon that of the elder brother,—John succeeding to the scholarship which Edward vacated when elected fellow of Oriel. And although in after-life there grew a wide difference between their respective stations and fortunes, yet did the same affectionate interest in each other's welfare, of which this MS. book whispers, continue with increasing warmth throughout their course. The successful prizeman was not an unlikely person to be elected fellow at any college; yet I should not be doing full justice to the subject of my memoir by simply recording the fact that, in the year 1795, he was elected into that college which he afterwards so much adorned. The circumstances under which he was elected were very remarkable; for whereas, in ordinary cases, the candidates present themselves and solicit permission to be admitted to the lists, here, in this case, after examination of a number of competitors, among whom young Copleston was not included, the provost and fellows of Oriel sent for him to C. C. C., and invited him to be chosen into their society. We may well conjecture that, at this early day, there were indications of a character and intellect promising things beyond the *éclat* of a verse-prize. Nor was it long before these indications were in part made good: for in the next year, his probationary year at Oriel, Mr. Copleston was graced with the riper and more solid honours of the English Essay. The subject of it—Agriculture—was one of national interest, and his manner of treating it won for the author a compliment quite unique, I believe, in the history of university prize essays—the thanks of the Agricultural Society were communicated to him by the then president, Sir J. Sinclair.

Few men have been better qualified than Mr. Copleston was, in his twenty-first year, to undertake the responsible office of college tutor, upon the duties of which he entered in October Term, 1797; while, strange to say, he almost immediately appears before us as captain in a regiment of Volunteers, and leading his pupils from the class-room to the drill-ground. It was the year of the expected French invasion, when all England was in arms. Happily the threatened danger passed away, and the Oriel tutor laid aside his sword; but so long as the alarm existed he applied his energies to this, as to every other matter claiming his attention, and made, as he said of himself, no inconsiderable progress in the science of tactics. Mr. Copleston was at this period, and for many years after, a person of very active and vigorous habits—*e. g.*, in his diary for 1798 I find the following entry: '*Jul.* 6. Walked from Oxford to Offwell with my brother—to Marlborough in one day.' And again, in December of the same year: 'Walked from Oxford to Ufton—the first twenty-two miles in five hours.' The next year is marked by his first introduction to Mr. Ward, afterwards Lord Dudley and Ward, who entered at Oriel in the October Term, 1799, as Mr. Copleston's private pupil. This academical connexion ripened into friendship, and led to an intimate correspondence of many years. Some of Lord Dudley's letters, it will be remembered, were given to the world after his decease in a volume published by the bishop, and more, now waiting to see the light, were intended to follow. There is an entry in the diary for this year, 1799, which I notice, as giving perhaps the last well-authenticated instance of robbery on the London-road by mounted highwaymen: '*January* 12. Robbed by two mounted highwaymen, on my return to Oxford with Mr. Woollcombe and Mr. (afterwards Bishop) Mant, between Uxbridge and Beaconsfield.' The year 1800 was one of great interest and excitement at Oxford, being the æra of the new examination statute; and, as many of the old régime thought, the æra of an alarming revolution. No doubt it is well that there should be in every department of life conservatives by instinct, but Mr. Copleston was not reckoned among them; on the contrary, he came forward as a decided reformer, defended the statute in convocation against a vehement opposition, and, when it passed, undertook with five other colleagues the delicate and invidious task of conducting the first examinations.

It is impossible to write these notices of what passed at Oxford half a century since without a glance at present circumstances. That there should be some jealousy felt at the interference of an external power, and that some fears of the spirit of neoterism should be excited—especially when the whole complexion of the times is taken into account—does not appear extraordinary. And this question not unreasonably occurs to the mind at the same time—Has it not been in some degree overlooked, that fifty years ago one, at any rate, of our universities proved to the world that she had a power within herself capable of overcoming that 'vis inertiæ' which attaches, more or less, to all long-settled institutions—capable of effecting against that power very decided and fundamental changes? Was it not then seen that the leading of a few powerful minds sufficed, without any impulse from without, to bring about a revolution in academic life, not less distasteful to a great number in its beginning, than salutary in its results? I am not able to refer to any written sentiments of Dr. Copleston upon the subject of 'A Commission of Inquiry into the State of our Universities,' nor would I venture to ascribe to him any precise opinion as to the expediency or propriety of such interference. But it would be wrong to withhold here what will be in the recollection of many of Dr. Copleston's friends—namely, that he would sometimes express freely and strongly his regrets, that some of our collegiate societies had not done more towards meeting the educational demands of the age. When Oxford was unjustly attacked as an ignorant and incompetent teacher of youth, she found her ablest defender in Dr. Copleston; but his candid mind refused to gloss over defects, which a partisan-spirit might indeed plausibly excuse, but which could not, as he thought, be reconciled with impartial and enlarged views of duty. Those who are interested in this question of academical education, as at present renewed, will not fail to appreciate the extracts from the *Replies* which are given in the Appendix.

I insert here, as bearing upon the subject just noticed, an extract from a letter written by Dr. Copleston to his brother in 1825—

> 'When speaking of University expenses, it ought always to be observed that the mere college charges for rooms, diet, and instruction are seldom so much as 100*l.* a-year. The rest is just what a gentleman must spend wherever he is, provided he wishes to live as other gentlemen do. How absurdly they have been talking of late in Parliament on this subject, when discussing the project for London College. The expenses complained of are not those of a university. They are just what must arise from the fortunes of young men living together, not as boys, but as men; and if people of no fortune have the ambition to associate with the class above them, what right have they to object to the expenditure it involves? The same thing must occur in every other department of society. My own opinion is, that College expenses are less than when I was an under-graduate, and I am sure that the effect of strict sumptuary laws within its walls, is to drive many to engage in much larger expenses elsewhere.'

In the year 1800 Mr. Copleston was admitted to priest's orders, and instituted to the Vicarage of St. Mary the Virgin, a piece of preferment usually held by one of the resident fellows of Oriel, small in point of revenue, and bringing with it little of parochial responsibility, yet desirable as an introduction to clerical duty. I shall have occasion to refer again to the following entry in the diary, and only notice it now, to show the accurate and methodical beginnings of one who was remarkable in after life for a munificent liberality: '*Jan.* 1, 1800. Upon settling accounts, found myself possessed of 21*l.*'

No one, probably, had a greater contempt for money, regarded simply as a possession, than the late Bishop of Llandaff, while no one understood better the practice of a rational economy, or valued it more in others.

1802. To follow him on in his rising honours—we find him elected Poetry Professor when he had just completed the twenty-sixth year of his age; and in the following October reading his inaugural lecture, the first of a series of thirty-five. It must be matter of regret that the whole plan of these lectures was not finally completed. Nevertheless, the 'Prælectiones,' as they stand, will never cease to delight those who can appreciate clear development of principles, just criticism, discriminating delicacy of taste, and, perhaps, above all, Latinity of such pure and brilliant water, that when, in our recollections, we compare it with Ciceronian gems, it loses none of its lustre. No scholar will be likely to underrate the labour of a production so finished, and so richly illustrated; but it is interesting to hear what the author himself says about it, in a letter written to his friend, the Rev. J. Penrose, towards the close of his professional course. He thus expresses himself:—'My poetry lectures bring a greater trouble with them than you can well imagine. The search for apposite examples, after one's principles are well settled, is more laborious and harassing than any other employment I have yet engaged in. My own experience in this case has brought to my knowledge a circumstance in the constitution of my own mind, humiliating enough, although it is probable others may not feel it to the same extent—that is, when I am reading through a book, with a view to catch examples illustrative of one principle, none present themselves to my mind which are applicable to another. Hence the labour of composing lectures is multiplied beyond all ordinary calculation; to which must be added, the constant secret persuasion, that by perseverance and further search something better might be found.'

A part of the following letter to his friend the Rev. W. N. Darnell bears upon this subject, and I therefore give it a place here:—

Oriel College, Nov. 16, 1813.

My dear Darnell,

How soon I may have the means of returning your MS. I don't know, probably not till Christmas, and I cannot wait so long without thanking you for the kind remembrance, and telling you how much I was pleased with the *bagatelle*. It is, I presume, lawful to use this word when speaking of the lighter effusions of a pen generally employed on higher themes. The poem is a very pretty thing of the romaunt kind, a species of composition of which I apprehend the world will soon get tired, as they are nearly tired of the cow-stalls and ruinous alms-houses which have been of late the favourite subjects of the pencil. You, however, are free from any blame in *chusing* this style; the subject itself determined you, and could not have been treated well in any other. I admire the facility and flow of your diction; if there had been *somewhat less* of the antiquated phraseology I think it would have been still better. For instance, are *wend* and *wimple* of that class of words to which Horace's observation applies—'Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidêre?' To simplicity and to some quaintness there can be no objection; but it may be *doubted* whether words that require a glossary are admissible into a new poem. On the subject of the picture I don't know what to say. With your request I am certainly much gratified, and inclined to comply, but *sitting* is no trifle. I have tried it twice, and was rather in hopes I was free for life. It is not likely that I shall be in town next (this) winter; but if I am, you will not be out of my mind. I owe you thanks, also, for your favourable and friendly mention of my Prælections. The contents ought, as you say, to have been collected under one view. If I *had* been a 'book-maker,' this would probably have been done. One never finds out such things except by experience. I wonder, indeed, that the printers did not suggest it, for I used to confer with them on all questions of *technical* arrangement; even the contents themselves they never suggested. I wrote them *sudante prælo*, and you have no conception what harassing work it was. If there is any part of the volume upon which I pique myself more than another, it is that. To be serious, however, I will mention my own favourite lecture, of which, if you do not approve, I shall be greatly disappointed. It is the thirty-third, *On Antiquity and Prophecy*, as materials for affecting the imagination. You and P— will be amused at the idea of my having Madame de Staël here as a *lioness.* It was not so, but very near it. Ward was going to give her a letter to me; but thinking, very justly, that it might be more plague than pleasure, he abstained. Sir James Macintosh I have become acquainted with, through the same introduction, and find all that has been said of his wonderful powers, especially in conversation, not beyond the truth. He is the readiest and the most pleasing talker I know—perfectly unassuming, free from pedantry, and, what is a still rarer virtue, free from the apprehension of being thought a pedant, so that his conversation is enriched by all the stores of his reading, without stiffness and without ostentation.

My friends in the West, about whom you kindly inquire, are all pretty well; one great and irreparable loss you know we have sustained.* My mother will, I fear, never quite recover from the effects of it. Adieu; possibly I may see you before I hear from you.

Yours affectionately,
E. Copleston.

1802—4. During this and the two following years, Mr. Copleston employed much of his leisure time in genealogical inquiries relating to his own family; nor was it among the least proofs of his vigorous mind, that, amidst a variety of intellectual occupations, a subject like this, of nice and often tedious investigation, was to him matter of pure relaxation.* His particular object was to trace up his own line of descent through a junior branch to the ancient stock of Copleston, of Copleston, in the county of Devon;† and for this purpose he made during these years various searches at the Tower, the Rolls Chapel, and Doctors' Commons, hunting between whiles over parish registers, and monuments in different parish churches. The fruit of this diligence, exercised in his *horæ subsecivæ*, appears in a large collection of papers, some of them not a little curious, and among them a pedigree of his own branch, worked out by himself, and ascending up to the year 1574, where it commences with the grandfather of John Copleston, D.D., provost of King's College, Cambridge, 'from whose younger brother William,' says the bishop, in his memoranda concerning this provost, 'I am myself descended.' 'His epitaph,' it is added, 'which is on a floor-stone in King's College Chapel, but still in good preservation, states that he was born—*Antiquâ stirpe et honesto loco in agro Dorsettiensi.*' The MS. memoir before me, in the bishop's handwriting, gives proof that this *first* Provost Copleston was an author as well as a scholar; nor do I think it will be a tedious diversion if I produce it here.

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* He refers to the death of his brother, William James, Lieutenant of Artillery, who perished on his way out to Gibraltar. It is supposed the ship in which he sailed foundered in the open sea, as it was never heard of, nor any of the crew.

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* Izaac Walton, of Bishop Sanderson:—'But though he would not be always loaden with these knotty points and distinctions, yet the study of old records, genealogies, and heraldry, were a recreation, and so pleasing, that he would say they gave rest to his mind.'

† Sir William Pole, who died 1635, in his *County History*, written about the year 1616, p. 225, has the following notice: 'Copleston, which gave the name to an emynent family in this shire lyeth in this Parish [Colbrooke] whose name I first find in the deede of Grant of Hugh de Sancto Vedasto made unto Mathew de Wodeton before named, unto which William de Coplestona is sett downe as a witness betwixt him and Richard Copleston, in Kinge Edw. ii. tyme. But afterward they grew unto greatness, and albeit they had great marriages in lands, yet hath not any of that famyly bine knighted, and therefore they received the name of Silver Spurr, and for their great revenue were called the Great Copleston.'

'On the 29th May, 1661, he preached a sermon at the cathedral church of Exeter, which he afterwards published, entitled, *Moses next to God and Aaron next to Moses subordinate and subservient.* In the title-page he is styled 'John Copleston, M.A., sometime Fellow of King's College in Cambridge, now Vicar of Broad Clyste, Devon, and Prebend of St. Peter's, Exon.'

'The sermon is a good argument on the divine institution of government. One passage is peculiarly animated, which I will transcribe. After having reasoned at some length upon the absurdity and inconsistency of founding government on social compact, he proceeds:—

' 'Away, then, with that irreligious and dangerous tenet, so frequent in the mouths and pens of some men in these days, that all power is from the people, interpreting, I know not by what authority, *Dei Minister*, the people's servant; that magistrates, yea, even the supreme magistrate, is trusted by the people, and if he be not faithful, that is, if he satisfie not their giddy humours (which, in prudence and conscience, he is bound not to do), then they may assert their native rights, and re-assume the trust reposed in him. Thus does this pernicious error pretend to a law of nature for the violation of all the laws, both of God and man. A doctrine big with rebellion and confusion, whose teeming womb never brings forth any other issue but blood and fire, and pillars of smoak.' '

Doubtless, with all due respect for his loyal ancestor, but yet with a little quiet satire, the bishop adds, after giving this extract—'What share this sermon had in his promotion I know not, but on the 26th June, 1669, he was admitted canon.' Further on, the future Provost of Oriel records the honours of his ancestor in these words:—'He was elected provost of his College by the unanimous suffrage of the Society on the 24th August, 1681, and continued there till his death, August 24, 1689, having presided over the College exactly eight years, and (if his epitaph is to be credited) with the greatest prudence and dignity.'

I gather from the interesting family relic, of which a *fac-simile* is here given, that this last expression of the epitaph is intended to be more than ordinarily significant. In what degree the Provost of King's was related to the distinguished personage whose autograph lies before me, I have not been able to discover; but a 'kinsman,' in any sense, of Monk, duke of Albemarle, was no doubt a right worshipful person in his day.

A silver-gilt cup, presented to this Dr. Copleston, as vice-chancellor of Cambridge, by King Charles II., is still preserved in the family. It seems, from the specimens given in the Bishop's MS. memoir, and which are also to be found, I believe, in the *Musæ Cantabrigienses* of that date, that the Provost of King's wrote Latin verses as well as sermons; but I shall not withhold any special gratification from my readers though I produce none of them. It is quite certain that if his descendant, the Provost of Oriel, had not, as an

Your Affectionate friend

March ...an to serve you

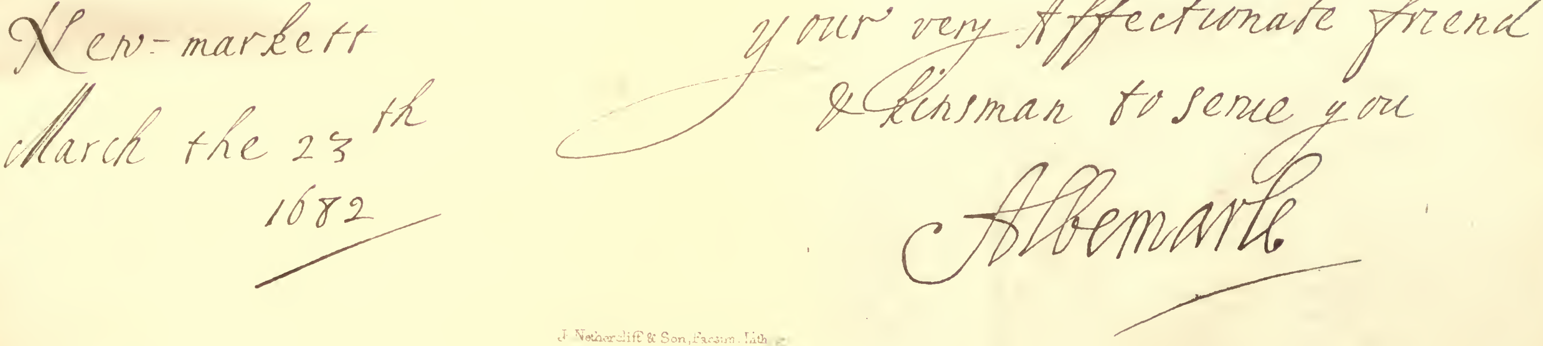
Albemarle

Mr Vice-Chancellor

This unfortunate accident, has occasioned the kings remoue from hence with soe much hast, that I cannot haue time to pay that visitt to the Vniversity wch I had designed; I desire therfore that you will please to make my excuse to them.

& to acquaint them, that I am extreamly sorry, that I must fayl
of that happinesse w^{ch} I had proposed; but that I will lay
hold of the first oppertunity of wayting upon them, & in the
mean time ſhall ever continue my hearty deſires of doing them all
the ſervice ſhall lye in my power; w^{ch} the more they ſhall employ
to that, the more ſatiſfaction will ~~it~~ be to

S^r



New-markett
March the 23th
1682

your very Affectionate friend
& kinsman to serve you
Albemarle

J. Netherclift & Son, Facsim. Lith.

undergraduate, written much better, he would not have gained his university prize. With the following amusing extract I will close my notice—perhaps already too extended—of Mr. Copleston's ancestral record:

> 'The next occasion on which he appeared in print among the academical versifiers was the death of King Charles the Second, and the accession of King James, when the University of Cambridge lamented and rejoiced most dutifully in the same breath. The title of the volume composed on this occasion was 'Mæstissimæ ac lætissimæ Academiæ Cant: Affectus, Decedente Carolo II., Succedente Jacobo II. Regibus Augustissimis Serenissimis, Clementissimis.' '

Such was Mr. Copleston's scrupulous exactness in his genealogical researches, that much as he desired to arrive at the conclusion, he would not, upon grounds of probability only, link on the *first* name in his scheme to the *last* name of the Dorsetshire branch of Copleston, as given in the *Herald's Visitation* for 1623, but contents himself with saying—'That he (*i. e.* the first Copleston upon his scheme) was connected with the main family some way or other I have no doubt, as well from the tradition of the family, the same spelling of the name, the bearing of the same coat of arms, as from the circumstance that I am morally certain none of the name ever existed who were not descended from that family.'

Upon the authority of the antiquarian, Lyson,* who expressly asserts what before seemed doubtful, I have not hesitated to supply the wanting link in the person of John Copleston, of Nash, in the county of Dorset, a royalist who forfeited his estates as a delinquent, *circa* 1643. From him the line goes back unbroken to the head of the main Devonshire stock, Copleston of Copleston.

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* See his *Britannia*, cc. 174 and 175.

It is hoped that these notices of a subject, in which the bishop was at this time so much interested, will not be deemed impertinent, and yet I have a few words more before concluding this genealogical episode. The ancient honours and possessions of the family of Copleston have for generations passed away—the greatest wreck having taken place so far back as the reign of Elizabeth, when Christopher Copleston slew his nephew in a fit of rage, and then procured a pardon from the crown at the cost of some thirteen manors.* To this personage his posterity are clearly nothing indebted, unless it be for a safe obscurity, in which they are free to solace themselves with the old distich that marks their Saxon origin—

Crocker, Cruwys, and Copleston,
When the Conqueror came, were at home.

1804. The pursuits of the genealogist and the antiquary are so nearly allied, that we can account at once for the close juxtaposition of the two following entries in the diary:—'*January* 19. Resumed searches in the Tower, Doctors' Commons, &c.' '*March* 5. Elected Fellow of the Antiquarian Society.'

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* A copy of the original pardon, granted iv° Eliz., is amongst the papers collected by the bishop, whose own Branch, I wish to observe, comes off from the main line *far above* the worthy to whom this document relates.

1806. The election of Mr. Copleston to the office of Senior Treasurer in his college was one of more importance, and led to results very beneficial to his society. He was not content with discharging the routine duties of that office respectably and carefully, but bent the energies of his active mind towards effecting an important change in the financial arrangements of his college —with what good results, may best appear in his own words, which I take from his diary for 1806:

> 'Obtained the consent of the college to a plan for improving the revenues, by borrowing fines instead of taking them from the lessees at renewals, and increasing the reserved rents instead.—N.B. Being continued six years in the office, contrary to the usual custom of electing for one year only, succeeded in establishing this plan, by means of which the income of the college has been trebled, all its debts liquidated, and the estates better tenanted.'

The versatility of those mental powers which could thus successfully engage with subjects so distinct and so uncongenial to each other as poetical criticism and financial calculation, is sufficiently obvious; and I would only suggest further, that now probably Mr. Copleston began to work out those philosophical principles which enabled him afterwards to write with so much effect upon the monetary affairs of the nation.

1807. The *Advice to a Young Reviewer*, which I need not hesitate to describe as a most happy specimen of playful satire, appeared about this time. In the *British Review* of that day, it is spoken of as 'the inimitable critique upon the *Allegro* by *one* John Milton,' and recommended to all those 'who are disposed occasionally to indulge in a hearty laugh.' Though but a fugitive *jeu d'esprit*, it bears the true stamp of a superior intellect, and I have accordingly printed it entire in the Appendix.

The pointed vigour of Mr. Copleston's pen is so strikingly exemplified in his next publication, *The Examiner Examined*, that I cannot allow myself to pass it over without notice, although the occasion of its appearance was such as we would willingly forget. In order to make the extracts intelligible, it seems necessary to state thus much: that a member of the university had been so ill advised as to publish a book entitled *Logic made Easy*, himself being in gross ignorance of the subject, while, by way of recommending his book and giving it a show of authority, he had the further temerity to remind people of his having formerly been one of the public examiners for degrees. Upon the strength of this unfortunate fact, the *Logic made Easy*, and some other publications of an equally flimsy character, were puffed into a certain degree of popularity.

Mr. Copleston, speaking of the writer of these boarding-school treatises, says, (p. 3,)—

> 'If, indeed, he had confined himself to that class of writing with which Oxford, as a place of education, is not concerned, we might have suffered them to pass in

silence. I at least, for one, should not have interrupted him in the enchanting occupation of rearing an accomplished female from the nursery, as I do not pretend to any knowledge or experience in those matters. I might, perhaps, have pitied the poor motherless Emily, who, without any fault of hers, and believing firmly her gallant father that the Porte was so called from its convenient harbour, should go and seek for Constantinople in the *broad and azure Hellespont;* who should expect to find Geneva and Lausanne on different lakes, and to see glaciers towering over her head.

'All these mistakes might be inconvenient to a traveller, but as most well-educated females remain at home, no great harm would have been done to the world. But when an elementary book of instruction is studiously recommended to the unwary, containing errors

> Thick as leaves that strew the vales
> In Vallombrosa;

when every art of book-making chicanery is tried, by advertisement, by title-page and preface, to gain a lodgment for this fabric of imposture within our walls, can we be too loud or too forward in resisting such a design? At the captivating sound of things *made easy*, a crowd of half-witted, half-educated parents hail the welcome guest, and receive him to their bosoms. These we may despise, for they ought to know, and have the means of knowing, better; but the unsuspecting innocence of youth it is painful to see running eagerly to its own ruin—those 'pueri innuptæque puellæ," who naturally flock around and join the cry,

> Gaudentque manu contingere funem.

Can we, then, be blamed for endeavouring to weaken the authority, or to chastise the insolence of this false guide?'

The following lively and instructive passages, the first on the *Organon* of Bacon, the second upon the uses of Logic, are taken from the same pamphlet, and are assuredly such specimens of a clear, vigorous, and classical style as are not often to be met with :—

‘No one, however, till the immortal author of the *Novum Organon,* ventured to renounce his allegiance altogether to this unconstitutional and usurped authority. He planned an entire revolution in the whole fabric and economy of the state. He may be regarded as the inheritor of some antiquated mansion, upon which, from its first building, its successive owners had neither made nor attempted any improvement; but had only sought, by temporary expedients, to keep it weather-tight, and hand it down as little altered as they could to their next descendants. Despising the ignoble work of patching, propping, and plastering over, he determined upon a vigorous and decisive measure. He was unwilling to trust the interested and prejudiced surveyors of the old school; and accordingly he made a thorough inspection of the state of the building, from top to bottom, himself: when, finding the foundation unsound, the main beams ill laid, the timbers rotten, the roof falling in, the apartments and passages awkwardly contrived and inconvenient, he made up his mind at once to pull the whole to pieces, and to begin, as well as he was able, a new edifice from the ground. He had laid in a large stock of materials himself, before he made known his chief design. He then redoubled his diligence, and, pointing out the likeliest places, and the best way of searching, he called upon his friends to help him in bringing together what he wanted.

‘Still, for a time, the family were worse lodged than before. Temporary sheds were run up, which did not stand the first winter. Many people made heavy complaints of his want of reverence for antiquity, and for the judgment of those who had gone before him. ‘The old house was good enough for his ancestors; and why could not he remain contented with it?' Some laughed at his temerity, and exulted in any little failure of his new undertaking; others shook their heads, and predicted that no good would come of it to the neighbourhood round. Many were seen, especially the pensioners and hangers-on of the old family, raking still among the ruins for little scraps and fragments of worn-out materials, which they fancied must be better than any that could be made now-a-days. Some were even so infatuated, that they preferred boarding up for themselves, among the tottering ruins, a frail, leaky outhouse to lodge in, that they might show their contempt of the new-fangled habitations he was preparing for their use.

'This state of things, however, did not last long. The new materials were found in general so much superior to the old, that common sense forced people into an approbation and preference of them. The builders employed grew every day more expert in their business: hands came in fast, and the work went on briskly. In the meantime the illustrious owner and master-workman died, leaving his unfinished work a legacy to his friends and countrymen. They were not insensible to its value, and in general acted upon the plan he had sketched out for them. Nevertheless, it was not till the time of the great Newton that we could be said to have a house to live in. It was then that all the main parts of the building might be considered as put out of hand; though much remains now to be done, inside and out, up-stairs and down, and we are all still *in mortar.*

* * * * * *

'An argument, then, framed according to the strict rules of logic, would be firm and solid, but if nothing else were added, it would be unfit for use. It is the shell merely, the strong-jointed frame-work, upon which the ornamental, and many even of the useful parts, will be surmounted afterwards, according to the design of the edifice, and the taste or fancy of the architect. Let us not, then, turn from this necessary though elementary part of literature. If we are too squeamish to handle this cheerless and meagre skeleton, we may talk indeed of the beautiful contrivance of lacteals and absorbents, of nerves, veins, arteries, and muscles; we may admire, and even examine, the texture of that membrane with which the whole body is enveloped; but it will be all *talk*, the prattling of a superficial sciolist, who is for ever liable to place his arteries where his veins should be, his vessels where they have nothing to carry off, his nerves where they can have no sensation, and his muscles where they can have no play. It will be time enough to hide the bare ribs with their decent clothing, when the purpose for which they were exposed to the eye is fully answered: when we shall have acquired so perfect and familiar a knowledge of their situation and use, that the swell and action of the muscles, and the graceful covering of the skin, shall not hide them from our mind, although the view of them may be intercepted from the eye. To act otherwise is to begin entirely at the wrong end. To attempt to rig the vessel before he sees that her main timbers are sound, is a sort of ship-building of which an Englishman should be ashamed.'

Towards the end of the year 1809, the chancellorship of the university became vacant by the death of the Duke of Portland, when three candidates appeared to contest the honour of succeeding him: Lord Grenville, Lord Eldon, and the Duke of Beaufort. The recent agitation of the 'Catholic' question had created great excitement, and raised a strong feeling in the university against Lord Grenville, as an avowed friend to 'emancipation.' It should be remembered, too, that Lord Grenville was at this time deprived of court favour, and excluded from the cabinet, so that the chances were apparently much against him. Nevertheless, Mr. Copleston espoused with generous enterprise the cause of that candidate, of whose moral and intellectual qualifications he was best assured. Conscious, also, of a widely-extended influence over the most intelligent portion of the university, he gave himself the more freely to the encounter; and notwithstanding all the weight of official influence, and all the strength of old Tory prejudices arrayed against them, he and his friends succeeded in placing Lord Grenville in the vacant chair. The election took place 14th December, 1809, when the numbers were—for Lord Grenville, 406; for Lord Eldon, 393; for the Duke of Beaufort, 237. The following letter from the successful candidate sufficiently shows that, in my notice of Mr. Copleston's exertions upon this occasion I have not overrated them:—

Dropmore, Dec. 16, 1809.

Sir,

I feel myself bound to take the earliest opportunity of expressing to you my particular acknowledgments for the essential services I have received from you during the late contest, but more especially for the manly and dignified paper published by my committee in answer to the libels circulated against me.* I shall always feel that this publication reflected honour both on my cause and on myself; and I am confident it must have been of essential advantage in the contest. You will very greatly oblige me by letting me have the pleasure of seeing you, either here or in town, whenever you have leisure, that I may express to you personally the very strong obligation under which I feel myself to you.

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* The paper was in the form of an address to members of convocation, written by Mr. Copleston.

I am, Sir, with great truth and regard,
Your most faithful and obedient servant,
GRENVILLE.

While the circumstances of this whole proceeding were such as to place Mr. Copleston beyond the suspicion of selfish motives, they opened to him a connexion which afforded him for many years that pure enjoyment which was most suited to his nature. The refined and intellectual society of Dropmore, where he became a welcome and frequent guest, was an atmosphere that he delighted in; and the noble host himself being a scholar of the most exact taste, all Mr. Copleston's pleasures were enhanced by that mutual sympathy, which congenial minds can alone feel. The following is from a letter to his father, written soon after the election was decided:—

'I am heartily glad that all this is over, and that I am returned to more peaceful occupations. But it is a satisfaction to feel that we have never practised any but the most legitimate acts of warfare. I am in hopes also that I have not made a single enemy or lost a single friend in the business. After all, I do not participate in the feelings of those who call it a political triumph; I have never viewed it as a political question. Our adversaries artfully availed themselves of that handle, and I rejoice to see that they are defeated. Lord Grenville is, I believe, among our public men, most firmly attached to the church from a sense of religion, and his 'Catholic' measures, I am convinced, will not be renewed. He is quite at liberty to act in that respect according to his own judgment, as every statesman should be, without being fettered by pledges for or against them. We have now at our head what we ought to have—the ablest and the most learned nobleman in the kingdom—a firm friend to the Established Church—a sincere Christian—a man of the most correct private life, and a determined anti-Gallican and anti-philosophist.'

In 1810 Mr. Copleston resigned his office of college tutor, which he had held thirteen years, and upon his retirement found gratifying proof of the attachment of his pupils in a present of plate, far exceeding the ordinary measure of such testimonials. It should be remembered, too, that such offerings were of more rare occurrence in those days, and were reserved for higher occasions and more distinguished merit than we see to be the case now.

Here I have much pleasure in presenting the reader with the following lively sketch from the pen of J. Hughes, Esq., an old Orielite, and pupil of Mr. Copleston. His recollections are on every account more valuable than anything I could have gathered myself concerning the bishop as *a college tutor.*

Donnington Priory, 28th March, 1851.

My dear Sir,

Though neither qualified by the years or the wisdom of Nestor to set myself up as an exclusive 'laudator temporis acti', yet believing, as I do, that our ancient domus, in which three of my sons have graduated since my time, can show no more palmy days during the five hundred years of its existence than the period when your late distinguished relative directed its studies, I feel gratified by your requesting from me a few scattered reminiscences on the subject.

To retrace from the time of my hobble-de-hoy-hood (if your Oriel criticism will admit such a vox barbara), my father's connexions and partialities would have determined him on matriculating me at Christ Church, had it not been for the high reputation which your uncle then enjoyed as senior tutor of Oriel, and his wish that I should become Mr. Copleston's private as well as collegiate pupil. This reputation extended to more departments than one. The conscientious firmness and gentlemanly courtesy with which he had recently discharged the arduous duties of the proctorship, had rendered him generally popular, and shown his practical wisdom beyond the walls of his own college, in which he was known to enjoy the intimate confidence of our excellent provost, Eveleigh, one of the most strenuous originators of the present system of classes and honours. The sly pungency of a *jeu-d'esprit* from his pen, published about the same time, under the title of *Hints to a Young Reviewer,* was also considered in the literary world to have found a joint in the armour of the *Edinburgh Review,* a journal at that time standing alone in its own peculiar department, and assuming a tone of domination in English literature, only to be paralleled by the more modern assumptions of Cardinal Wiseman as the director of English religion. To sum up, I must now go back to an earlier period of my boyhood. Many graduates now living may possibly have served in the university volunteer corps raised at the time of Napoleon's threatened invasion, and will probably confirm the reputation of Captain Edward Copleston, fellow of Oriel, and fresh from his scholastic honours, as the 'tightest drill,' and the most indefatigable officer, in that learned phalanx. To appear with any credit in this company, and to keep pace with his exactions and personal exertions in marching, countermarching, parade and fatigue duty, required, it is said, no small portion of the wind and muscle in which Oxonians have never been found deficient in their voluntary gymnasia. But at the time of my matriculation, arms had given place to the toga; the musket and bayonet had disappeared from our academic groves, and Mr. Copleston was training the minds of young men with the same zeal and activity which he had shown in the military drilling of their bodies. Both universities may at all times boast of learned divines, accurate philologists, and judicious disciplinarians; but as far as I can judge of the public opinion entertained in Oxford at the time of my first residence, I believe that, if graduates and undergraduates collectively had been called to name their one 'Pentathlus,'—the man among them best adapted, according to the definition of some English sage of the old time, to discharge well any given office of peace or war,—they would have unanimously named your uncle. His manly and practical habits of mind pervaded both his lectures, and his opinions as to the true ends of an university education. The latter he held to consist, not so much in the quantity of books read, and systems learned in a half-digested manner, as in the acquired power of dissecting and investigating a subject, of whatever given sort, with sustained attention, and in that logical and common-sense way by which it becomes incorporated with the mind. Things rather than words, and quality rather than quantity, were the tests of proficiency to which he looked. Both during his college career, and in after life, his mind appeared at the same time to grasp the main gist of a question, and to classify all its minute details with a just appreciation of the relative bearing and importance of each. It was not his nature to make the most trifling thing a sinecure which came under his notice, even down to the planting a forest-tree, or the proper orthography of a name; and on subjects on which he conversed to get information, so mercilessly pertinent were his queries and cross-questionings, that the examined at once discerned his own deficiency in matters on which he had thought himself fully prepared, and the right method of remedying it; while at the same time he perceived that whatever he had said to the purpose was from that moment stored for use in the mind of the querist. Mr. Pitt is said to have turned this power of mind to great account in preparing, from the verbal information of scientific and mercantile men, the details which gave so much weight to his speeches. And of Sir Samuel Romilly I know, from the information of one of his clients, that the result of a single interview on technical matters of a peculiar nature, with which he was before unacquainted, was such, that in my friend's words, 'he appeared in his speech to know much more than I did myself, of a subject which I have studied all my life.'

It may be well imagined how favourably this analytical habit of mind, seconded by his known and extensive scholarship, and a patience and accuracy which passed over nothing, told on Mr. Copleston's efficiency as a lecturer. Under his system, and that of his friend and colleague, Mr. Bishop (a sound instructor, and a man of many virtues, whom our roughest hands regarded with a sort of filial feeling), the college studies embraced only one lecture a day; but to prepare this lecture so as to satisfy your uncle's zeal and accuracy, fully taxed the industry and scholarship of those who gave him their full attention. Of the necessity of the modern system of getting up books for a degree, styled by the young men 'coaching,' or 'cramming,' I cannot presume to form an opinion; all I can say is, that Mr. Copleston's mode of lecturing rendered it a work of supererogation, provided his instructions were noted and stored up at the time. The same might, indeed, be said of his successor in office, Mr. Davison (afterwards prebendary of Durham), a man of kindred mind and acquirements, who carried out your uncle's system in a similar spirit. The acumen of these gentlemen in the details of explanation and questioning, their suggestions as to the preparation of analyses for the end of term-time, and their illustrations of every subject by whatever had a collateral bearing on it, rendered a future recurrence to the book in question little more than an act of memory and arrangement in regard to matter already acquired. At the time when Mr. Davison supplied his place, Mr. Copleston took the office of dean of the college. Those who examine the Oxford calendar of this period, as well as the class lists, may trace the effect of the combined action of two men of their standard of intellect, in promoting an improved style of composition in their college; and also infer with truth, that the common-room of Oriel, uniting, as it did, their society with that of Whately, Arnold, and other congenial spirits, might fairly rival the conversational reputation of that of Trinity College in the sister university.

But, to return. What I fully believe of Mr. Davison, as attending his classes during the latter part of my time, I can confirm as to Mr. Copleston, as both his public and private pupil,—viz., that as his zealous interest in the progress of every man in the college who would work, could not be exceeded, his private pupils gained rather in the quantity than in the quality of his assistance. No 'honorarium' was necessary to quicken that interest; and no apparent dulness or imperfect scholarship abated it. The following dialogue is said to have occurred previously to my time in his lecture-room. A despairing freshman, after one or two previous failures, and much laudable plodding, had stuck fast in the middle of the *Pons Asinorum.*

Mr. C.—'Do you really think, Mr. * * * *, that you *can* master this fifth proposition?'

Mr. * * * * (in a deep positive tone).—'No, sir, I CAN NOT!—but (emphatically) I'LL TRY.'

Mr. C.—'I respect the manliness of that answer, Mr. * * * *: and, let me tell you, I am convinced you have it in you not only to try, but to succeed.'

The effect of this timely tact showed itself at the next lecture; the neophyte took heart, got through the dreaded problem with perfect accuracy, and very soon found out for himself, what his subsequent high honours in the schools demonstrated, that he had one of the clearest and soundest heads of his standing. I am happy to add, of my old friend and fellow-collegian, that after many years of arduous and useful labour in his calling, he is now a dignitary of the church. I cannot vouch for the truth of a circumstance of which I was not an eye-witness; but can easily imagine how a word or a look from an instructor of liberal feeling, good heart, and knowledge of the world, may push a young man triumphantly into the bowels of a region, from which he had shrunk as from a barren Zahara; and, in fact, materially influence his progress in life.

Another encouraging circumstance in Mr. Copleston's mode of tuition, was his utter contempt of anything in the shape of pedantry and mystification, and his leaning to the rationalist school of commentators, such as Brunck, Heynè, and Schütz. His habit was to treat nonsense as nonsense; and his familiarity with the thought and idioms of the ancients, while it supplied the best possible criterion for the adoption or rejection of an ingenious guess, fully convinced him that the Greeks wrote nothing definable under that predicament. 'On dit que nous avons changé tout cela;' and that in more ways than one; but in the Oxford days of your relative, an addiction to practical common sense was considered rather a merit than otherwise in a commentator or divine.

I will not assert that Mr. Copleston evinced the equanimity of patient Grizel in his dealings with the wilful idlers, of whom a sprinkling is to be found in the best regulated colleges. But his impatience, when it did break forth, had nothing of personal or scholastic captiousness in it; his words and manner were uniformly those of a high-bred gentleman, and a cordial well-wisher to the incorrigible defaulter, mortified at the failure of his earnest attempts to benefit him; and if a tinge of sarcasm now and then mingled itself with his rebukes, the suppressed smiles of the more rational and cultivated men present were apt to show that their secret feeling went along with him, and very much to disturb the self-satisfied repose of the contumacious dunce. I believe that it was about the time of his acceptance of the office of dean, that Mr. Copleston maintained a single-handed controversy with the three chosen champions of the *Edinburgh Review* in defence of the Oxford system of study, and published also certain pamphlets on the question of finance, much quoted in their time among practical men; but, be that as it may, his pupils were conscious that they were in the presence of a man whose reputation had travelled beyond the precincts of Oxford, and who, well aware of the power of words and associations, rather repressed than indulged his intuitive sense of the ludicrous and incongruous. Nothing short of the necessity of the case could have drawn from him the well-known 'Equo ne credite,' which convulsed all Oxford with laughter in its day.

The same manliness of character, and directness of purpose, marked Mr. Copleston's administration of the duties of dean of the college; and in this capacity also he carried the public opinion along with him as much as a popular captain of a crack frigate.

A successful evasion of the discipline maintained by Mr. Copleston was considered as no great matter of good taste or triumphant ingenuity, and the sympathy felt for those who had come into unpleasant collision with him, was usually of the nature of what you or I should feel for a friend passing through the process of the Insolvent Court, or sued for 'breach of promise' before an impartial judge. Conservatism (if I may so term it) was rather the fashion among our best-bred and best-connected men, whether studious or not; anything of the sort of social bravado which the youngsters call 'slang' and 'swell,' was at as decided a discount as in a Pall-mall club-house now-a-days; and though I do not know that the college was in my time more moral or religious than other well-regulated ones, it was more free from the troublesome follies and petulancy of school-boy society than most others. A Newmarket coat, or a remarkable waistcoat, would have been extinguished in the birth by the unmerciful sarcasms of our dictators in dress; and if a man was in any way tempted to do wrong in more serious matters, it was rather for his own pleasure than from any zest of defying authority.

All this I am apt to trace in some degree to the moral influence of an accomplished and strong-minded man like Mr. Copleston.

I may truly say that I never knew any professed man of letters from whom I heard, in the way of familiar conversation, such sound and discreet maxims as to that art of society in which Parr and Porson certainly were novices, and those business-like habits which qualify a man to take care of himself and other people. I fear that if a German eruditissimus had made a third at our private lectures, he would have held Mr. Copleston's occasional 'prolusiones de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis,' as something almost unholy; though somehow or other I seem to recollect them better than most other things which occurred so long ago. You will smile, I think, at the following characteristic trait of a relative whose turn of mind you knew so well. A note was delivered to your uncle while we were 'enucleating' (as our excellent friend and olim socius, T—, used to style it) a tough part of the *Agamemnon*. Having opened and perused it, Mr. Copleston tossed it indignantly to me, pointing to the direction.

'Now, look there—as if that man, who ought to know better, and has called here half-a-dozen times, could not recollect that my name is Cop-les-ton, as you may see it over my door, and that I was baptized Edward, which he must know also, or might have found out.'

H.—'He indulges you, I see, sir, with two superfluous letters.'

C.—'Yes—the Rev. Mr. *Copplestone*! Now *I cannot recommend a better habit to a young man, like yourself, entering the world in good society, than to ascertain the exact prefix, spelling and pronunciation of every man's name with whom you have intercourse: such, I mean, as he and his family choose habitually to adopt. Depend upon it, that people in general infer a sort of* ολιγωρια *from such lapses; as if you took so little interest in their identity, as to forget the minor characteristics of it.*'

Some years after I left the university, a proof occurred, in a neighbourhood well known to me, of his well-balanced (or, if I may use the term,) ambi-dextrous habits of mind. A remarkably astute elderly man of business, who had made a large fortune on the Stock Exchange, was asked by a neighbour how he had sped as to the renewal of the lease of an important part of his estate, held under Oriel College. 'Why, not so well as I expected,' was the answer. 'I thought I should get a pretty easy bargain with a mere learned, bookish fellow, like Copleston; but I was rather taken aback, I confess: he is as well up to the value of land and money as I am myself, and seems acquainted with every acre of the property.'

'Daran erkenn'lch meine Pappenheimer,' said I to myself, when I heard the anecdote at second-hand. I could have predicated no other result in any matter to which my old friend chose to turn his mind. And that my subsequent, and then existing intimacy with such a man as your distinguished uncle continued till his death, is, you will easily believe, a reminiscence in the highest degree gratifying to my feelings and my self-esteem.

I remain, my dear Sir,
Most faithfully yours,
J. HUGHES.

In this year, and the beginning of the next, appeared the three *Replies to the Calumnies of the Edinburgh Review*, the occasion and designs of which publications will be sufficiently explained, to those not already acquainted with them, by one or two extracts from the bishop's letters to his father, written at the time when he was preparing the first *Reply*.

> 'Next week I go to press, and shall keep the press going. The book (for it will be more than a pamphlet) will, I think, be out this week. It is already known by almost everybody here that I am engaged in this work, and from the vice-chancellor in particular I have received the strongest encouragement to go on. He was once concerned in correcting the edition of Strabo, which called forth so much abuse from that review, and which first provoked me to the undertaking. Since that, a more mischievous article has appeared on *Edgeworth's Professional Education*, more mischievous, because more lively and clever. This has induced me to extend my plan, and to give a view of our system of study and a vindication of classical learning.'

The passages of the first *Reply*, more particularly, in which this view is given, are of such enduring interest, and are such admirable specimens of writing, that I could not hesitate to give some of them to the reader, in the form of extracts, which will accordingly be found in the Appendix. But as, in making them, I have endeavoured to consult the interest of the general reader, rather than that of the philologist, it is the more incumbent upon me to remark, that what cost the author most labour, and what he himself thought to be the most valuable portion of his work, will not be found in these extracts. It is with reference to the strictly philological part of the treatise that the bishop thus expresses himself in a letter to his father, about the time of publication.

'My defence of Oxford is at length launched into the world, and it is a great relief to me to have got it off my hands. It cost me nearly five weeks of hard labour. Some part of the work was truly harassing; the part which will be the least interesting, and the least valued, I dare say, by most readers—I mean the Latin criticisms. They are, however, the part which not only cost me most pains, but will, I believe, by people who take an interest in the subject, be thought worth most. They are not to be met with in any books I could find, and I believe are sound.'

I add part of a letter addressed to his friend, the Rev. J. Penrose, about the same time:—

'Your praises make me happy, and, indeed, proud. The part which I value most you have commended. It did not cost me most labour, but I think the reasoning close and strong, and sophistry, which is perplexing and confounding to ordinary readers, is, I think, there chased away by common sense. The part I allude to is on classical education and utility, third and fifth chapters. More might be said, and the same things might be better said, but my argument seems to me to go to the bottom, and to cut up the fallacy by the roots. It has had a rapid sale. Before it had been out a fortnight, Parker told me a second edition *must* be immediately begun. This is now nearly finished—hardly any alterations, only a few corrections in point of language, and one or two points about the first examination set right. I am heartily glad to find that your opinions coincide with my own upon the main question. The more I think on it, the more am I convinced that, to *exercise* the mind of the student is the business of education, rather than to pour in knowledge. Hence, *things made easy* appear to me to defeat the end of education—especially if a living instructor is at hand to explain away the little difficulties which the student's *efforts* are unable to conquer. It is also the business of education to make young men read over and over the same things, *multum, non multa.* Few people now-a-days read the same book twice. I read with great interest your list of projects. I do not wonder that you feel, with Nisus—

> Aut *pugnam*, aut aliquid jamdudum invadere magnum
> Mens agitat mihi, nec placidâ contenta quiete est.

When a person suggests a work about which he has been considering, it never excites in another's mind exactly what he expects. The mere title cannot at once call up the topics which have been familiar to the other's thoughts, and he fancies it often barren and dry, when to the other it seems rich and plentiful. Such may be the case with some of your projected inquiries. I wish we had a good *history* of Greek literature traced from the age of Pericles to the latter days of the Alexandrian school. This would require larger libraries; but, if you entered upon it, some things would strike you as you went along quite sufficient to occupy your mind as a distinct inquiry. I am no friend to fixed plans. If a man is well read and well disciplined, he will find a subject open to him in a very different light after he has studied it attentively, and he strikes out pursuits for himself *e re natâ*. Read any original works about times or things not now generally known, and I will answer for it you will see something to be done that will fill up all your time.'

The following letter from Lord Grenville contains much valuable remark, and no unmeaning compliment:—

Camelford House, Feb. 15, 1810.

Sir,

Nothing but the pressure of other avocations could have prevented me from sooner thanking you for the publication which you had the goodness to send me. So able a vindication of the character of the university, and, what is still more important, of the cause of truth and learning, could not but be highly acceptable to me. And, if my wishes do not deceive me, your perspicuous statement of the course and direction of the studies pursued at Oxford is likely to be of permanent and extensive benefit, in the elucidation of a subject very generally misapprehended. The Edinburgh reviewers would think me quite hardened in the prejudices of my youth if they heard me avow, that even you have allowed more weight than is in my judgment due to the popular objections against cultivating with unceasing assiduity the habit of composition, and particularly in Latin verse. Language, as is now well understood, is the best instrument, not of reasoning only, but of thought. The strength and health, therefore, of the mind must, as you have well illustrated it by the case of bodily exercises, be best promoted by that practice which gives most facility, grace, and precision in the use of that instrument; nor would it be difficult to show, either by the same analogies of bodily exercise, or by close and philosophical reasoning, that such faculties are more readily and more certainly improved by composition in verse than in prose, and in a dead language delivered down to us in models of classic excellence, rather than in that which is of daily and familiar use. I am well aware that I am only urging the same opinions which you have yourself expressed. But I carry them, perhaps, still further than you appear to do; and, instead of regretting the prevalence, lament the comparative disuse of those very things which these critics consider as most evidently superfluous.

Allow me once more to repeat my thanks to you, and to assure you of the high regard and esteem with which I am, &c., &c.

GRENVILLE.

While thus energetically battling with one set of reviewers, Mr. Copleston was at the same time entering into literary engagements with the more friendly critics of the south, as appears from a letter to his father, dated 13th January, 1811.

'The employments which have detained me here are various. One of them is that which you guess—a contribution to the *Quarterly Review.* Much communication has passed between me and the editor (Gifford) on that subject. I never saw him; but in consequence of our having common friends, and frequently corresponding, our style is that of strict friendship. He has sent me several things to examine and report upon, most of which I have had to reject as unfit. The duty of the editor of such a work I now perceive is more fatiguing and vexatious than I had ever even imagined.'

What he adds in the latter part of the same letter may serve to illustrate still further the active vigour of his mind.

'Next Sunday fortnight I have to appear in the university pulpit, and the week after with my poetry lecture in the schools. With all these more important cares upon my mind, I have not been able to repress my curiosity about the Bullion Committee Report, which has given rise to a swarm of pamphlets. Of these, the most intelligent and satisfactory by far is Huskisson's. The view which he gives of a subject universally talked of, and almost universally misunderstood, is correct and luminous in the highest degree, and at the same time so elementary as to require no previous reading on the subject—only close attention. My conviction that you will be interested in the work is founded partly on the interest which I remember you took in Malthus's book,—a work which, like all others of merit, is gradually and progressively establishing itself upon the ruins of ancient and vulgar prejudices.'

This year—1812—Mr. Copleston read his last lecture as Poetry Professor, having held the appointment for the usual decennial period. The collected series, under the title of *Prælectiones Academicæ*, appeared the year following, and were dedicated to Lord Grenville. The whole character and circumstances of that dedication are so honourable to the memory both of author and patron, that I cannot allow myself to pass on without some further notice of it. When applying the term patron to Lord Grenville in this connexion, I would not seem to do so with any degree of ungracious reserve; but certainly it is matter of just remark that Mr. Copleston neither at any time sought, nor at any time received, from the nobleman whom he delighted to honour, any patronage, in the meaner sense of the word. He received what was infinitely more valuable—the sincere and confidential regards of one, who measured others by his own high standard of mind and character, rather than by outward circumstances. The points of moral and intellectual superiority which, in Mr. Copleston's opinion, so eminently qualified Lord Grenville for the chancellorship, are expressed in the latter part of this dedication with so much force and beauty, and (it must be added, against Lord Grenville's graceful disclaimer) with so truthful a spirit, that I must indulge myself in a quotation.

Having briefly mentioned Lord Grenville's political acts and merits, he proceeds thus:—

> 'Verum hæc alii narrabunt. Mihi certe satis erat vel in privatis tuis moribus ac studiis quod me ad hoc consilium capiendum impelleret. Noveram enim te maximâ humanitatis ac literarum laude floruisse, quamdiu hîc adolescentiam agebas: Noveram te jam animo atque ætate firmiorem, postquam ad gravissima reipublicæ munera evectus esses, literis tamen fuisse, quantum pateretur istius vitæ ratio, impensè deditum. Nihil ex juventute tuâ communis illa seculi labes et corruptela ad se traxerat. Nihil unquam ineptiis, nihil voluptatibus, nihil desidiæ datum.
>
> Quippe ita in negotiis versandum decreveras, ut otio dignitatem comparares: ita otio fruendum, ut aliquid semper inde ad publicam utilitatem ederes.
>
> Atque hæc quidem famæ—honori tuo inserviebant ingenium, eloquentia, eruditæ antiquitatis cognitio, bonæ artes et literarum lumen. Majus autem illud fuit, quod domi elucebat, summa vitæ innocentia et morum sanctitas. Vale, vir ornatissime, diu Oxoniensibus tuis et decori sis et exemplo.'

The graceful disclaimer to which I alluded above will be found in the following letter:—

Camelford House, May 20, 1813.

My dear Sir,

On my arrival in town I found your book upon my table, and I should sooner have made my acknowledgments to you for it but for the pressure of engagements, which, during my short visits here, leave me no time for writing. The same circumstance has prevented me from indulging the eagerness I feel for making myself acquainted with it. But I am now within a few days of my return to Dropmore, where I shall take it with me, and I already anticipate the pleasure which I am sure I shall receive from it.

But I have not refrained from looking into the first page, where your former letter had taught me to look for expressions of personal regard and good opinion, which, as proceeding from you, I could not but highly value. That your partiality has led you much too far in what you there say, I cannot disguise from myself, however gladly I would do so; but even that circumstance is in itself a source of no light gratification to me. I beg you to accept my sincere condolence on the circumstance alluded to in your letter,* and to believe me, with very sincere regard and esteem, dear sir, yours, &c., &c.,

GRENVILLE.

About this time Mr. Copleston was invited by the bishop of London, Dr. Randolph, to become one of the Whitehall preachers, the compliment being accompanied by the honorarium of a prebendal stall in St. Paul's cathedral—a dignity without emolument, but most gratifying, from the manner in which it was offered.

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* This refers to the loss at sea of Mr. Copleston's third brother.

The following memorandum in the diary for 1812 is noticed, as indicating the fixedness of those political opinions from which Mr. Copleston never swerved, though, in common with some other distinguished men who took the same line, he was in after years charged with doing so.

> 'Nov. . Opposed the petition against the Catholics in convocation.'

I allude more particularly to the adverse remarks made upon the bishop's conduct in 1829, with reference to his sermon preached in Chester cathedral, November 5, 1826, as though the ground he then took was inconsistent with his speech and vote in favour of the 'Catholic Relief' bill.

We may to a great extent account for this, from the fact that points, which were by the bishop kept carefully distinct, are in the popular mind very generally confounded. Dr. Copleston's votes, whether given in convocation at Oxford in 1812, or in the House of Lords in 1829, were given upon the political part of the question. His sermon at Chester was strong and decided on the religious part of it.

The following extract from a publication by the Rev. Noel Ellison, *Protestant Errors and Roman Catholic Truths*, carries the more weight with it, because it comes from one whose opinions diverged a good deal from those of the bishop.

'That, on a question of this sort (viz., the 'Catholic') all men should think alike, who could ever expect? but that many among those who zealously opposed the measure should have no credit given them for their opposition being conscientious, or that many among those who zealously advocated the measure should have no credit given them for still being stanch members of the Church of England—these perversions serve as a satirical caricature on the generosity and candour of this *liberal* age,—this age which is free from prejudices! If many persons *did* turn their opinions to the breeze—if others dealt with the question carelessly, regardless of the interests of the Christian religion, all that can be said is—they are sad instances of unworthy conduct. But to single out such men as the bishop of Llandaff, and the late bishop of Oxford, for vituperative remarks—men who, in point of worldly prosperity, had already made their fortunes—the singling out of such men is ridiculous and absurd. But this is not all. Look at Copleston, and call back Lloyd to your recollection. What are the distinctive traits of character in these two men? Surely independence—notoriously so; for many would read obstinacy—honesty, straightforward honesty; for many would add the epithet of *blunt*. You can no more imagine Copleston and Lloyd doing a dirty thing—you can no more associate their characters with anything like trickery or time-serving, than, as Clytemnestra said, you could make oil and vinegar coalesce into one fluid.

'Copleston—the scholar, the gentleman, the gallant champion of classic Oxford against northern hordes of critics; Copleston, of whom for years past it has been known, that his sentiments were in favour of 'catholic emancipation, and whose very last words, in the notes of the sermon preached at Chester, November 5, 1826, which has been made to tell tales against his consistency, would lead any one μαντευειν .what part he would act — Copleston may appeal to friend and foe—he may appeal to the whole of Oxford assembled in convocation—or he may appeal to one and all of the many friends he has, who all respect and admire him—and the answer to his appeal would be as the voice of one man in his favour.'

Though it is travelling beyond the record, I am tempted to add this one sentence—

'With respect to the late bishop of Oxford, there is a sort of *desiderium* which almost makes the pen refuse to do its office in tracing out the expression of one's affectionate remembrance of the good, the open-hearted Lloyd.'

The warm generosity of these sentiments needs no comment, and will find a ready response in the breasts of many, whichever of the two bishops is recalled to mind.

In 1813, Mr. Copleston declined an offer of the headship of Magdalen Hall, made him by Lord Grenville; the only offer of the sort which it was ever in that nobleman's power to make to one whom he was so well inclined to serve. That he should have so declined is not surprising, for it probably was at that time very evident that a vacancy in the headship of his own college could not be far distant; and it was scarce possible but that he should have had a confident expectation of succeeding to that place whenever it should want an occupant, which it did before the end of the next year. About this time he contributed the article in the *Quarterly Review* on Lord Harrowby's Curates bill, thus noticed by the author in a letter to his father, which I give at length for the sake of a pleasing sketch of Dropmore, and the record of a perilous journey contained in it.

Oriel Coll. Jan. 29, 1814.

My dear Father,

It was particularly gratifying to me to find that you approve of the paper on Lord Harrowby's speech. I have never avowed it, but I know it is generally attributed to me here—partly from the open share I had in requesting our representative to support the curate's bill, and partly because it contains sentiments on various points which I have often expressed in convocation. This place, you know, is the head-quarters of what is falsely called *high church principles.* In the true sense of the word, I am more a high churchman than most of them—that is, I would have much greater exertions made to preserve the unity of our church : and to make in *effect,* as well as in *name,* a national church. But the leading partisans who assume that title appear to me only occupied with the thought of converting the property of the church to their private advantage, leaving the duties of it to be performed how they can. Of course, among this description of people, the *tone* and *spirit* of that review are not relished. I have heard many objections against it on that ground.

My visit to Dropmore was not prevented by the weather. I went there on the 18th, the day on which the great fall of snow was in this part of the kingdom. From the time I entered the house to the 23rd, there was no possibility of going outside the door without treading in deep snow, and, in fact, I did not stir out once. There was an agreeable party within, the house very warm, containing every luxury that furniture can supply, and, what with billiards and books, the time was filled up as pleasantly as one could desire.

'Lord Grenville I have always found friendly and amiable in his behaviour, very unassuming, and though not affable, from wanting a turn for conversation, yet conversing with frankness and simplicity where he has reason to place confidence. Not much discussion of political subjects occurred, as you may suppose, but there seemed to be no studied reserve; and on the bullion question we had one night a long conversation, in which all parties fortunately were agreed. It seems that Lord Lauderdale has just published a pamphlet, in which he recommends the lowering the standard of our coinage to a level with the depreciated currency, otherwise the present rents cannot be maintained, thus *perpetuating* upon the monied proprietor and annuitant that loss, which he has hitherto borne more patiently under the idea that it is temporary and soon to be redressed.

Lord Grenville sent me in his carriage to Maidenhead. When I came there no chaise was to be had, and I was obliged to come on outside a coach. It was the first day after an interval of four that the coach had travelled; and such was the state of the roads, that with great difficulty and much peril we reached Benson that night, twelve miles short of Oxford. Once we were upset—completely—all the outside passengers, seven in number, tossed over the hedge, happily into a deep bed of snow, and not the slightest injury done to any one. But as the dusk came on our journey was most hazardous; the people on horseback whom we met answered the anxious inquiries of the coachman by advising him not to proceed; but the day was near its close, and it seemed too late to return. We were then, six miles from Benson, obliged to leave the road, and drive over ploughed fields for at least five miles, often full gallop, for fear of being benighted. The coachman declared he knew nothing of the way, and was guided only by a coach before us. Once, owing to some accident in the harness, we were obliged to stop, lost sight of our leader, and the man exclaimed—'We are lost!' Upon our talking of walking, he strongly dissuaded it, and I believe with good reason; for it is impossible, without experience, to conceive the change in the whole aspect of the country, especially after daylight—the cold in the meantime intense, and the snow so deep, that we could not have advanced two miles on foot from mere fatigue.—This, I believe, is the immediate cause of fatal accidents in snow. Persons are soon exhausted who attempt to walk: they lie down, and never rise again. Under all these circumstances we at length reached Benson, about 6 p. m., chiefly in consequence of having fetched up our way by a gallop till we got in sight of the leading coach, and that over ground which might or might not be passable for a coach—no one knew.

We came on next morning to Oxford—a procession of six coaches—having traversed the fields again about four miles, and passed a flock of wild geese feeding, which took no notice of us, so severe was the weather. So ends my winter campaign, and I feel happy in the consciousness that nothing need draw me from home till the weather is more favourable. I am much afraid the extreme severity of this winter has affected the comforts of the poor, and shortened the lives of many. The cheapness of bread is an alleviation; but the want of fuel is almost irremediable.

Yours, &c.

P. S.—If you have observed the thermometer I should like to know the lowest degree, with the date specified. It was at 10° in Oxford on the 14th. The barometer is at this moment within a trifle of 28 inches, the lowest state of depression ever known in England.

It will be for the amusement of my readers if I here hazard an historical displacement, and insert what I have since discovered—the identical note which led to the visit above described. The conclusion of it is happily prophetic of the circumstances under which Mr. Copleston left Dropmore.

Dropmore, Dec. 3, 1814.

My dear Sir,

We earnestly hope you will do us the pleasure of returning this year to your Christmas quarters here. The longer we can detain you without the aid of a deep snow, the happier you will make us; and when you talk of going, I must then hope for the aid of Jupiter *niveus*.

Ever most truly yours,

GRENVILLE.

As most persons of education and leisure visit the Continent at some period of their lives, I should scarcely pause to mention the fact that Mr. Copleston did so this year, were it not with the design of introducing some specimens of his letters written while abroad. I do so with the full consciousness that, as mere sources of information, these letters must be entirely superseded by the notices of more recent tourists; but all will agree that it is interesting to mark what impressions have been made upon a superior mind by objects with which we ourselves may be perfectly familiar. There is, moreover, a charm in the very ease of a familiar letter, written under such circumstances; while a graceful touch, or a vigorous thought, thrown in here and there pleases us the more, because we see it to be unstudied, and because it seems to indicate a latent reserve of unexerted power.*

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* Parcentis viribus atque
Extenuantis eas consultò.
Hor. *Sat.* i. 10.

Mr. Copleston spent some days in Paris, and then, being joined by Mr. Ward, of New College, proceeded to Switzerland and Northern Italy.

'At Martigny we found our carriage and luggage all waiting for us; but another project detained us two days. It was only a day's journey to the top of the Great St. Bernard, one of the chief passes of the Alps, and famous for its convent on the highest point of the road, where all passengers are entertained and lodged according to their quality, without regard to country, sex, or religion. An institution so singular, so celebrated, so strangely situated, presented too strong an attraction to be resisted. We therefore hired mules, and set out on a pilgrimage, not intending to pass into Italy that way, but to stay one night, and return the next day to Martigny. The whole of this expedition struck me as the most romantic occurrence of my life, the most unlike reality, and the most like a dream of any thing I ever remember. The weather was delightful, as, indeed, it has been ever since. Our road lay up the side of the Drance, a roaring mountain stream, which descends from the Alps, and, by the junction of several other streams, becomes a large river before it joins the Rhone at Martigny. It was almost a continual ascent of eight hours, besides halting time. The first part rocky and woody, but the last two hours up a bare mountain, with hardly any herbage, nothing like a bush, and in general only rock and snow, with a thundering torrent never far off. In many places the track was like a winding staircase. It is astonishing with what steadiness the mules climb up the steepest parts, stopping only now and then, of their own accord, to take breath. We did not, however, continue mounted. The climate grew sensibly colder and colder, so that the exercise of walking was agreeable. About sunset we arrived, and were first taken to the kitchen fire to warm ourselves; after that we were ushered into the refectory, where two or three of the monks received us with great cordiality and politeness. They offered us refreshment immediately; but, as it was near supper time, we declined it. At seven the prior came in, with a few more, about nine in all, and although it was meagre day, we had an excellent supper of various dishes, with very good fruit and wine. Three Piedmontese gentlemen were also there, and in the course of conversation I found they were of the family of the founder, and on that account were treated with great respect. They were crossing the Alps into Switzerland. This entertainment was just what you would wish to see at a religious house; nothing like jollity, but mild, cheerful, unconstrained conversation, chiefly on politics. They, as well as the Piedmontese, spoke most handsomely of the English, and since that, I find the impression in Italy to be strongly and universally in our favour. It is not so in Switzerland. Soon after eight we rose from table, and, as it seemed expected, we retired to our bedrooms. It was dismally cold, a very hard frost, against which double windows were an inadequate protection. You know, perhaps, that it is the highest inhabited spot in the old world. Early in the morning we went out to view the site of the Temple of Jupiter, which stood near the site of the convent, and was perhaps a similar institution.'

'After breakfasting with the brothers, and dropping our alms into the trunk at the church, we set out on our return, walking, or rather running, for it was extremely cold. A full hour before we caught sight of a bush or a tree. The convent is not rich—far from it, but it is supported by donations from all the States near, who have a common interest in maintaining so admirable a charity. Buonaparte was a great and constant patron. Before the battle of Marengo, he marched 80,000 men by this way into Italy. The prior told me they lodged 2000 soldiers every night for fifteen nights successively, filling the church and every part of the building. They observed the most exact discipline. The most wonderful circumstance is the passing of artillery over the mountains, which was certainly effected, and may have been one of the causes which led that infatuated man to think that all the powers of nature must yield to him.'

I give an extract from a letter addressed to the Rev. J. E. Tyler, and dated *L'Hospice de St. Bernard*, for the sake of its lively description of the prior and his brethren:—

'Our wishes have been gratified to the utmost; the day has been almost without a cloud. We arrived in good time for the evening reception. There were three other strangers besides ourselves who supped with the *pères*. It has been as pleasant an evening as I ever passed. The prior, who entered most into conversation, is just what a monk ought to be, that is, just the opposite of what they are represented to be in all books—mild, well-bred, well acquainted with what is going on in the world, and, though very temperate himself, pressing his hospitality as far as decorum will allow. The younger monks give the most cheerful and kind attendance. When one considers in what a savage solitude all this scene is passing, I can hardly fancy it real. But the cold, which is bitter, now that I am retired to my bedroom forcibly reminds me of my actual existence in a spot, of which I have often read, but which, till lately, I never dreamt of seeing.'

'Thence (*i. e.* from the Boromean islands) we proceeded to Lac. Como, the ancient Lacus Larius. Immediately on our arrival, we took a boat and visited a place called *Pliniana*. It is the remarkable fountain described by Pliny, *Ep.* iv. 30, which I wish you would read. It answers the description even to the present day. The spot belongs to an Italian nobleman, and has very appropriate inscriptions;

one of them is Pliny's *Epistle* at full length. The view from it up the beautiful lake has a peculiar character of seclusion. The woody mountains rise from the very brink of the water. You will easily conceive what a strong impression is made by classical association, when you are on the very spot described, and inherited, and loved by illustrious Romans. Pliny was a native of this part. Read his *Ep.* iv. 13,* and another, ii. 8, where he calls his villa here, 'altissimus iste secessus,' if you would wish to form any adequate idea of the pleasure this scene has given me. . . . . I once thought Milan would be our extreme point eastward ; but the vicinity of Verona and the Lago di Garda (the ancient Benacus) tempted us to extend our plan still farther. We reckoned that three days would take us to Verona, seeing the lake in our way. We decided upon it, and have accomplished it with ease. The weather has been beautiful, the sky often without a cloud for hours together, and we timed our journey so as to take lake Garda in the evening, a circumstance which makes a vast difference everywhere, but especially here. In the map you will find a long promontory running into the lake from the southern shore. This is the promontory of Sirmio, the favourite residence of the poet Catullus, whose property it was. The isthmus is low, long, and flat. Towards the extremity it rises in a beautiful irregular hill, covered with olives, and on this was the poet's villa, of which very large remains exist—grottoes and arches of Roman masonry in abundance. I must beg you will read his thirty-first† poem, which is an address to the spot.

> Peninsularum, Sirmio, insularumque,
> Ocelle, quascunque in liquentibus stagnis, &c.

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* These references will not be found to agree with some editions. The Didot, *e. g.*, fails ; but ix. 7 in that edition will be to the purpose.

† Paris, ed. Didot.

It well deserved his preference. On returning after sunset, the waters of the lake reflected a strong purple—the best possible commentary upon his 'Lydiæ lacus undæ.' From Desenzano, where we slept, it was an easy day's journey to Verona, a place which is chiefly celebrated for its vast Roman amphitheatre, the most perfect *within* that remains. The seats have been repaired several times—the last time by Napoleon, who has taken care to record it. There are forty-three rows from the arena to the top, which will hold twenty-three thousand, four hundred and eighty persons *seated.* Including the arena, near fifty thousand persons could *stand* within it. In 1780 it was quite filled, on the occasion of the Pope being here, who pronounced a blessing on the assembly, a ceremony that must have been highly affecting, especially as contrasted with the barbarous and horrid purposes for which it was formerly used. It is still used three or four times a year for bull-baiting. We have had a very good cicerone, who has taken us to all the Roman antiquities, and all the fine pictures and buildings, of which there are a great number, although the French have carried off to Paris two or three of the most celebrated paintings. One triumphal arch, built by Vitruvius, Massena destroyed for some military purpose. Our guide who was well instructed in his business, could not speak of it without great emotion. The palaces of the nobility, however, disappointed one much. The architecture is often good, and even elegant; but they are so filthy, so squalid, so patched with mean accompaniments of paltry window-shutters, &c., that you would fancy them, as we often did, uninhabited. But in no instance was this the case when we made the inquiry. I always used to hear of the incongruous taste exhibited in them, the preposterous mixture of grandeur and meanness; but I still believe a great deal of what we saw is the result of poverty and French oppression. No less than thirteen battles have been fought near the town within seventeen years—some of them close to it, so that the marks of musket-balls are to be seen by hundreds to this day.'

From a Letter to his Father written after leaving Verona.

'We left Verona on the 18th September, and reached Mantua about two o'clock, in time to visit all the principal objects of attention the same day. The country is a dead flat, with the exception of a little sloping ground, hardly to be called *hill,* near the river. Eustace is determined to find Virgil's description of his own farm in the character of the ground now called *Virgiliana.* But, although I see no reason to doubt that this was his property (it being certain he had a considerable estate there, and this having, by uniform tradition, been regarded as his), yet there is hardly anything to which you can bring yourself to give the name of *colles.* His 'antra,' 'rupes,' 'montes,' and other Arcadian images, are all ideal, and borrowed evidently from the pastoral poets whom he made his model. One description, however, in the opening of the *Third Georgic,* is so exact, that nothing more apposite could be said at the present day:

——— tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat
Mincius, et tenerâ prætexit arundine ripas.

Every word has its force. The Mincio, just before it reaches Mantua, spreads out into a vast reedy bed, and bends slowly round the town. The water may be diverted by means of sluices, so as to flood the country on the other side of the town also, which circumstance constitutes its chief strength. The inundation was practised to a great extent this very spring, and the melancholy effects were very conspicuous, although the ground was again drained, and only the lowest parts left in the state of a marsh. Mantua is occupied by a large Austrian garrison, who observe the usual rigour of German regulations even in peace. The gates were shut at seven o'clock, and we had a very narrow escape from being shut out all night on our return from a walk to Virgil's farm, which is three miles off. To this spot we walked again the next morning, and were amused by the interest the inhabitants take in the memory of their great poet. They point out the spot in a field where they say he was born. But it is certain that Virgil, although he loved the place as his native soil, and as possessing property there, yet never lived there. It has no one attraction to a poet. He wisely preferred the beautiful scenery and delicious climate of Naples for his residence. At Mantua there are two handsome ducal, or rather now royal, palaces, with fresco paintings by Julio Romano, and other eminent artists. One room, representing the fabulous battle of the Titans with the gods, is the grandest thing I ever beheld. Milton must, I think, have caught some of his images in the battle of the fallen angels from this picture. The vast limbs of the giants are exhibited in every variety of muscular action, whilst some are crushed by fragments of rocks, struggling and writhing in agony. A whimsical effect is produced by the shot-hole of a cannon ball, which shattered the arm of one of these Titans in the late siege, no vain rival of the thunderbolts which the painter has represented above.'

'Early the next morning we arrived at Pavia, left our horses to rest, and posted to the famous Chartreuse, which lies by the road-side, towards Milan. It is always described as the richest church in point of decoration, perhaps, in the world. Taking into account the beauty of the works of art, and the costliness of the materials which *compose*, rather than adorn it, it does, I believe, deserve that character. We were perfectly confounded with the prodigious display of exquisite sculpture and rich inlaid work of marble and precious stone. Wreaths of flowers, birds, and other ornamental devices, are represented in native colours by pieces of marble, and of every species of stone which the lapidaries use. The size, the beauty, the variety, and the endless profusion of these materials, added to the taste and elegance with which the work is executed, deserve all that has been said, or can be said, in its praise. Some of the finest pictures have been taken by the French to enrich the Louvre, but they have abstained from pillaging the wealth which encrusts all the shrines and walls of the church. The large monastery to which it was attached, like all other establishments of the kind within the reach of French influence, has been suppressed, but the building still remains unoccupied, except by two monks, who attend to the service of the church. The foundation was of the most munificent kind. The apartments allotted to each monk were equal to a small house, with a garden and servants' rooms. I own that among the acts of the French in their conquered countries, this one of the suppression of monasteries always gave me pleasure. The institution is so burdensome and injurious, and yet so interwoven with the law and the religion of a country, that one can never hope to see it eradicated by regular means. It must be either a robber or a tyrant, or both, like our Henry, to do it. They talk of restoring religious orders again in Italy; but whatever they do, I believe the world is secure against the endowment of wealthy religious houses again. In Italy there is still a great spirit of devotion in their own way. One of the most striking peculiarities was the numerous paintings of saints and martyrs, in frescoes, by the roadside, and against houses in every village we passed through. Their climate admits of this exposure, and the execution is far superior to what would be seen in country places in any other part of the world. The churches, too, which are in 'catholic' countries open all day long, were never without people kneeling in profound devotion. One custom they have, which might well be imitated by protestants, that of repairing to church to say their private prayers. Many people in passing will turn in for this purpose, and stay a few minutes on their knees, whether any service is going on or not.'

'The descent from Mount Cenis to Sens-le-Bourg is not above an hour, trotting briskly the whole way, but Sens-le-Bourg itself is a very elevated situation. I think it was a continual descent for two days after that, winding down the valley to Montmeillan. This part of our journey was full of interest—a close narrow valley of such a length, each side of which seems insuperable, presenting all the varieties that a combination of forest and rock can produce, with a mountain stream that at length becomes a river, rolling down, sometimes on one side of the road, sometimes on the other. The whole is inhabited; there are houses even half-way up the mountain on each side, but the summits are frightful precipices, inhabited by wolves and bears. The bears are noxious only by eating the corn in summer, but the wolves often attack their cattle in the winter months. In this valley we see a good specimen of what is often described as Swiss husbandry, every little platform and shelving declivity cultivated with the nicest care, and the earth often supported by walls. It is part of the old Duchy of Savoy, and will, I hope, be again restored to the Sardinian family. Our mode of travelling, although we were in a hurry to get home, necessarily gave us plenty of time. The horses required three or four hours' rest, during which we rambled about the neighbourhood of the villages where we stopped, visited cottages and farm-houses, and conversed with the people. Their manners were very pleasing and cheerful, more civil, I think, than those of the country people on the Italian side of the Alps. But here, also, as well as in the other, the frequency of goître is shocking. One is apt to imagine that the regions of a mountain climate would render the human form robust, and the constitution hardy, but the reverse is certainly the truth in the Alps. They are a diminutive, ill-formed race, and from the inquiries I made, I am inclined to think by no means healthy or long-lived.'

I close the notice of this tour with a specimen of playful humour—the whim of some mountain hour.

Extract from 'The Excursion.'

'Nor mountain *scenes* alone exalt the mind
To blissful musing, but such incidents
As mountain wanderers meet with oft beguile
Their weary steps, and whisper better things
Than from the craggy steep of Grindelwald,
Or Grimsel, can be gather'd. Such, I ween,
Befel me, as one day I walked alone
Part of the way from Zurich on to Zug.
'Twas a steep hill, and they had much to do
To drag the carriage—I went on before,
And presently, between the hazel boughs,
Bright colours caught my eye—ere long I found
It was a pedlar's tray, such as sometimes
One sees on turnpike roads in England—there
Emperors and kings with barking curs were mix'd,
And gaudy parrots, and a Sappho's head,
And an old cart-horse, lean as lean could be.
'A few steps more, and I was near the gate
At which the pedlar stopped, but he was stooping
To take his load of gewgaws up again;
Whilst two sweet children wistfully look'd on,
Eyeing the gorgeous medley. Little souls!
Their hearts went with him as he turn'd away
With all his treasure, and they felt a pang
As whilom Orpheus, at the parting look

Of lost Eurydice, or as some saint,
Whose slumbers angels bless and charm the sight
With smiles and radiant glory—straight he wakes,
And all the heavenly vision melts in air:
So stood these artless children hand in hand
With look of disappointment, as the man
Mov'd off: for he, forsooth, had asked too much
The father said, a prudent cottager,
Who leaned upon his spade, and stood awhile,
As if he, too, would fain have bought a toy
To deck his parlour mantel-piece. Then I,
Suspecting what had happened, stopped the pedlar,
And bade each bashful child chuse what it liked.
Scarce did they seem to understand my speech,
Because 'twas French: but signs are eloquent
When they interpret wishes; soon they saw
That I would undertake to pay the price,
And each pounced on a parrot. Happier they
Than when some connoisseur at picture sale
In Bond-street sees a Rembrandt or Vandyke
Going for a song, and to himself knock'd down,
Though Phillips lies his best, and buyers throng
The auction. Each then quickly turned, and said
In German *patois* what to me did sound
Melodious; for it spoke of gratitude,
And undissembled pleasure felt at heart.
  'And long shall I remember those glad eyes
Which glisten'd as they spoke, now on the parrot,
Now upon me full-turned. And long, whene'er
A pedlar's tray shall pass me on the road,
By quick association I shall see
These happy children—and shall hear them lisp
Their *patois*, and their oft-repeated '*dank*.''

Within two months after Mr. Copleston's return from the Continent, the headship of his college became vacant by the death of Dr. Eveleigh, and it devolved upon Mr. Copleston, as dean, to announce that vacancy officially to the assembled fellows.

The address which he delivered upon that occasion is marked by that exact delicacy of phrase, and that clear force of expression, which belong to every other production of his pen. Nothing can be more pleasing—and I believe those who are more competent to form an opinion than myself would say, nothing can be more just—than his eulogy of Dr. Eveleigh.

> 'We have lost,' he said, 'in our late provost, not only a bright example of piety, worth, and benevolence, but each one of us has lost a friend, while the college has lost an experienced and conscientious governor, one who conducted its concerns for three and thirty years with singular uprightness and fidelity; and who preserved its harmony uninterrupted, even among differences of opinion, by his own candour and invariable mildness of temper. In every question that divided the society, it was evident to all that his sole endeavour was to discharge his conscience. There was no mixture of pride, of obstinacy, of love of power—no impatience of opposition—no separate interest or selfish motive ever intruded into his dealings with us. He displayed at all times a respect for the judgment of others, a readiness to compare opinions, and a liberal disposition to concede, whenever he thought his conscience not involved in the support of his own judgment.'

Having mentioned an important benefaction to the college by Dr. Eveleigh, he continues thus:—

> 'I should think the part I am now attempting still more incomplete, if I failed to speak of a public service rendered by him of much greater magnitude, more comprehensive in

its design, and, I may add, beneficial above all others in its execution—the reformed system of examination for degrees, in which it is well known he was mainly instrumental, and to which he devoted a great part of his time and thoughts when the plan was first proposed. Of all who are now present, I believe I am best able to say how anxious he was for its adoption, and what pains he took to overcome the inertness and prejudices of many who were adverse to its introduction. Nay, there is *one* circumstance, of which few persons living besides myself are aware, and which proves, beyond a doubt, not only how sincerely his hand and heart were engaged in that business, but that he may be regarded (if any single man may) as the author and prime mover of that undertaking. The circumstance which I allude to is one which, at that time, he imparted to me under injunctions of secresy, but which nothing forbids me, in the present state of things, to reveal. After having seen many attempts at succeeding by mere argument and remonstrance quite fruitless, and when he almost despaired of effecting anything by that method, he had drawn the outline of a new plan, which he meant to submit to some leading persons in this place, and which he communicated to me in private. It contained an offer, on his own part, of a benefaction larger even than that which he has since conferred on this college, for the purpose of providing rewards and honours for the most distinguished candidates, if the university would consent to a reform of the whole system of examinations. The offer was declined; but from that moment the work was taken zealously in hand, and if any individual can with propriety be named as its author, to him, I firmly believe, is that praise justly due.'

It remained to supply that place which had been so worthily filled, and the entire unanimity with which that was done appears most satisfactorily in the following requisition, presented to Mr. Copleston, 20th December, 1814:—

‘ TO THE REV. EDWARD COPLESTON.

‘ The undersigned fellows of the college, in discharge of the solemn duty imposed upon them by their recent public loss, are induced, by their regard to your distinguished qualifications for such a trust, to request you will allow yourself to be put in nomination by them as their provost, and to accept their cordial and unanimous suffrages to that effect.

(Signed)

Edward Holwell.
William Bishop.
John Davison.
William James.
Richard Whately.
James Endell Tyler.
William Brudenell Barter.
Edward Miles Rudd.
John Keble.
Thomas Mayo.
W. H. Tierney.
R. Boardman.
Willingham Franklyn.
Charles Edward Grey.
Edward Hawkins.

‘ N.B.—One fellowship was vacant, and the Rev. T. Davis absent, the whole number being eighteen.’

Without the walls of the college it was a matter of acclamation.

‘ On no occasion within my remembrance (says one of the fellows in a letter to Mr. Copleston’s father) has there been so marked a concurrence of opinion in the university at large.’

A diploma degree of D.D. crowned this academical triumph. And of this high distinction the same friend, whose words I have just quoted, writes thus in the same letter:—

‘ Our provost was this morning created D.D. by diploma. The honour is, as you know, the highest the university can bestow; and it is only *because it is the highest* that the members of convocation have made him an acknowledgment for past services worthy of his acceptance.'

How highly valued this honour was by Dr. Copleston himself will best appear from what he writes to his old college friend, the Rev. W. N. Darnell. Let me, however, first give the congratulatory letter of Mr. Darnell himself, which deserves a place, were it only for the happy quotation which it contains:—

Durham, Dec. 27, 1814.

My dear Copleston,

I need scarcely tell you that I sincerely rejoice in your elevation to the provostship. It is a delightful thing to me to see you placed by acclamation in the vacant chair, and to know that you have the satisfaction of being your own patron, after having been so long neglected. You have treated me very ill about your shade, which you promised me, knowing all the time that I am curious in shades. I must repeat my instructions—that it is to be on card—all black, without an eyelash, for the eyelash is never seen in profile, and may be sent to me in a frank. 'Omnibus umbra locis adero' till you fulfil your promise.

Ever sincerely yours,

W. N. D.

The answer was as follows:—

Oriel College, Jan. 27, 1815.

My dear Darnell,

Your reproaches and menaces have at length driven me to the extremity of sitting for my profile. It is taken on card, all in black, without an eyelash—strictly, therefore, according to your injunctions. Still, the performance appears to me execrable; nor can I believe that the resemblance is striking. If you are dissatisfied, blame the artist, for I sat perfectly still and patient. You are burdened with double postage because I have no franker at hand, and know not when I may have one. Thus I fear you will be a loser in every sense; but the thing is not worth more words. I have been passing a most happy fortnight among my friends at Exeter, where you are remembered with great interest. My father and mother are both surprisingly well, and have their full share of enjoyment in the great good fortune which has fallen upon me. To this a recent addition has been made, which you would never guess if left to yourself, and which, in its effect on my mind, has, I confess, far surpassed the election to the headship, because the one was an object to which I might naturally look forward, but the other was placed not only beyond the bounds of probability, but even of my own most flattering imagination. At the proposal of the president of C.C.C., the degree of D.D. was yesterday conferred on me by diploma; the instrument has just been presented to me by the Vice-Chancellor, and it is drawn up in terms which can never be repeated by my own pen. It was granted unanimously, and in a very full house, so that I have at least a proof that my conduct in convocation (though often unwelcome to the prevailing powers) yet has not prejudiced them against me, or made them think me a dangerous or unworthy member. How happy it will make me if I can ever receive you and Mrs. Darnell as my guests I need not say. Let me at least hope that you will one day or other revisit Oxford.

Believe me ever, my dear Darnell,
Yours most sincerely,
E. Copleston.

Out of a multitude of congratulatory letters, I select the two following:—

Dropmore, Dec. 23, 1814.

My dear Sir,

Though I had no doubt of the result of the election at Oriel, yet it gives me the greatest pleasure to learn that it has passed in a manner so gratifying to yourself and so honourable to the electors, who have conferred a great benefit on the college and on the university, both in the thing itself and the manner of doing it. I am well aware that we must not hope to see you here or in town just now; I shall be truly happy to express to you in person the congratulations of one, who yields to none of your friends in the pleasure he feels on this occasion.

I am, most truly yours,
GRENVILLE.

Seymour Street, Bath, Dec. 25, 1814.

My dear Provost,

I congratulate *you* on having Oriel, and Oriel on having you; and both especially on the *manner* in which this good event has been effected, as I learn by a few hasty lines from Tyler, whose worthy heart seems to have trickled through his pen as he wrote. The Christian unity of your society I have ever considered with delight, and I trust with edification not less than that which I could not fail to derive from the conversation of those, whom I felt to be my superiors in every endowment and acquirement. I rejoice that the occasion is afforded to you of continuing to foster that harmony which has been manifested in the late *acclamation* superseding *election.* With sincere prayers for your long continued enjoyment of the love of your society, and for the prosperity of the society under your auspices, Believe me,

Your obliged and sincere friend,
J. S. DUNCAN.

Dr. Copleston had been a householder somewhat more than a year, when he expressed the following sentiments upon a subject which we might have conjectured would be present to his mind. He is writing to his friend, the Rev. W. N. Darnell, an old fellow collegian at C.C.C., after a severe illness, and having just parted with his sisters, who had come up from Devonshire to nurse him.

Oriel College, June 2, 1815.

...... Let me not, with contemplation of my own solitude, forget to congratulate you on the happiness which you are about to derive from a different state of life, and which, from the anticipation of that state, must already have begun ..... Whether I am ever destined to enjoy a similar blessing I know not, but I feel most sensibly the truth of that saying, which proceeded from more than human wisdom, 'It is not good for man to be alone.' Celibacy is tolerable to a man who lives in society, but it is a dismal state for a householder; and it requires both better health and a stronger mind than I can boast to support it cheerfully. If ever I am so happy as to change it for a married state, you shall certainly hear from me before it takes place, for I am sure you will not be indifferent to the interests of an old friend. It is kind of you to send me such flattering testimony to the success of my professional labours. The prælections have drawn more notice, and been more commended, than I had any reason to expect. This is a sufficient compensation for the labour and anxiety of mind which the composition of them cost me. I am sure that my spirits would now be unequal to the same task—glad, therefore, am I that I have no such duty now before me. God grant that I may have strength and spirits for those which belong to my station!

Ever, my dear friend,
Most sincerely yours,
E. C.

In 1816 Dr. Copleston renewed his visit to the Continent, in company with two Oxford friends, whose names are associated with all that is benevolent and pleasing, J. and P. Duncan, fellows of N. C. In the scheme of this tour was included Holland, the Rhine, and the choicest parts of Switzerland. Not delaying the reader with any particular account of their route, I proceed at once to present him with some extracts from letters written at different points, the first point being Brussels, and the date of the letter July 24, 1816.

'One of the most striking sights on this road (till we turned out of France) was parties of English soldiers quartered in the villages, and passing in small bodies along the road—a mortifying spectacle to French vanity—and one which I conceive they will never forget or forgive. It is, however, a nation that must be kept down, not conciliated. Our soldiers are said to be very quiet and orderly. We arrived at Brussels last night, and found barely room for us at the Hotel de Bellevue. I did not expect such high ground in this neighbourhood. We are at the upper part of the town, and the ascent is nearly as steep as the streets in Bath. This quarter is handsome, and even magnificent; most of the English families (and there are not a few) live here. To-morrow I mean to call on Mr. and Mrs. N. T——, but this day has been devoted to an object of the most powerful interest—the field of Waterloo. The two Duncans had seen it last year, and Philip D. did not wish to repeat the visit. Accordingly, John D. and myself set out about nine o'clock with Michel, our French servant, in a caleche, having provided ourselves with the proper books and map. If you have read *Paul's Letters*, or *Southey's Pilgrimage*, you will not want a detailed description of the way or of the place. The way is the great road to Namur and Charleroi. After a mile or two we entered the great forest of Soignies, the most complete forest I ever saw. At first there are open spaces, and occasional houses and villages by the road side, backed by the forest, but at length nothing besides the thick, tall, slender trees are to be seen,—so thick, that the eye cannot penetrate above two hundred yards from the road, and not a ray of sunshine can pierce the foliage above. For five miles this scene continues very dismal and tiresome—no grass, no underwood, only tall stems, mostly beech, and almost all young, at least not come to their prime, and yet we only *cross* this forest; the length is, I believe, in the other direction, extended to fifteen miles. You may easily conceive what a strong defence this was in the rear of our position; and I think a less general than Lord Wellington might have said, as he did,—that even had the battle been lost, our army would only have fallen back on the forest, and waited till the Prussians joined in force. It is a complete rampart to Brussels, on the side of Namur. All the villagers in front took refuge here with their cattle, and lost nothing. Emerging from this forest we instantly arrived at the village of Waterloo; about a mile further on is the village of Mont St. Jean. We took up as our guide the well-known Lacoste, who now lives at Waterloo, having left his little farm of twenty-five acres close to La Belle Alliance, and who makes a good profit at present of his employment as a guide. To do him justice, I must say that his explanation is very distinct and satisfactory—no gasconade—no attempts to exaggerate or excite wonder, none to please or flatter the English—at the same time he was very intent upon describing exactly the several positions, and the course of events through the day. You know he was kept close to Buonaparte, but he denied having been ill-treated or confined, or tied by the arm, as has been said. After the retreat began, his bridle was fastened by a string to the saddle of an aide-de-camp, but he had no ill treatment whatever. Our first visit was to the farm of Hougoumont; the greater part still in ruins. I was in hopes something might turn up amidst the heaps of brick, and stones, and half-burnt timber over which we strayed, but I found nothing except musket bullets stuck in the timbers and trees of the garden, and was obliged to content myself with purchasing a few relics, which are to be had in abundance of various kinds. Fragments of hats and shoes are still scattered about in odd corners; and after leaving this spot, and crossing the field to La Belle Alliance on a piece of fallow land, I had the luck to find a grape-shot. The weather was very favourable, and we spent three hours or more in traversing the ground at our leisure. The battle was undoubtedly one of the most concentrated ever known in history. After all I had heard, the space was even less than I could have imagined; not one mile and a-half, I conceive, between any two of the memorable points. Michel, who has served two or three campaigns, and, like all the French, seems to have a kind of military genius, was very amusing;—his comments and criticisms on Buonaparte's tactics were by no means amiss. I often observed him in eager conversation with Lacoste, after he had collected an idea of the battle, (for he seems never to have read anything about it,) and condemning, with the most animated gestures, parts of Buonaparte's plan, particularly his leaving seven leagues of open country in his own rear, over which his army could be pursued if beaten, whereas Lord Wellington would fall back immediately on the forest under a similar disaster. This man has been extremely useful to us. He is a most good-humoured, active, attentive fellow—a genuine cosmopolite, just as happy, he says, in one country as in another, and at home everywhere. Ever your affectionate brother,

'E. COPLESTON.'

Amsterdam, August 4, 1816.

My dear Sister,

. . . . Our road to Antwerp took us through Mechlin which town first presented a specimen of what we afterwards met with in perfection, remarkable neatness and cleanliness, both of houses and streets. From the summit of the tower is a commanding view in every direction; for, immediately after leaving Brussels, you enter upon the level country, which continues all through Holland and Friesland in the strictest sense of the word. At Antwerp I again ascended the spire, which is one of the highest in the Netherlands. The view was most satisfactory and instructive. The whole of the Scheldt, as far as Flushing, the towns of Ghent, Bergen-op-zoom and Breda, with a multitude of populous towns and villages of inferior note, lie within the sphere of vision; I spent an hour there most agreeably. It is one of my strongest passions to learn the geography of a country by actual survey. Neither of my companions cared to mount, after the ascent at Mechlin, which is 556 steps. The sexton of the church amused me not a little. From the affinity of the Flemish to the English, we contrived to understand one another tolerably well, with the aid of a little French. He thought highly as you may suppose, of the prospect from his tower, continually repeating, as he looked round with an air of exultation, 'tout plat, tout plat, tout plat.' I asked him if he had ever seen a hill. He told me he had once at Brussels, but he evidently considered it a defect in nature. . . . . This union, however, of Belgium with Holland, which now together constitute the kingdom of the Netherlands, is unnatural and discordant in many respects. They differ in religion, in language, and in political interests. The Flemish are bigoted catholics—the Dutch, rigid Calvinists. The Flemish have almost all adopted the French language, and they are indignant at the exclusive use of Dutch in the acts of government. The Flemish are chiefly agricultural, the Dutch commercial; or, when the Flemish are commercial, they are rivals of the Dutch. In the Assembly of the States, the members speak, some French, some Dutch, and many do not understand what the others say. At Brussels I read a very ingenious and well-written dissertation by a Flemish advocate on the national language. It is clear that they are indignant at not being allowed to employ the French, as they have done time out of mind, in judicial proceedings, and other public acts. The Flemish language, I ought to add, is a much more uncouth dialect of the German than the Dutch is. This they allow themselves, and it is, consequently, a language neglected by all people of education, and is fast wearing out. Some of its tones are hideous. Charles II. said, if he had to speak to his horse he would speak in high Dutch. The Flemish appeared to me, as I heard the common people talking to one another, to resemble in many of its tones that laborious effort which an ass makes towards the end of his braying. They are also in feature a coarse, ill-favoured people, and not over civil. Indeed, civility of manners seems to decline in proportion as one recedes from France. In Holland, however, the people are by no means so awkward and uncouth as I expected to find them. A Dutch peasant does not merely touch his hat—he takes it off, and with a much better air than an English gentleman. In other respects—in dress, and feature, and manner—they are so like the English, that were it not for the flatness of the countenance, and the whimsical dress of the women, I should continually fancy myself in England. Among the women of the inferior class, the old costume is preserved; immense hats, as large as umbrellas, long-quartered shoes, with high heels, and buckles covering all the shoe to the very toe; flat plates of tin, or even silver, on the side of the head, with ornaments projecting from them extremely showy and rich, curled like a ram's horn, and, besides this, large heavy gold earrings. In North Holland, they have, moreover, a broad gold band across the forehead, over which, when in their Sunday dress, the hair falls down in small curious ringlets.

Aix-la-Chapelle, August 10, 1816.

My dear Sister,

. . . . You cannot imagine how the sight of hills delighted us after leaving Holland. They begin at Louvain, the country round which town much resembles the neighbourhood of Oxford. As we advance eastward, the hills become bolder, till at length the vicinity of Liege exhibits as much picturesque beauty as Devonshire. Indeed, the country from Liege to Aix-la-Chapelle resembles Devonshire, and the enclosed parts of Somersetshire, in all its characters. And here, with a change of formation in the ground, is a corresponding change of culture and mode of life. The ground enclosed, the farms scattered, much upland pasture, with small woods and orchards, as in the vale of Honiton. But you are geologist enough to know that the cause of all this lies deeper. We have not only left the sand and the beds above the chalk, but we have passed the line of chalk itself (which is here scanty), and are come to the strata next below it—those, for instance, of which the hills near Honiton and Exeter are formed, with a great intermixture of red marl. All this shows itself in the shape of the hills and valleys, the grass, the mode of cultivation, and the manner of life. Soon we shall arrive, as we ascend along the Rhine, to strata still more primitive. Of course you know that, in geology, *above* means *below!* What was *originally* above, is *now* below, in consequence of the partial elevation of those lowest strata which form our highest mountains, and which, of course, lifted with them the intervening strata. Thus a river which, like the Rhine, takes its rise in the highest ridges, travels successively from one stratum to the other, till it arrives at that which is now lowest, but which, supposing no disturbance to have taken place, would be at the top. In our route, we are reversing the order which the river takes, and it is highly pleasing to observe, as we proceed, our anticipations verified.

Mayence, August 16, 1816.

My dear Father,

The view of the Rhine at Cologne disappointed me. There is nothing picturesque in its character. It flows through an open well-cultivated country, the banks low, and cultivated to the very edge of the river. Its breadth, however, and the rapidity of its course, are striking. The mountainous country does not commence till near Bonn, which is a beautiful place. From Bonn to Bingen the banks are bold and picturesque in the highest degree. Above Bingen the country again becomes open, and without any striking feature. In this part of its course (*i. e.* from Bingen to near Bonn), at every reach you discover among the woods the ruins of some castle, frequently of more than one, crowning the summit of abrupt rocks, while the sloping sides down to the water are covered with vineyards. The variety of forms in these ruins, their different elevations, the various points of view in which they are seen as you approach and pass them, joined with the historical interest which such objects excite, render this the most enchanting line of scenery I ever beheld. The weather was fine, and the road which skirts the water-side pretty good. Madame de Staël has been laughed at for comparing the course of the Rhine to the life of an ancient hero. Perhaps the simile is a little too high-flown for prose, but there is something majestic and awful in the rapid but equable and silent flow of this noble river, and which gives you an idea of resistless force; judging from the passage of boats, I should think its course was at least five miles an hour. This force is so great, that it serves to set in motion, both at Cologne and at Coblentz, one of the most ingenious contrivances of man, a flying bridge. I doubt whether I shall be able to explain it. Two large barges are lashed together side by side, and a platform of considerable extent is formed, capable at Coblentz of transporting a thousand men. The heads of these barges are kept against the stream, and from the top of their mast a strong cable is extended, and fastened to a boat moored further up the stream, about the middle of the river. This boat, however, would be dragged with its anchor, if the force were not broken and divided by a series of boats at equal intervals, not anchored, but floating between the head-boat and the flying bridge below. They are fastened by a strong cable to each other, and the main cable from the bridge below passes through the *middle* of each of them up to the farthest, which is strongly anchored. By gently turning the helm, the rapidity of the current sends the barges (which are called the bridge) across the stream, because the sides are thus presented obliquely to it, and they cannot fall down the stream, being fastened by the cable to the boat anchored above. The passage being the third of a mile nearly, this operation presents a beautiful spectacle to a person placed on an eminence. We viewed it from the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, opposite to Coblentz. This fortress was dismantled by the French after the peace of Amiens. It stands, or rather the ruins stand, upon a vast rock fronting Coblentz, which might be laid in ashes from it in a few hours. On the same side of the river, to my great surprise, we were shown a garden, laid out with the greatest taste and skill. It reminded me of Fordlands, and of parts of Mr. Merivale's ground, but the views from its walks and seats cannot, I fear, find a parallel in England. It belongs to a rich ecclesiastic, who has laid it out entirely himself within the last fifteen years. The gardener invited us into the house, where he has also a collection of pictures and curiosities, and we were sumptuously regaled with fruit. The walks are cut along the steep sides of the rock; sometimes they wind up a glen; and, after passing a brook, you are brought round on the other side to points of view which far surpass all I have ever seen. The ruined fortress of Ehrenbreitstein is a principal feature, but the city of Coblentz, the electoral palace, the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle, which wind away under the steep bank on one side, with populous villages and rich farms on the other, form a landscape which contains all that a painter or a lover of nature can desire.

Before we left Coblentz, we heard of an affair which has probably appeared in the English papers. Last Sunday, it was said, a battle took place between the Austrians and Prussians quartered at Mayence, and that about two hundred men were killed and wounded. On our arrival here we found the main fact to be true. A fray arose between some soldiers of these two nations, in consequence of a quarrel between two persons. It soon became national, the soldiers fetched their arms, and many shots were fired. It was near three hours before order could be restored; seven are dead and near thirty wounded. What seems strange is, that only two are in confinement to be tried for this offence. The Austrians and Prussians have, for half a century, hated one another, and do so now more than ever. There are two regiments of each service in the town. We have seen them reviewed. The Prussians have the credit of being the best soldiers, but they are extravagantly elated with their late success against France.

Schaffhausen, August 25, 1816.

My dear Brother,

In Flanders, everything wears the appearance of strict attachment to the Roman Catholic worship. The churches are open in summer from five in the morning till noon, during which time a succession of priests are officiating, the people coming and going, seldom less than thirty in the church at any one time, with great appearance of devotion. In the streets are often seen religious processions, figures of Christ and of the Virgin carried, and long lines of people, well marshalled, women and children classed respectively, all singing, with books in their hands, and wearing an appearance of sincere and serious piety. This proceeding took me by surprise. I was not aware that the people took so warm a part in the performance of religious offices, it being one of the commonest objections to popery, that it leaves all to the priests, while the people are merely passive. At Mayence I certainly saw a parochial procession, consisting of nearly all the congregation of a parish, singing lustily, and with as much pertinacity as a Methodist meeting. As you advance towards the Rhine, however, there is a greater mixture of Protestants, who are of two classes, the Lutherans by far the most numerous, and the Reformed, as they are called, κατ᾽εξοχὴν, or Calvinists. These last, originating in Geneva and France, are not numerous on the side of Germany. Formerly there existed strong jealousies and opposition between the two classes, which have now generally subsided; the Calvinists, being the less numerous, are inclined to yield, and at Mayence they have even formed a coalition *very recently*, so that they use the same church, have the same minister, and partake of the communion together. The minister using the gospel-words, 'This is my body,' and each communicant understanding them in his own way.

In all the places of worship I have attended (except one, which I will speak of presently), I must say that there was greater appearance of devotion than the English church ordinarily presents. The people seemed to make it more their own business. They come before the service begins. Many sit there an hour with their books, and seem to be engaged in private prayer. I confess I cannot understand the ground upon which the English boast themselves to be a peculiarly religious people. To be sure, on the Continent Sunday is regarded as a festival, and all sorts of innocent amusements go on in the evening, after divine service is over. This is the case as much in Protestant as in Catholic countries, and I believe Heylin, in his *Treatise on the Sabbath,* is right in saying that the day was never, in the history of the church, considered as profaned by the practice, till about the latter end of our Elizabeth's reign, when the Puritan notions began to prevail. The place of worship I meant to speak of is the Jews' synagogue at Amsterdam. Such mockery of religious service I never beheld. There are two synagogues, one for Portuguese, the other for German Jews, being the two classes into which they are divided; they are 23,000 and upwards in all. The Portuguese are reckoned much superior in respectability to the others. We went to that first on Friday evening, when their sabbath begins. It was nearly full of a dirty rabble, all either bawling aloud, or gabbling over books, or talking and laughing with each other—a perfect image of Babel. The priest, who had something of a dress, led the way occasionally, but did not seem to wear the slightest appearance of reverence or seriousness, and, after shutting the book, slapped one of his acquaintance on the shoulder as they were going out of the place. An exchange, or a crowded market for old clothes, might as well pass for a religious assembly. And yet there is not a Jew in Amsterdam who would not, I dare say, rather suffer severely, or even lose his money, than miss his synagogue, or work on a Saturday. The preaching, Protestant as well as 'Catholic,' is accompanied with much more action than ours, such as we should call theatrical. In towns they are studied compositions, delivered *memoritèr*, and of considerable length. The English clergy have certainly lighter work than any others *within* the church. And how many are there who have nothing of the profession out of it?

Zurich, August 26. Just arrived here—a most enchanting scene.

Yours affectionately,
E. Copleston.

Berne, September 11, 1816.

My dear Father,

Notwithstanding all that has been said of Swiss simplicity and happiness, I never passed through a country in which there was more begging. All the village children beg as a matter of course, and follow you with great importunity, except in the canton of Berne, which is excellently regulated, and has a vigilant and severe police. The image of country life is, however, manifestly different from that of other countries. Property is minutely subdivided: every peasant has a freehold farm, some, perhaps, only two or three acres, and great numbers of these are mortgaged at seven or eight per cent. In the parish of Grindelwald alone, I was assured by a very intelligent man that there are five hundred proprietors, the population being only 2200. This, I believe, is always found to be the poorest condition of society. No gentlemen reside in the country; the poor, therefore, are supported by a rate raised among these poor proprietors—and you may easily conceive this is the lowest possible allowance. Few of them can afford bread in the mountainous cantons; curds and a coarse cheese, with potatoes, are their chief diet. They are, however, decently clad, and are always fine in their own way on Sundays, which gives a very cheerful aspect to a country village. . . . . . . Having reached the summit of the Furca, we dismissed our horses, and descended to the glacier from which the Rhone takes its rise, after which we had to climb for an hour and more up the steep path of the mountain called the Grimsel. The rain, which poured down in torrents, had rendered the ground so slippery, that every step was an object of solicitude, and the snow which filled the path was often treacherous. We sent on our guide to prepare for us at the little inn built on the other side, and spent a very agreeable evening in one of the rudest huts that ever bore the name of an inn. We got our clothes dried, and sat down to supper—eight gentlemen, four guides, and seven or eight of the people of the house, all in one room. We went to bed in a room over the cows and goats. This spot is wilder and colder than any of the passes into Italy, and is occupied during the summer months only.

Geneva, September 22, 1816.

My dear Brother,

At length I am arrived at a place which I visited in my former tour, every step of the way having been over new ground from the time I left Calais till I reached Coppet, the residence of Madame de Stäel, near Geneva. I am very glad to hear so high a character given of her by the most respectable families of the place. In England there seems to be so strong a propensity towards detraction, that if once a person (a lady especially) has attained to eminence, there are a thousand ill-natured stories circulated, in revenge for having carried off the prize of fame. Mrs. H. More has not been able to escape this persecution. For my own part, I think it fairer to trust the opinion of those who know the habits and manners of life of a person by long experience and frequent intercourse, instead of listening to some tale of single indiscretion, which is no evidence of general character; and as for writings, every one may judge for himself. Very different is the judgment of people here respecting Lord Byron, who has fixed himself on the neighbourhood, but . . . . The town and little country seats are crowded with English. They are the richest, the idlest, the best dressed, the fondest of moving about, so that if you look at the upper classes only, you seem to be in an English watering-place. . . . . . .

You have so many causes of happiness which lie nearer home, that you must not grudge me the pleasure of rambling abroad in quest of amusement and information. The sum of pleasure would be much diminished if I felt conscious of any dereliction of duty, or that I was off my post. Indeed I have abandoned that part of my plan which was the most attractive in imagination, (Venice and Florence,) because I would not run the risk of this self-reproach. I agree with you, therefore, in condemning those whose stations in life require of them particular duties, but who neglect them in order to indulge in the love of novelty and change. As to the wealth which is thus drawn off from England, it is trifling in comparative amount; and as the course of exchange is still favourable to England, there must be a current of riches setting towards that country. From some conversation I have had with mercantile people, I learn that the Continent is greatly in debt to English merchants for goods, and, till this debt is paid, there is a sort of stagnation of trade, so that the English money spent abroad has a tendency to relieve rather than to impoverish the mother country. . . . . I join you heartily in despising those who have no other ground of choice but cheapness of living—who feel no stronger local attachments than such as spring from the bakehouse or the shambles. It is in vain to argue with such people;—they cannot enter into the ideas which we would present to their minds. So much for the settlers abroad! I must now say a word or two in favour of the occasional *ramblers,* founded on experience. Scarcely a day has passed in which we have not fallen in with English parties, travelling like ourselves for the sake of Swiss scenery, and we have almost always found them well-bred, agreeable people. In many instances, where we have had more than one meeting, and have become companions in difficulties, I should be sorry to think that we have not made friends. This has happened so often that the reflection forced itself upon me, that a taste for nature in her grandest and wildest forms is a pretty sure test of a liberal and cultivated mind. The class of Swiss travellers is wholly different from that one meets with at Brussels and Paris, where, I believe, there is as large a collection of adventurers, bankrupts, and vulgar low-lived people, who wish to talk of their extensive travels, as ever got together in the same place, except it were the inside of a prison.

In 1819, Dr. Copleston published his two letters to Sir Robert Peel. The first being entitled, *A Letter, &c. on the Pernicious Effects of a Variable Standard of Value, especially as it regards the Condition of the Lower Orders and the Poor Laws.* The second, *On the Causes of the Increase of Pauperism, and on the Poor Laws.* I do not lay much stress upon the fact that a third edition of the first letter was very soon called for, since there are less questionable reasons for considering these letters to be instances, where the sparkles of a temporary controversy are concentrated with such power, as to produce a permanently useful light.

The following notices of a debate in the House of Commons, soon after the publication of the first letter, are, I believe, substantially correct. Mr. Wellesley Pole having remarked, in the course of debate, that he had read pamphlet after pamphlet about bullion and cash payments, but was never the wiser, Mr. Tierney, who followed, said he would recommend the honourable member one more (giving the title of the first letter), which he had himself read that morning; and although he did not know the author, he knew it reflected honour (whoever it might be) upon the University of Oxford. Sir J. Mackintosh paid a still more pointed compliment in the same place, when he said, in a subsequent debate, that although the author concealed his name, he could not conceal his talents.

The testimony to the second letter given by Mr. Baring, afterwards Lord Ashburton, is more particular, and therefore of still greater weight.

The speech from which the following extract is given was delivered by Mr. Baring in the House of Commons, 19th March 1821, two years after the publication of both the letters:

> ‘ With respect to the national debt, at the time this subject was discussed before, a pamphlet was written by Dr. Copleston, which was undoubtedly one of the most able that has appeared on the question. Some arguments were there placed in the most prominent and striking point of view. The author stated himself to be a great advocate for the return to a sound currency. He delivered his opinion fully with respect to that return. Some suffering, he admitted, would be the consequence; but he argued that this suffering ought to be borne for the sake of the object that was to be achieved. His words were remarkable, and his statement could not have been more correct, if it had been written by a person after the event had actually taken place. But promulgated, as it was, at an earlier period,

nothing could be more prophetic of the present state of the country. Stating what would follow the return of cash payments, he said (p. 7 of second letter)—

' ' The prices of all commodities will in that case fall. Goods will be sold at a less price than they cost; and bargains will, with respect to one of the parties, be depreciated, but not with respect to the other. For instance, all contracts will be detrimental to the person who has to pay, but beneficial to him who has to receive. Trade will be cramped—the revenue abridged. More than all, agriculture will be checked, and the demand for country labour consequently be diminished.'—It was not possible'—Mr. Baring added—' to describe more clearly the result of the measure. The only prediction of the author to whom he had alluded which was not correct, was when he said that the *revenue would suffer.*'

A letter to Archbishop Whately, though written many years after the period we are upon, may be suitably introduced here.

Deanery, St. Paul's, July 3, 1841.

My dear Archbishop,

It grieves me to think that we have been long so near one another without meeting . . . . Senior sent me his *Remarks, &c.,* in which he has made honourable mention of me. Gratified as I am by this, I still wish that more notice (in some form or other) was taken of my speculations on the origin and occasion of the first poor laws in this country. The depreciation of money I am persuaded was the main cause—wages not rising with the price of provisions and other necessaries. This led me to consider what commodities first adjust themselves to the altered value of money, and what last. Much will depend upon variable causes; but I think an instructive essay might be written on the general principles which govern this operation—a long time intervening between its commencement and its close; and during that interval, the seller of the commodity at the old price is often necessarily the buyer of the one at the new price, and, of course, suffers great distress and embarrassment. The *order* in which the change of prices reaches the successive articles might, I am sure, be traced with sufficient accuracy to make it practically useful, and, in the case of labour and provisions, to hold out important light to legislation about the poor. My *grand* discovery in those currency pamphlets, I hold to be the parallel drawn between the discovery of the American mines and the banking system, which was equivalent to the multiplication of the precious metals; and their respective effects on rent, prices, and, of course, on all the relative interests of life, were precisely similar—the poor, or the mere labourer, in each case being the greatest sufferer.

Make my kind remembrances to Mrs. W. and my god-daughter, and believe me, &c. E. Ll.

The two following entries in the diary for 1821 and 1822, have an obvious connexion with the same subject, and carry with them so plain an inference, that it is sufficient simply to insert them:—

'*May* 22, 1821. Interview with Mr. Peel and Sir A. Baring on finance.'

'*April* 8, 1822. Interview with Mr. Huskisson, by appointment, on finance.'

These entries for 1820 are also significant and illustrative in a different direction.

'*April* 14. Journey to High Cross, Northamptonshire. The intersection of the Foss-way and Watling-street, near Copstone, so called from the *Cop*-stone making the points of intersection.'

'*October* 10. On this day, I was elected at the Alfred.

The mode of proceeding was singular. At the general meeting a committee were appointed, with full powers to nominate fourteen members to the vacant places, out of the whole number of candidates, which was near two hundred. The fourteen chosen were—

W. Freemantle, Esq. M.P.
Viscount Sydney.
Dr. Copleston.
Hon. Robt. Smith, M.P.
Dr. Goodenough.
Duke of Montrose.
Haviland Addington.
Lord Dacre.
Wm. Scott, Esq.
Marquis Camden.
Rev. H. H. Milman.
Rev. Thos. Rennell.
John Cotton, Esq.
John Nicholl, Esq.'

'*November* 17. Visit from Sir James Mackintosh and family to the 20th.'

The next and concluding entry for this year, 1820, is almost of a sacred character, and will, I trust, be read with those feelings of respect and tenderness which it is calculated to raise. Similar passages occur in the course of the diary, to remind me that it is a privilege and a responsibility to be entrusted with these records relating to the inner life of departed greatness.

'*December.* N.B. The whole of this year has been one of the happiest of my life—not, I believe, in consequence of any fortunate events, or unusual pleasures, but from improved health. Gracious God! when I compare this year of my life with the year 1815, how thankful ought I to be for the blessed change! Grant that the religious thoughts and resolutions which were my chief support and solace during that period of suffering, may not pass away and be forgotten in the time of my rejoicing. Grant that I may grow in grace as I advance in years, and that I may have reason to say, with every returning year which it may please Thee to add to my life, 'It is good for me that I have been in trouble.'

In 1821, Dr. Copleston published the *Inquiry into the Doctrines of Necessity and Predestination, being the Substance of Four Discourses preached before the University of Oxford, with an Appendix on the Seventeenth Article of the Church of England.* It had long been a favourite theory with the author, that mistaken and exaggerated forms of thought, in every department of knowledge, are often traceable to the equivocal use of words. And in the application of this theory to the difficulties and contradictions of the Calvinistic scheme may be said to lie the key to this work. My business being simply to record, I do not feel called upon to venture any remarks of my own upon so profound a disquisition—while, as matter of history, I present the reader with a specimen of the notices which it called forth.

In the beginning of the following extract from No. 36 of the *British Review*, allusion is made to a sermon preached by Dr. Copleston in aid of the Devon and Exeter Hospital, and afterwards attacked in the *Evangelical Magazine*, as being a mere moral discourse, without any Christianity in it.

'If any doubt has been made of the strength and quality of the Christianity of Dr. Copleston, we do not think that such doubt ought, in common candour, to survive the perusal of this discourse (the last of the series), in which we find the true spirit of the gospel breathing in every line. The scholar, tempered into the disciple of the Cross—the man adorned above most, in our days, with those gifts which minister occasion to self-esteem, and encourage ideas of human dignity, avowing his own inherent guiltiness before God, his reliance on Christ alone for pardon and acceptance, as attainable only by His grace and the sanctification of the Holy Spirit.'

'The great excellence of Dr. Copleston's work consists in the development of the principal sources of error and confusion, which have hitherto, in most instances, attended the prosecution of this particular inquiry, and in the accurate ascertainment of the permissible extent to which such researches may be carried. Nothing on this subject has issued from the press of late years so calculated to lighten the difficulties by which it is oppressed. And since the great work of Bishop Butler, the correspondence of natural and revealed religion with the more ordinary parts of the divine economy and government of the world, physical and intellectual, has never been so advantageously displayed. It is as rare as it is interesting to see Christian humility and secular learning co-operating, as they do in this valuable work, and to find such superiority of intellect employed in illustrating its own natural incompetence to explain the secrets of Infinite Wisdom.'

All, however, did not speak in this strain, nor was it to be expected that a work of this description should escape the buffets of controversy. These it does not seem necessary to notice with any particularity, and I would rather present my readers with a passage from the bishop's defence of his own work, published 1822. The general reasons there given by him, why his *Inquiry*, &c. was likely to provoke objections, are accompanied by much valuable remark and pleasing sentiment.

'It was not to be expected that a writer who endeavoured to show how improperly the doctrine of necessity and predestination had often been handled by reasoners on both sides of the question, should escape the animadversions of those who had overlooked the points which he considered to be of the greatest moment. Neither is it ever acceptable to men who have long exercised their minds upon a difficult subject, to be told that much of the difficulty arises from their own mode of treating it, and that the thing may be placed in a light more simple, more intelligible, and more satisfactory. There are, moreover, few things which people are less willing to allow, than that they can have made an ambiguous use of words; or that they have failed to perceive distinctions, which when pointed out are obvious and unquestionable. And yet, when the dispute turns upon abstract questions, all the facts which experience can supply being equally known to both parties, one side or the other must be guilty of an error of this nature; for it is an error of much rarer occurrence, and much more disreputable, to draw a vicious inference from premises in which the meaning of the terms is not equivocal. The ordinary cause of dispute is, that either both parties think they are using the same words in the same sense, when, in fact, they are using them in different senses, or one party inadvertently employs the same word himself with some variation of meaning, not *generally* important, but important, and perhaps essential, to the *point under consideration.* The difficulty consists in discerning *where* the error lies, and in disentangling it from the argument to which it adheres. When separately exhibited, it can deceive no one; and hence the reasoner who is charged with having used the fallacy feels his pride hurt, as if he had been blind to that which, in its own nature, is so manifest; whereas it is a defect to which the most powerful minds are always liable, more especially those who, from a consciousness of their strength, are apt to be confident and hasty in the conduct of their argument. . . . . . . In making these preliminary remarks, I am far from implying that all the objectors to my reasoning have been actuated by the motives above mentioned, or that they have yielded to this common infirmity. On the contrary, it has been gratifying to me to observe, in most cases, a temperate candour and love of truth, and a freedom from that controversial captiousness, which is disgraceful to the best cause, and which is peculiarly unsuitable to discussions of a religious nature.

'An adversary of this kind is to be regarded as a coadjutor in the search after truth; and he does, in reality, often materially contribute towards the discovery. I am only anxious to have it understood, that where I point out equivocations or misapprehension, and endeavour to exhibit them in the simplest form, I am far from feeling contempt for the authors of those mistakes; nor do I think they are any evidence, either of inferior understanding, or of a disingenuous character, except when pertinaciously vindicated and maintained as a point of honour. We are all liable to fall into these errors; and it is, perhaps, the surest criterion of a quick intellect, as well as of a candid mind, to feel an emotion of pleasure at the unexpected discovery of some simple solution of a difficulty which had escaped our own notice, without caring on which side the concession consequent upon that discovery is required to be made.'

Before leaving this subject, I must add another and a private testimony of more than ordinary interest, in the shape of a letter from Professor Sandford, of Glasgow; and I have the pleasure of feeling that, when I insert it, I am doing no less honour to the memory of the writer, than to that of the Bishop of Llandaff. It will be very generally remembered that Mr. (afterwards Sir D. K.) Sandford was among those writers in the *Edinburgh Review* who had lately attacked Oxford, and Oriel College in particular, with so much acrimony—having been himself an unsuccessful candidate for a fellowship at Oriel College shortly before he wrote that attack. Somewhat more than two years had now passed, when the provost was agreeably surprised by receiving the following letter:

College of Glasgow, December 22, 1823.

Sir,

Though I have too much reason to fear that a letter with my signature may not be acceptable to you, I cannot refrain from giving the simple expression of my gratitude for a very essential service you have rendered me. My mind (as I suppose, at some season or another, must be the case with all serious thinkers on religious subjects) had been much agitated by the mysterious questions of predestination and election. Till lately, I confess with shame I had not read your book on this topic. Its recent perusal has put an end to my doubts and hesitations—I hope for ever. The very work which, when unknown to me, I dared to mention in a slighting manner, has thus, under Providence, been the happy instrument of removing all my hesitations, and yielding peace to my disquieted thoughts. You will, perhaps, receive with indifference this tardy atonement for former petulance and error. But great will be my satisfaction if to the other members of the university, with whom my sincere confession of a heavy fault has reconciled me, I shall be enabled to add the name of Dr. Copleston.

I am, with much respect,
Your most obedient humble servant,
D. K. SANDFORD.

Dr. Copleston's answer must not be omitted, nor the rejoinder made by Professor Sandford.

Oriel College, December 28, 1823.

Dear Sir,

It was far from a feeling of indifference with which I read your letter. A testimony so frank, and so powerful to the usefulness of a treatise, must naturally give its author sincere pleasure. But besides this, I should be sorry and ashamed to be thought insensible to the kindness of your communication.

Whatever pain may have been caused by any former exercise of your pen, be assured that this letter has had all the healing influence you could have intended or desired. In common with your academical friends, I had always admired your talents, and this proof you have given of a generous heart, makes me hope that I may hereafter be included in that number, and that some time or other I may have an opportunity of testifying my esteem in person.

Believe me, dear Sir,
Yours faithfully and sincerely,
E. Copleston.

Reply by Professor Sandford.

College of Glasgow, January 3rd, 1824.

Dear Sir,

I have no words to express the heartfelt pleasure with which your letter has affected me. Unless you could know the pain and sorrow inflicted on me by a long estrangement from all that is eminent and dignified at Oxford, you cannot appreciate the joy of a reconciliation, now sanctioned by the person whom I had most wantonly, causelessly, and, I had feared, unpardonably offended. A nature generous as yours requires, I am well aware, no further acknowledgment of error and of penitence. I will add only the expression of my confident hope, that, though

I may never do anything to merit much praise, I shall for the future avoid giving reason for the censure of the virtuous and the wise. . . . . It is quite uncertain when I may again visit Oxford, but it delights me to know that, whenever I may have that happiness, I shall be permitted to number you with my reconciled and only too indulgent friends.

Ever, with much respect,
Gratefully and sincerely yours,
D. K. Sandford.

The latter part of the following letter relates to the same subject.

Oriel College, December 28, 1823.

My dear Berens,

I have never yet thanked you for your *Lectures on the Church Catechism.* I shall pack them up in my portmanteau, and take them with me to-morrow into Devonshire. My journey must be rapid, and my stay short, for I have promised to spend two or three days at Dropmore before the term begins. Lord Grenville, whom I saw lately, is altered in appearance by his illness; he is certainly thinner, and from this symptom I hear that his relations augur ill. However, he says himself that he is uniformly, though slowly, improving, and in conversation he was as cheerful as I ever knew him. Last night I returned from Althorp, a house I always visit with pleasure, as one of the best specimens of domestic life, on a grand scale, that can be imagined. George Spencer, the youngest son, has been curate of the parish for a year, and is to have the living when it becomes vacant. He would, I think, satisfy *you.* I never heard the service better performed, or a more simple, earnest, and affectionate style of preaching than his. Lyttelton, in talking over his character to me, was affected even to tears, having, as he observed, feelings rather paternal than fraternal towards him. What an interesting picture of life it is, to see a family of that rank and splendour connected with their neighbourhood by all the most sacred and endearing ties, as well as by those which wealth and power naturally create. Lyttelton begged me over and over to present his kindest regards to you. He still talks of Mrs. Berens' parting words, 'that it is the second visit that tells,' and he hopes ere long to give himself that pleasure.

Among the letters that I found here last night, was one which surprised and gratified me more than any I ever remember to have received. It was a frank and very respectful apology from Sandford, of Glasgow, for the virulent attack made on me in the *Edinburgh Review* about two years ago. He has, I find, written a similar letter to Longley, of Christ Church. He also expresses much gratitude for the satisfaction he has derived from the perusal of my sermons, and which, he says, has relieved his mind from doubts and distractions which had long harassed him. Such occurrences as these are, I confess, to my feelings the most cheering and delightful.

Ever yours affectionately,
E. COPLESTON.

As I have found it convenient to insert letters not always with an eye to their date, but rather to their subject; so also in regard to the diary, the extracts which are given may not always appear in their exact chronological order, yet sufficiently so, I trust, in every instance, to prevent any material misconception. The one which I now give refers to a former entry, which the reader will perhaps remember as already noticed in its proper year, and accompanied with some remark.

'*Jan.* 1. On the 1st January, in the year 1800, I found myself possessed, after all demands, of 21*l.* Upon making a similar estimate this day, after an interval of twenty-one years, I reckon my whole property (including furniture, plate, books, wine, pictures, &c.) at not less than 20,000*l.* Yet I *trust* that there has been no sordid saving; and I am *sure* there has been a great deal of useless and injudicious expenditure. So greatly have I prospered, according to this measure of worldly success. What pleases me most in the advantages I have enjoyed is, that my time and thoughts have been as much at my own disposal, and as much directed towards objects of a liberal and interesting nature, as if I had never given a thought to the acquisition of wealth. It has flowed in upon me without any sacrifice on my part: and even the intellectual labour out of which it arose has been, I am conscious, much less than is ordinarily undergone by men situated as I have been. Three-fourths of my reading has been such as I should choose on its own account.'

A few more extracts from this and the following years will not be unacceptable.

'*Jan.* 1, 1821. To Althorp. First visit; having been unable to accept the invitation a year ago. A most hearty and kind reception both from Lord and Lady Spencer. A large party in the house. Lord Besborough and family, Lord Elcho, Lyttelton, Mr. Grenville, Heber, Rogers,' &c. &c.

'*Jan.* 2. Lord Spencer showed me his whole library in detail, and afterwards walked to the church. Series of monuments from Henry VII. Planting of the several woods in the park dated; original inscriptions in stone perfect, *e.g.*, 1567, 1589, 1603, 1624.'

'*Sunday, March* 25. Preached in the college chapel, the sacrament being administered. This was the first time of preaching in the chapel during term instead of repairing to the university sermon; and it will be desirable to continue the practice whenever the sacrament is administered. The effect is evidently beneficial.'

'*Wednesday, May* 2. Interview with Mr. Peel and Mr. A. Baring on finance. Returned to Oxford.'

'*Sept.* 2, 1822. Set out on an excursion with Captain Bond* for the north of Devon. Went this day with my aunt C. and sister Caroline to Tedbourn. Saw the church and parsonage house, which had been the residence of my grandfather and great grandfather eighty years; proceeded by way of Copleston's Stone to Chulmleigh. Part of the old tower at Copleston still remains, being the middle of the front of the house.'

'*September* 6. Walked before breakfast with Captain Bond to the Hubble-stone, where tradition says Hubba the Dane landed. To Clovelly and Hartland, where we slept.'

After a few other similar entries, the account of this little excursion ends thus:—

'A tour which was fuller of interest and pleasure than any I have ever made in this country. The fineness of the weather, the intelligent, lively, active, and accommodating character of my companion, and the variety of objects included within the compass of nine days' excursion, all contributed to render it a delightful episode in the long vacation.'

Towards the end of October in the next year, I find an entry perhaps still more characteristic.

'The whole of this summer has been one of the happiest, perhaps the happiest, of my life. Good health and spirits—my friends and relations all well—frequent visits to almost all of them in Devonshire—interesting excursions, and a sufficient degree of intellectual employment in reviewing Buckland to make the relaxation of visiting and travelling agreeable.'

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* Afterwards Admiral Bond, of Exeter.

These, too, which follow, written after his return to college, should not be omitted.

'*Nov.* 8, 1823. M. Schlegel dined with me. He is a professor of Sanscrit at Bonn, and has translated Shakespeare into German; lively, sensible, learned, and polite.'

'*Nov.* 12. Captain Franklyn dined with me.'

'*Sunday, Nov.* 16. Philander Chase, bishop of Ohio, called on Mr. Spry at my house, and dined here. A venerable primitive character (æt. forty-eight), not unlike the bust of Luther, and reminding us strongly, by the simplicity of dress and manner, of the earlier ages of the church. His object is to solicit in England support for the church in his diocese, the newly settled state of Ohio. For want of means to educate their clergy, the church is declining, and, he fears, expiring; but, not despairing, he resolved to come to England himself upon this mission, though against the advice of several of his brethren.'

'*Dec.* 21. Heard Irving at the Caledonian chapel. Ingenious and eloquent, but fanciful and unsound. In manner, studied and theatrical to excess.

'*Wednesday, Dec.* 24. To Althorp, and returned to Oxford the following Saturday. Lord Spencer's family is the very pattern of an ancient nobleman's house—dignified but affable, kind, hospitable, orderly, and religious.'

Another and a different visit at six months' distance, put together with the above, illustrates well the great variety and interest of Dr. Copleston's acquaintance.

'*July* 8, 1824. Dined at Mongewell; a very interesting day. The bishop (Barrington) was ninety on the 26th of last May, yet he is cheerful, polite, and even active. Sat at the head of his table, was attentive to everybody; walked without a stick and without support, and after dinner read a letter without spectacles. The weather being fine we had tea in the greenhouse, and at eight took our leave.'

From this point in the diary I do not find any notice of particular interest for a considerable space; nor can I occupy a portion of that space better than by inserting the following letter, written in 1824.

Oriel College, October 24.

My dear Whately,

Whether I answered the letter I received from you in Devonshire, announcing the birth of your third child, I really do not know; but I had some qualms of conscience on that score, and was about to write at a venture, when your letter of the 20th arrived. The postscript serves to lessen the anxiety naturally excited in the breast of a friend by the general tone of this letter. Before many days are over, I trust you will be able to tell me that your alarm is at an end. A little change of air, and scene, and occupation, as soon as Mrs. W. is able to bear it, will, I dare say, re-establish her health.

I can easily enter into the feelings you describe, which impel Mrs. W. to exertions beyond her strength; but after so severe a lesson, even the sense of duty must be satisfied in permitting many things to go unattended to, which, if the means were in our hands, we should be glad to regulate. It seems absurd to mount to metaphysical principles for a guide in the common familiar concerns of life. Yet I have frequently been led to reflect on the wide prevalence of evil in the world, as a proof that God cannot expect us to harass ourselves incessantly in resisting it. He doubtless permits it, as affording an arena for our energies, directed as they should be in obedience to his will. But it could never be meant that our own enjoyment is to be nullified by it.

These reflections used to occur to my mind when engaged in active duties as a college officer; and it often appeared to me the most difficult question, with what degree of evil existing under one's eyes one might fairly indulge a feeling of complacency, and a desire for repose or enjoyment. No one will say that these feelings are not to be indulged at all, while any degree of evil exists around us which we may by possibility counteract. Our Saviour himself was not always teaching or relieving distress, and much both of moral and physical evil he must have witnessed without interfering to correct it.

Whenever, therefore, a service of this kind exceeds the measure of our health or spirits, we ought to be satisfied that another duty withdraws us from it, and endeavour to forget, by diversion to other objects, the imperfections and blemishes which are inseparable from earthly things.

It is seldom, indeed, that one has occasion to inculcate this sort of duty, but the best motives require a moderating hand; even benevolence itself may grow up into asceticism. . . . . . Have you yet read Davison's volume on prophecy? It is an able and valuable work; yet I cannot conceive how a man of his powers can reject the solution proposed of the difficulty about prescience, &c., and adhere to the old clumsy expedient which he quotes with praise from Archbishop Bramhall. Indeed the whole of the seventh discourse is very inferior in ability to the rest. His note is very provoking—for he quotes a passage from Bramhall about *different nature,* much more liable to the abuse he deprecates than anything Archbishop King has said.

Bishop Mant is here on his way to London, where he means to pass the winter, being in parliament this session. He is quite happy in his new see.

Ever sincerely yours,

E. Copleston.

Writing in 1831 to the Rev. J. M. Traherne, the bishop speaks of Dr. Whately in the following terms:—

> 'Dr. Whately accepted the arduous station proposed to him purely, I believe, from public spirit and a sense of duty. Wealth and honour, and title and power, have no charms for him. He has great energy and intrepidity; a hardihood which sustains him against obloquy when he knows he is discharging a duty, and he is generous and disinterested almost to a fault. His enlarged views, his sincerity, and his freedom from prejudice, are more than a compensation for his want of conciliating manner. When his character is understood, he will, I think, acquire more influence with the Irish than he would with the English.'

In academical, and, to a great extent, in theological matters, the names of Whately and of Copleston have been long associated, not with equal approval, we know, nor with like feelings, by all. How justly their opinions upon important points have been set down for identical, or what exceptions ought to be made, I shall not here discuss; and I think it will be generally felt that this is neither the time nor the place for doing so. I would not say one word calculated to awaken the sleeping echoes of controversy, sounds so ill suited to the present occasion, and so dissonant from the tone of my own mind, as at present employed. Having enjoyed the privilege of reading much of a free and intimate correspondence between these two highly-gifted and generous-minded men, I have been convinced of the injustice with which the controversial spirit is in many cases chargeable, condemning as it does, in the mass, often upon assumption, and without any regard to those qualifying considerations, upon which so frequently depends the just interpretation of things said or done.

If I may be permitted for one moment to refer to a matter so entirely insignificant, I would say that, being conscious of holding views not a little divergent from some held by the archbishop and the bishop, I have the greater satisfaction in recording whatever may tend in any degree to correct mistaken or to soften hostile impressions concerning them. Those of my readers who have not already seen the affectionate tribute which the archbishop has paid to the memory of his friend in the dedication of his last Charge (1850) will be pleased to have it now before them, and will read with additional interest the characteristic letter of acknowledgment, which I subjoin.

DEDICATION.

To the revered memory of
Edward Copleston, D.D.,
late Bishop of Llandaff,
this Tract,
the substance of which was principally derived
from conversations with him,
is inscribed,
with affectionate and sorrowing veneration,
by his attached pupil and friend,
The Author.

Dublin, 7th July, 1845.

My dear Lord,

I am bound to send, and you to receive, as a kind of lord of the soil, every production of my pen, as a token of acknowledgment that from you I have derived the main principles on which I have acted and speculated through life. Not that I have adopted anything from you implicitly, and on authority, but from conviction, produced by the reasons you adduced. This, however, rather increases the obligation, since you furnished me not only with the theorems but the demonstrations—not only with the fruit, but the trees that bore them.

It cannot, indeed, be proved that I should not have embraced the very same principles if I had never known you; and, in like manner, no one can prove that the battle of Waterloo would not have been fought and won if the Duke of Wellington had been killed the day before; but still the fact remains that the Duke did actually gain that battle. And it is no less a fact that my principles were learnt from you.

When it happens that we completely concur as to the application of any principle, it is so much the more agreeable; but in all cases the law remains in force, that 'whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap:' and the credit, or the discredit, of having myself to reckon among your works must, in justice, appertain to you.

Believe me to be, at the end of forty years,
Your grateful and affectionate
Friend and Pupil,
R. Dublin.

The date at once shows that the subjoined note was not written in answer to the above; but it evidently responds to a communication so very like the above, that I do not hesitate to place it here:—

Deanery, St. Paul's, 3rd February, 1837.

My dear Archbishop,

Your kind and too flattering note, intended for yesterday,* did not reach me till this morning. It has often happened to me to receive the most grateful acknowledgments from those on whom I had least claim; but no case has exhibited a greater disproportion of this kind than yours. If it be a general truth that *qui docet discit*, how forcible must it be, when ideas have been transplanted from my mind to yours, and have been received back in a state of fructification, of which I had no prospect when I reared them in my own ground.

My natural indolence and variations of health, and increasing cares of a practical kind, will, I fear, effectually stifle many an embryo plan, which I once hoped to develop and communicate to the world. As I am now entering on my sixty-second year, the improbability of ever carrying them into execution is increased; but I now and then look over my common-place book,† and find a stock of materials which ought not to perish without an attempt at turning them to some account.

The thought which composes me under these meditations is, that I may leave them as a bequest to you, and that you will probably extract from the rubbish something of value.

For some years, however, if I live, I shall please my fancy with the possibility of doing it myself. Your intellectual monument is already sufficient, but I know you will yet enlarge and adorn it.

Accept my best thanks for this friendly remembrance, and believe me ever, my dear Archbishop,

Sincerely and affectionately yours,

E. LLANDAFF.

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* His birthday.

† Now in the possession of the archbishop.—ED.

Diary resumed, in 1825.

'*June* 27. Dined with Mr. T. Courtenay, purposely to meet Mr. Canning. His manner hearty, open, and affable. He had himself proposed this meeting. He came from the House of Commons, where he had been speaking on the combination laws, at half-past seven, and at ten returned to the House, which sat till after two in the morning. He seems worn by this fatiguing life, but in good spirits.'

While running through the following entries, the reader will be reminded of what has been said before of the bishop's taste for genealogical and antiquarian researches.

'*Friday, Sept.* 9. Set out (from Exeter) on horseback for the north of Devon. Rode to Chulmleigh, and in the evening to King's Nympton Park. Searched the register for the name of Nicolas, or Walter Pollard, the supposed ancestor of the Pollards, of Castle Pollard, in Ireland, but in vain.'

'*Monday, Sept.* 12. To Bude, thence to Stowe, in Kilkhampton: found an immense chest of papers of the Grenville family in the farm-house.'*

'*Sept.* 13. From Holdsworthy to Oakhampton by Hatherleigh. Spent a delightful afternoon at Oakhampton, rambling about the park, &c.'

'*Wednesday, Sept.* 14. Rode to Exeter to breakfast in three hours, twenty-two miles. Hard rain the whole way. . . The whole of this excursion was interesting and agreeable, especially the visit to Stowe, and the sight of the family papers.'

'*Oct.* 8. Began my journey to Oxford. At Crewkerne, examined the registers there for the name of Copleston, but found nothing beyond what my former search procured.'

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* This Stowe had been a seat of the Grenvilles scarcely less famous than the more modern Stowe of Buckinghamshire.

'*Dec.* 14. Sent off the last sheet of the article on the London University to the *Quarterly Review*—an article written under extreme depression of spirits, and much anxiety from college business, &c.'

The bishop's attachment to his county, and especially to the place of his birth, was strong—the stronger, no doubt, from the picturesque character of that district. Without any pretensions to that higher style of scenery which attracts the tourist, Offwell affords many examples of pleasing and piquant landscape—such as those who know Devonshire will readily picture to themselves, and such as all who love steep green slopes, wooded dells, and clear brooks, will understand better than I can describe. That quick apprehension of nature's beauties which belonged to the bishop, was apparently as instinctive in him as the attachment to the home of his childhood. He did not call in aid those pleasing text-books on the picturesque—Gilpin and Uvedale Price, for the subject was his own from the beginning. With these tastes and feelings, the bishop had cherished the hope, in very early life, that he might one day possess for himself, and mould to his own fancy, the woodlands in which he had roamed and mused as a boy. These woodlands, together with some adjacent farms, did become his own in the course of years, and Copleston, like Shenstone, had his 'Leasowes.'

Allusion to these green retreats is frequently made in his letters, and in one, which I here give, to his friend Mr. John Duncan, it is more than allusion—it is a *con amore* description; though it must be allowed that, in one passage of it, the bishop, while enhancing his own triumph over the *loca senta situ*, somewhat compromises the native dryads and their *original* dwelling.

Nov. 22, 1825.

My dear Duncan,

If everything coming from you did not excite powerful counteracting emotions, I should say that the series of unrequited kindnesses I have received since I last saw you created a feeling of self-reproach, at least for having been so long silent.

For the work on Botano-Theology I am the most indebted, not only because it is the result of your favourite thoughts and studies, but because it will instruct me how to think and feel when I meditate on a department of science, in which I grieve to say that I am almost a novice. Natural history is the food of my vacation hours, and I shall take your precious little volume with me when I next go to saunter and ramble in my Offwell woods. It would do my heart good to have you one day to join me in those rambles over the scenes of my infancy, and I should be sorry indeed to think that there was no prospect of realizing such a pleasure. My chief boast is, that I have converted a squalid, unsightly, impassable dell into an agreeable range for pedestrians of all tastes: the domestic stroller, the contemplative lover of nature, the planter, the naturalist, even the sportsman, may enjoy a little recreation in this valley, which was once an impervious morass. It holds out to me the hope also of continual improvement, and I cannot but entertain a wish that my excellent poetical friend may hit off a few lines on the spot, which may be perpetuated on some rustic tablet. But let me not enlarge too much on this theme, lest you should fancy it more extensive than it is. I have two other presents to acknowledge—the Bath cheeses, and the volume of Sir Walter Raleigh. The first were excellent, and are still the support of my *mensæ secundæ.* The volume of poor Sir Walter I read with a melancholy pleasure. He was, I fear, an infidel, and a victim of ambition, but he had prodigious powers of mind and was a genuine hero. His *Pilgrimage* is beautiful. Do you know that there is still at Sherborne Castle, which once belonged to him, a grove planted by him, and still called by his name? When you come to Oxford you will, I trust, allow Oriel some credit for restoring the Gothic character of the hall. It has succeeded admirably.

Believe me ever, my dear friend,
Truly and affectionately yours,
E. Copleston.

In further illustration of this part of my subject, I am permitted by Mr. Bruce Pryce to insert the following extract from a letter of his addressed to myself, and dated Duffryn, Cardiff, 16th June, 1850.

'I have been hunting as yet in vain for a particularly interesting letter which your accomplished and benevolent uncle wrote to me from Offwell—alas! his last visit to his favourite retreat from the busy world. He was rejoicing in the agreeable change from the precincts of St. Paul, to his walks, his rhododendrons, and his *old labourers,* with whom he describes himself as conversing, according to his wont, and then quotes a favourite passage from Pliny, (epist. v. 6,)—

> Hinc senes multi—videas avos proavosque jam juvenum: audias fabulas veteres, sermonesque majorum: quum veneris illó putes alio te sæculo natum.

The 'Hinc' above refers to the healthiness of the climate.' . . . .

Now it so happens that the old County Surveys of Devon speak of the 'healthy hills of Offwell,' thus agreeably confirming the bishop's rightful appropriation of Pliny's eulogy.

The year 1826, which was a marked one in the bishop's career, opens thus cheerfully:—

> '*Feb.* 2. Completed my fiftieth year, the college its five hundredth. Dined in hall. The society in a very flourishing state, and in excellent discipline. The fellows united, and the most cordial harmony subsisting.'

The 15th June was kept as a jubilee in Oriel College, to celebrate this five hundredth anniversary from the foundation: the notice of which festive occasion stands thus in the diary:—

> 'Preached at the commemoration service in St. Mary's Church. Presided at the dinner in the library. One hundred and forty guests. The whole passed off extremely well.'

Almost immediately after we read thus:—

> '*July* 24. Received Lord Liverpool's letter offering me the deanery of Chester.'

Dr. Copleston's course had been so independent, and his opinions so little accommodated to those of persons in power, that his preferment seemed to be no very probable contingency; and now that it unexpectedly came, we cannot but suppose that while he accepted the offer with proper and graceful acknowledgments, he nevertheless *felt* as one who takes what the common voice has pronounced to be his due. Let us, at the same time, give credit to the minister who, in making this selection, may be well thought to have put aside the adverse consideration of party. The following sentiments, written by a distinguished friend, were entertained by other persons of consideration, who were at that time conversant with public affairs, as well as interested in the fortunes of Dr. Copleston.

The news of your preferment gave me the more pleasure because I was beginning to fear that there was a deliberate intention on the part of Lord Liverpool to proscribe you altogether. I had some reason, too, for the suspicion beyond the mere fact of your having been hitherto passed over. I am heartily glad to find that it was groundless, or what perhaps is the fact—that the Prime Minister has altered his mind. This much is certain:—That no man ever owed his promotion more entirely to his own abilities, industry, and character. There was no great disposition to advance you; but public opinion has at last carried you that point, which, if justice had been done, you ought to have attained and passed by long ago. Not that I think that you are not obliged to Lord Liverpool for this tardy and inadequate acknowledgment of your merits.

There is no doubt but that he might, with perfect impunity, have passed them over altogether. A general good character enables a man to indulge his resentment in any particular act of revenge and injustice. He has chosen some objects of favour well, and many from apparently disinterested motives. He has received his full share of credit for this honest distribution of patronage, and if in your case he had preferred gratifying his own dislike, or that of some offended colleague, your personal friends would have been indignant; but the rest of the world would have looked wise, and said, 'no doubt he has his reasons.'

Some addle-pated Tory would have heard that the provost 'of Oriel was a great Grecian, but a dangerous man.' As Chester is not a very good thing I do not wish you health to enjoy it, but rather that course of preferment of which I trust it is only the first step. They cannot decently refuse to advance you in your turn. . . . . . Deans, I think, reside a little, but not much, unless they please. Pray recollect that —— is on your road from Oxford to Chester. Believe me,

Ever sincerely and affectionately yours,

D.

There is such a generous and touching frankness about the following communication, that it is impossible not to wish to give it a place; nor have I any fear of displeasing the representatives of the amiable writer, when I thus insert it without formally asking permission to do so.

Jan. 1, 1827.

. . . . If you ever heard, or should hear, that my name was mentioned to Lord Liverpool for the post you now so ably fill, I beg of you to bear in mind that there is no dean in his Majesty's dominions rejoices half so much in his deanery as I do in seeing you at the head of our chapter *rather* than myself; not only because I perceive how much more good you do than I ever could have effected, but because your being sent to us has given me an opportunity of cultivating your regard—a blessing I appreciate from my heart. But, alas! I think there is little chance of my enjoying it long.

I am by no means low spirited at the thoughts of being called hence, though I shall leave many behind me closely entwined round my heart.

Ever, my dear Mr. Dean,
Your most respectful and faithful servant, and
(I may, I hope, add)
Your affectionate friend,
T. T. Trevor.

Dr. Copleston was installed on the 5th of September; and on the 5th of November following, preached the sermon which was subsequently published by desire of the bishop and the chapter.

Within sixteen months, the Dean of Chester was removed to a higher post; but that short space sufficed for more than one work of piety and munificence connected with his cathedral.

I may mention in particular the stone screen or partition which now separates the chapel or church of St. Oswald—originally the south transept—from the main body of the cathedral; an arrangement somewhat startling to ecclesiological ears, no doubt, but abundantly accounted for by the peculiar and perhaps singular circumstances of the case. In grateful remembrance of their benefactor, the parishioners of St. Oswald caused a tablet to be placed on this screen, bearing the following inscription:—

This Tablet
is raised by the parishioners
of St. Oswald: to express their
sense of the munificence of
the Right Reverend
EDWARD COPLESTON, D.D.,
Lord Bishop of Llandaff,
late Dean of Chester,
who erected this Screen
at his own expense.
It was completed
A. D. 1828.

I add the following document, in order to complete the notice of this transaction. It is in the form of a vestry resolution by the parishioners of St. Oswald.

> ‘Resolved unanimously,
>
> ‘That this meeting, duly appreciating the unparalleled generosity of the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Llandaff (as dean of the cathedral church of Chester, in the year 1827), in erecting the elegant partition between that and the parish church of St. Oswald, at the expense of 600*l*. and upwards, expresses the sense it entertains of the obligation it is under to his lordship, and in the name of the whole parish returns its most sincere thanks. Resolved further, that this resolution be transmitted to his lordship by the chairman.’

New interests in life, and new connexions, had now commenced, and were soon to withdraw Dr. Copleston altogether from the university; but they could not withdraw his thoughts and regards, which were still given to his Alma Mater, when occasions arose in which her welfare or reputation was concerned. Some of these in after years were not without their attendant pain; but the one that I now notice, occurring just on the eve of his elevation to the bench, was altogether of an agreeable nature. In assisting to place the present professor in the Savilian chair of astronomy, I believe it will be generally allowed that Dr. Copleston not only served his friend, but also the best interests of science. I have been favoured by Mr. Baden Powell with some letters referring to this transaction, and select from them one, which not only confirms what I have said above, but also illustrates the bishop's views in an important particular.

Oriel College, March 5, 1827.

My dear Sir,

The state of my health has of late much interfered with my correspondence, and with my wish to enjoy the society of my friends. This was partly the cause why I saw so little of you in Oxford. I am now better, and I proceed to answer your inquiries, among many others which await my attention.

In the first place, I am far from recommending an inaugural lecture on the subject of mathematics. I do not think it would be well attended, and you might take a great deal of pains to no purpose.

You will, I suppose, give out notices, as Rigaud used to do, of lectures in elementary parts, and will feel your way as to anything higher. In some colleges I fear even elementary instruction is not regularly given, and it certainly would be well for the professor to supply this want. But it is impossible to say, till you try, what may be done in the way of encouraging study in the higher departments. You will, I am sure, encourage it, and rejoice if you succeed. Let that take its course when you come.

But the credit of the university will be chiefly consulted by such philosophical essays and scientific researches as form your principal employment.

These may be given to the public from time to time, as you have hitherto done. In that respect I feel very confident that you will do honour to the appointment.

I am not for plans of study sketched out beforehand; but for assiduity and spirited engagement in the ordinary discharge of duty, which cannot fail of bringing out industry, and exciting a desire of knowledge.

The mode of proceeding, therefore, must of course depend upon the success of your endeavours, and be regulated by experience.

Believe me, my dear Sir,
Most truly yours,
E. Copleston.

From the diary for this year I select the following entries:—

'*Jan.* 1, 1827. Breakfasted at Dropmore, a beautiful morning, and an enchanting scene. Lord Grenville in excellent spirits and very communicative. After breakfast, drove with Dr. Buckland to Beaconsfield, from whence he proceeded to London, in his way to Althorp, to which place I had been invited, but declined the invitation, as I had so short a time at my disposal, and wished to visit my friends in Devonshire. Before the Oxford coach arrived, I walked to the site of the house, formerly Mr. Burke's, and talked with an old man who knew him well, and used to work for him.'

'*March* 1. Went to London to preach at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, as dean, on the following day. Dined this day with Dr. Philpotts, at the Athenæum. His letter to Canning, just published, much read and admired.'

'*May* 15. Wrote a letter of remonstrance to Mr. Brougham, on the false charge against myself in an article on the Catholic question, in the ninetieth number of the *Edinburgh Review*, said to be written by him. He answered my letter by return of post very civilly, and stated that before he received my letter he had written to Jeffrey to correct the erroneous statements.'

'*June* 11. It being necessary that I should hold a chapter at Chester on the 23rd, which might last some days, and to begin my residence there for the summer, I set out by way of Birmingham, having brought all matters of college business to a settlement, and having seen the college in a tranquil, orderly state, which seemed likely to continue till the 27th, the day of commemoration. Sydney Smith was a fellow-passenger. His facetious good humour was highly amusing, as well to myself as to two young ladies, passengers, who were returning from Paris to Dublin with their brother.'

'*June* 17. Having inspected the works in the cathedral and planned further alterations on the preceding days, preached this day at the cathedral.'

On the 30th of November, Dr. Copleston received a letter from Lord Goderich, offering him the bishopric of Llandaff, and the deanery of St. Paul, both being vacated by the translation of Bishop Sumner to the see of Winchester. From a variety of papers relating to this last and most important of all the appointments which I have to record, those are selected which appeared to me most suitable for the illustration of my subject. Valedictory addresses are probably not unusual when, as in the present instance, the presiding head retires from a capitular body; but there is a warmth and earnestness about the following document, which sufficiently distinguish it from a mere commonplace formula.

'Chester, Dec. 2, 1827.

'We, the vice-dean and prebendaries of the cathedral church of Chester, capitularly assembled, hold it to be our first duty, in consequence of the promotion of the Very Reverend Dr. Copleston, our dean, to the see of Llandaff, to express our strong and unanimous feeling upon the occasion.

'While, however, we take leave to offer our hearty congratulations to the dean himself on the promotion so abundantly earned by his numerous disinterested and invaluable services, we cannot forbear to express our personal regret on being deprived of a head, whose loss it would be too presumptuous to hope to see adequately supplied.

(Signed) Unwin Clarke, Vice-Dean.
Fr. Wrangham,
Wm. Ainger,
G. B. Blomfield. } Prebendaries.

Of the congratulatory letters which I find preserved, many are worthy of being transferred to type; but I insert two only. The first from Lord Grenville; the second from Sir Robert Peel.

London, November 29, 1827.

My dear Sir,

Lord Goderich had the great kindness to communicate to me yesterday evening the offer which he had made to you, well knowing, as he did, the great delight which I should receive from it. I trust I need hardly say to you, for I willingly hope that you already fully believe it,—that there is not, and cannot be, any one of your friends who more warmly rejoices in the justice, tardy as it is, which is at length rendered to your merits, or who more laments it having been so long delayed—and *that,* in part, I fear, from the too partial opinion which you manifested towards myself on a former occasion. You will have so many letters of this sort to acknowledge, though written from less powerful motives than I have on this occasion, that I will not delay you longer with this; and I beg that you will not think of answering it otherwise than by giving me an opportunity, on your way to or from town, to take by the hand a new acquaintance and old friend in the Bishop of Llandaff.

Most truly yours,

GRENVILLE.

Whitehall Gardens, February 1, 1828.

My dear Lord,

I must, in the first instance, assure you that no man more cordially rejoiced in your most justly deserved preferment to the bench than I did. Even amidst all my satisfaction at the promotion of my dearest friend * to the see of Oxford, I was pained by the reflection that it at least postponed your elevation to the place in which I wished to see you—wishing it on the highest public grounds, but, I may truly add, not on those exclusively. . . . . . I believe I was paying a visit to Lord Wellesley when you called at my house. Had I been at home, nothing should have prevented me from seeing you.

I shall be at the office to-morrow at half-past twelve, and will see you with the greatest pleasure, if that appointment will suit you.

Believe me, my dear Lord,
With sincere feelings of esteem and respect,
Yours very faithfully,
Robert Peel.

Affectionate and reverential attention towards his parents was a marked and most pleasing feature in the bishop's character. Whenever he had anything agreeable to communicate, it seems to have been his first thought to write to them. Nor is it by any means a trifling indication of this habit of mind, that in these letters he always subscribed himself 'Your dutiful and affectionate son'—no less when he signed 'E. Llandaff,' than when, a scholar of C.C.C., he wrote home to announce his Latin verse prize. The following letter is an instance :—

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* Dr. Lloyd.

Oriel College, November, 30, 1827.

My dear Father,

My letter from Chester was written to announce an improvement in my health, which I was sure you and my dear mother would be glad to hear of. I am just arrived in Oxford, and find awaiting me a letter from Lord Goderich, offering the bishopric of Llandaff and the deanery of St. Paul's, an offer which, notwithstanding the mixed emotions it raises of awe and apprehension, yet cannot be declined. The letter has been lying here one day, and, besides answering it, I have to write a multitude of others this evening. This, however, is the *first*, which you will allow me now to finish.

Your dutiful and affectionate son,

E. C.

On the evening of his consecration he wrote again thus—

Being just returned from my consecration at Lambeth, although there is no post to-night yet I think it best to employ an hour before I go to bed, and while the impression is yet fresh on my mind, in giving you some account of this day, certainly to *me* the most impressive and memorable of my whole life. . . . . We went from the archbishop's gallery in solemn procession—his own servants leading the way in court-dresses—to the chapel, where the service was performed with the greatest solemnity. . . . . Tyler's sermon you will see in print. Some alteration, however, will be made, by omitting passages of personal application to myself, which his friendly and warm heart had led him to insert. . . . . After evening service another interval of an hour took place, which I was very glad of, as it gave me an opportunity of having much private conversation with my predecessor, the Bishop of Winchester, a man whom everybody esteems and loves that knows him. . . . . It is the custom of the day to give the new bishop precedence after his consecration. He walks first with the archbishop, and sits at the head of his table—formerly it was with his head covered, and even now the ceremony is kept up of putting on the cap after the company are seated, although it is immediately taken off again. The party being all pretty well acquainted, although a day of solemn ceremony it was, I believe, one of social enjoyment also. The archbishop, who has now filled the metropolitan chair longer than any primate since the Reformation, is apparently in much better health than he was three years ago, when I dined there at the anniversary of the Sons of the Clergy. . . . . . . There is something which powerfully affects the feelings in a day of solemnity at Lambeth Palace. The historical recollections, which everything around you awakens, is deeply interesting. In the gallery, which is used as a state drawing-room, are portraits of every archbishop, from Cranmer downward, with that of Wareham, the last popish primate. The ground, consisting of about twenty acres, enclosed in the midst of what is now a populous town, is the same which for many centuries has belonged to the primate of Canterbury, and is, therefore, associated with some events or characters of every reign. The formalities now practised on solemn occasions are such as bring the past before one's eyes, and are never to be witnessed elsewhere. . . . . Let me now thank you for your kind letter of the 10th. I shall still live in hopes that a fine summer may tempt you and my mother to Bath, and thence, by an easy day's journey, to Llansanfraed. I have not time to write a long letter to my sisters on this occasion; and in the course of a few days you will, perhaps, be able to let them see this. I am, my dear father,

Your dutiful and affectionate son,

E. LLANDAFF.

The bishop's farewell letter to the dean and fellows of Oriel, which was accompanied by a formal resignation of the provostship, will be remembered by many, and admired by all as a noble specimen of fine feeling, expressed in choice and dignified language.

January 30, 1828.

Mr. Dean,

The stations to which I have been recently advanced in the church impose upon me duties which would materially interfere with those of a provost of this college; and having always regarded this office as a trust for which I am responsible, not only to God and my own conscience, but to the judgment also of that body who made choice of me, I should ill requite their kindness were I to retain it longer than is consistent with the just and reasonable expectations entertained by them when they placed it in my hands. It has been the pride and the honour of this college, especially in later times, to be guided by the spirit of their statutes in all things which concern the welfare and the utility of the institution—a principle which must lead every candid mind to conclude, that the head of such an institution ought to be continually present when the younger students are assembled; and to regard their superintendence, (however silent the statutes may be on the subject,) as one of his most important duties. As long as this principle is maintained in its full vigour, the usefulness of the Institution will be unquestioned, and its reputation firmly established. Upon this principle my revered predecessor acted, through the long period he presided over this college, and my earnest hope is, that none of the present day will ever witness a departure from it. While, however, I am thus impelled by a sense of duty to resign my office into your hands and those of the college, yet it is impossible to do so without strong emotions and feelings of regret, which your kindness will permit me to indulge for a short time. It is now more than thirty years that Oriel has been the scene of nearly all my labours and pursuits, my cares and anxieties, my intellectual and social enjoyments. The place is endeared to me by the strongest ties of a personal and local kind. It has been the parent of my dearest friendships, as well as of my purest pleasure. I am identified with it, in my own recollections and feelings at least, by having served every office, and by having repeatedly discharged the functions of every department belonging to its constitution. The government of the college has, indeed, been rendered comparatively a light burden, by the vigilance and energy by which all its officers have maintained its discipline, by the unanimity which has pervaded the resident members, and by the kind, frank, and cordial intercourse which has subsisted between them and myself. From such a scene, and from such connexions, I cannot withdraw unmoved. Yet I am supported by the confident hope that there will be no loss of private friendship, and that frequent opportunities will arise of renewing that personal intercourse which must now for a time be suspended. It is no light consolation, also, to feel assured that the society will continue to flourish as it has hitherto done. There are no marks of degeneracy visible—no symptoms of decrepitude or decay.

That it may long continue to realize the beneficial and pious design of its founder; that it may ever be found a firm pillar of our apostolical church, and a nurse of all that is lovely and of good report, is and ever will be my fervent prayer. I request that you will have the goodness to communicate to the fellows, at your earliest convenience, the enclosed form of resignation; and I subscribe myself, with sentiments of the strongest personal esteem, and with a grateful sense of the kindness I have experienced from yourself, and from all the other fellows, dear Mr. Dean,

Your obliged and most affectionate friend,

E. LLANDAFF.

On the 14th of February, 1828, the bishop took the oaths and his seat in the House of Lords, nor was it long before he was called upon, in this his new capacity, to bear his part in a very momentous deliberation, as appears from the entry in his diary for March 15.

'Attended a small meeting by the archbishop's invitation, to consider of the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts.

'Present,—The two Archbishops,
Bishop of London . . . . Howley,
Bishop of Durham . . . Van-Mildert,
Bishop of Chester . . . . Blomfield,
Mr. Peel, Home Sec.

'Agreed that Mr. Peel should propose a form of declaration in lieu of the Sacramental Test.'

Again:

'*March* 21. Full meeting of Bishops on the Sacramental Test. Proposed declaration generally approved.'

On the 22nd April the bishop spoke upon this question in reply to Lord Eldon, and made this entry in his diary:

'Spoke in the House of Lords for the first time,—an unprepared reply to Lord Eldon on the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts.'

When the third reading took place he spoke again, and subsequently printed his speech.

Turning from these high employments and anxious duties, we see the bishop enjoying, in his hours of relaxation, that refined society in which he was so well qualified to take a part.

'*June* 12. Dined with S. Rogers; an exquisitely elegant house. The style of the dinner—the composition of the party—all in unison. Lord and Lady Lansdowne, Mr. J. Grenville, Mr. and Lady Sarah Lyttelton, Lord Ashburnham, Mr. and Mrs. Cunliffe. Rogers has the 'molle atque facetum' in perfection.'

'*June* 16. Dined at Lord Grosvenor's. A splendid party. The new gallery with the Rubenses magnificent.'

'*July* 5. Dinner at home. Sir Thomas Lawrence, Southey, Captain Back, &c.'

Such notices as these I would not altogether omit, for they tend to set forth the subject of my memoir as the man of letters—the polished and gifted conversationist. Intellectual acuteness, exact precision of thought, and a most delicate appreciation of the proprieties of colloquial phraseology, were, perhaps, among his leading characteristics; whilst the quickness of his mind was such as at times to produce the effect of over-sensitiveness, and a degree of impatient irritation would occasionally mar the pleasure of the hour. During the latter part of his life, this defect became more apparent, and certainly resulted very much from frequent bodily suffering. But even when the cloud hung over him, there was for the most part such an unmistakeable benevolence in the general cast of his sentiments, and his hearers were so thoroughly impressed by the feeling that a good as well as a powerful mind was exerting itself, that they readily excused in him what would scarcely have been borne with in an inferior person. When 'the clear spirit within' was no longer chafed by those ails which perhaps are unknown to duller temperaments, the full stream of eloquent talk flowed on, sparkling with bright points of thought; and many a time have we been doubtful which of the two was most admirable—the all-comprehensive memory, that seemed to be stored with facts on every conceivable subject, or the felicitous language which seemed to place those subjects in a clearer light than they ever were seen in before.

The course of my memoir now tends towards that scene where the fondest and warmest recollections will long hover round the name of Copleston. The following passage from the diary relates to a visit which the bishop paid while on his way to his diocese, and shows, in its latter part, with what feelings he entered upon his episcopal duties:—

'*Aug.* 4, 1828. Drove to Mr. Harford's, Blaise Castle. The weather being fine, I enjoyed a delicious ramble of four hours over the beautiful and romantic ground, in company with my amiable and highly-accomplished host and his wife. On viewing the castle, and observing several coats of arms of his friends adorning the interior, I promised, at his request, to add my own. The beauty of the ground, and the exquisite taste with which the walks and drives are conducted; the lodges and cottages and the gardens managed, equal anything I have ever seen. The house is a kind of lyceum, containing an excellent collection of pictures, brought from Italy by Mr. H. himself, casts of the most celebrated pieces of sculpture,' &c. &c.

'Next day by the old passage through Chepstow and Raglan to Llansanfraed. . . . . The first impressions on my entrance upon my diocesan residence were very agreeable. The country beautiful, and in high verdure.

'The house I have hired is admirably situated in a large lawn, at a good distance from the road, and very convenient. This is a kind of epoch in my life. And when I compare my state of health, as well as my situation, with what it was two years ago, I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude to God—with my prayers, that the visitation of sickness of the most distressing kind may prove to be the chastening rod only of a merciful Father, tending to increase my happiness in this world, and to secure it in the next.

'I have now enjoyed nearly five months of uninterrupted health and spirits. God grant that I may not be forgetful of so great a blessing, if the continuance of it should be graciously vouchsafed to me, and that I may prove my thankfulness by an active and cheerful fulfilment of the duties which belong to my new station.'

Having now reached the culminating point in my Memoir, and looking down a vista of twenty-one years that yet remain, I am happy in being promised the assistance of one more informed than myself, and more able in every way to give a just and connected view of the bishop's episcopate.

For many years the active supporter of his bishop in every good work within the limits of the Llandaff diocese, and known far beyond those limits as the energetic and successful advocate of Welsh education in general, Sir Thomas Phillips will be recognised by all as a person most competent to the task which he has so kindly undertaken; and doubtless my readers will think with me, that the testimonial of a distinguished and independent layman is more valuable than the eulogy of those who are connected by official or family ties.* Meanwhile, as

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* This paper will be found at the end of my Memoir. See Preface.

I continue extracts from the diary and selected letters, the cares and labours of the bishop will appear mingled with the pursuits, tastes, and feelings of the private individual; nor will I hazard any loss of freshness and vivid impression by attempting to weld the original material into a continuous narrative of my own.

'*Nov.* 6, 1828. My father and mother arrived from Exeter, both in good health—one near eighty, the other eighty-two.'

'*Sunday, Nov.* 9. My father and his grandson John served the church in the morning: my brother read prayers and I preached in the afternoon. This remarkable union of three generations in my native place, made a strong impression upon us all, and upon the whole parish. Only two individuals of the congregation were there, whom my father found at his first coming to Offwell, in 1774.'

'*Jan.* 8, 1829. Dined at Fulham. The bishop had all his near relations there except his brother, viz., his father, mother, and two sisters. It is remarkable that this family coincides nearly with my own, viz., a father, mother, and two sisters, and we are the only bishops on the bench whose fathers are living.

'*April* 9 and 10. Debate on the third reading of the Catholic Relief Bill. The house impatient, otherwise I intended to speak as to Lord Eldon's objection about the oath of supremacy, as if it *bound us* not to admit those who would not take it into parliament. I meant to have asked him whether he thought all the bishops and all the peers, from 5 Elizabeth down to 30 Charles the Second, had no consciences, for they were all precisely in the same predicament, which, according to him, precluded us from voting for this bill.

'This week I was elected a member of the Literary Club, in the room of Dr. Howley, who resigned upon being promoted to the archbishopric of Canterbury.

'*May* 13.—Dined at Dr. Blomberg's. The Duke of Cumberland and a small party. The duke affable, and apparently much pleased with his entertainment. Mr. Sadler, the member for Newark, there, with whom I had much talk about the principle of population, free trade, &c., in the course of which he maintained many paradoxes, but said he could demonstrate them by the surest evidence of facts. The duke joined us in the drawing-room, and entered very particularly with me into the Catholic Relief Bill, and his renunciation of the Duke of Wellington. Upon this subject he was unusually explicit. Upon my observing that the king's speech was a sufficient indication that the king's consent to the measure had been obtained, he said, 'Not a bit of it. The king never gave his consent, nor does he now approve of what they have done. He has been deceived by them. I arrived in England on the 14th, and the next day waited on the king, and took the liberty of expressing my regret that I must vote against Catholic Emancipation, which he, the king, had sanctioned. The king replied sharply, 'I have sanctioned no such thing. They have never proposed it to me. The laws *affecting* the Roman Catholics are to be *reviewed*, but that is not Catholic Emancipation.'' All this the duke amplified and reiterated with great earnestness, telling me that the ministry were at one time on the point of being dismissed, so much did the king resent this duplicity. He then took his leave very graciously.'

In connexion with the subject of this last extract, I insert a letter to the Rev. J. M. Traherne, who, it will be seen, had kindly taken upon himself the defence of his bishop, attacked in the public papers. The letter contains some valuable remarks with reference to the Chester sermon, 5th November, 1826.

Deanery, St. Paul's, May 5, 1829.

My dear Sir,

You have acted a very kind and friendly part, and one which calls for my warm acknowledgments, in sending a vindication of your diocesan's character to the *Cambrian.* It is not about opinions or arguments that I am concerned; they may be weak, or mistaken, or absurd, and I am far from wishing any mercy to be shown in the discussion of their merits. But in a matter *of fact*, when one's character is attacked, I hold it to be a duty to repel the accusation. And if one is precluded by station from coming forward in one's own person, there cannot be a more friendly, or, as I think, a more becoming act, than to take that part for another, who is so shut out from vindicating himself, as you have done. If there had been a single sentiment or position in my sermon, or its notes, at variance with my parliamentary conduct, I should deservedly sink in the estimation of my friends, as well as of indifferent people. But, unless a man who held the opinions contained in that publication of 1826 had supported the present measure, it must have been an inconsistency as great as any which has been imputed to me for defending it. Having always placed the question upon the issue of expediency, and having denied that it was one of religious belief or religious obligation, surely the case laid before parliament by the king's government ought to determine it that way.

I still maintain, as I ever did, that it is not a claim of right on the part of the catholics, and I reject all the sophistical reasoning by which their advocates endeavour to prove that their church is not essentially intolerant, and *has never* authorized persecution from the same quarter in which they say her *infallibility* resides. From the proof of the reverse, I deduce consolatory conclusions. I think candid and enlightened men will see that the claim of *infallibility* must therefore be unfounded, and if once that drops, a world of errors and corruptions fall with it. I hold it, therefore, to be of the highest importance, in a religious point of view, to establish that position, that the church of Rome has given the sanction of assumed infallibility to the persecution of heretics. If you have time and inclination to peruse that note with attention (a note which cost me more thought and research than the whole sermon) you will, I think, agree with me, that the point was worthy of the pains bestowed upon it. It draws the controversy to a narrow compass, and it presents a view of the question, which, however conclusive, does not appear to me to have been taken by other writers. How Faber and others could imagine that such men as Sanderson, (who wrote not only cases of conscience with the most rigorous strictness, but a treatise *De juramento*, still held to be the best interpretation of the nature of an oath extant,) how he and Jeremy Taylor and Lloyd, and twenty more who might be named, could sit in parliament with Roman Catholics, and yet that it must be a violation of conscience and religious obligation in us to do so, is past my comprehension. But I will not enter into the general argument. If it is not settled almost in a moment, it is endless. . . . . As to Arnold, I am not one of his greatest admirers. Some of the general reasoning and general views in the opening I could not approve. They appeared to me rash and dangerous.

I must now answer your inquiry about the confirmation. I have resolved not to hold my *primary visitation* this year, but I hope to visit several parts of the diocese, if *not all* the principal towns, for the purpose of confirmation. Llandaff, of course, will be one. You shall have the earliest information I can give.

Once more, let me thank you for your kind services, and entreat you to correct the notion, if ever you hear it, that I sent my speech to anybody with a view to affect his opinions on the main question, but merely to put him in possession of the truth as to what I had myself said, and so to enable him not only to appreciate, but to justify, his diocesan's character against calumny.

I am; my dear Sir,
Ever yours sincerely,
E. LLANDAFF.

The following, to his friend Mr. John Duncan, is upon a different subject and in a different vein. I give it a place according to its date.

Offwell, 24th Nov. 1829.

My dear Duncan,

Some acknowledgment is due to the kind postscript you added to Philip's letter, but still more to the letter I received after your tour in July, and which has remained a burden upon my conscience ever since. You and Mrs. Duncan did me, I know, the honour of calling at Llansanfraed. Next summer I hope to receive you there, and to introduce you to some of the quiet and unobtrusive beauties of that neighbourhood. The whole of Monmouthshire is interesting. Last week I employed in exploring the southern part of it, making unexpected parochial visitations (which I take to be much more useful than formal ones), and examining the state of churches and schools. The churches are many of them in a state of squalid neglect—the ancient character suffered to be lost, and a mean sort of patchwork substituted for decayed mullions and windows. In one particular I have been inexorably severe—the destruction of ivy and other vegetation in towers and the walls of churches. There are quite ruins enough in Monmouthshire to serve for young ladies' sketch-books, without making a building destined for religious service subservient to such a purpose. Besides this objection, I hold it to be a gross and palpable error in taste to cherish ivy (which is the emblem of neglect and decay) in places which ought, by their aspect, to excite other associations. We are, I hope, in a progress of improvement, but there is still a vast deal to be done in my diocese before they can wipe out the reproach of suffering their churches to be either stationary or retrograde, while all other things have been in a rapid course of improvement. One excuse is, that the church is miserably poor, and the landlords, who enjoy its plunder, do not recognise the claim which I think lies on them to raise her out of the dust.

Believe me, my dear Duncan,
Ever yours sincerely,
E. LLANDAFF.

June 2. Heard the summing-up in the Leigh case, at the House of Lords, ably done by Mr. Kelly, and Scarlett's speech on the other side. This cause, and the murders at Edinburgh for the sake of selling bodies to the surgeons, have given me a deeper sense of the depravity of the age than anything that has occurred within my experience.

At the Oxford commemoration of this year (1829) the bishop was a guest in his old home, the provost's lodge of Oriel, and preached the Radcliffe sermon.

He thus notes the visit in his diary:—

'*June* 7. Having spent a week most delightfully in the quiet enjoyment of scenes long endeared to me, and of the society of my oldest and best friends, I set out for Shrivenham.'

The only alloy of this 'quiet enjoyment' was the uproarious noise of the theatre, which appears this year to have been extravagantly indulged, and is accordingly remembered with some very severe remarks from the bishop's pen. His nerves were, I think, at all times particularly impatient of tumultuous sounds, and when this annoyance was combined with the sense of uncontrolled disorder, his academical feelings were sadly outraged.

Much of the latter part of this summer was occupied in visiting the churches and schools of his diocese. One entry mentions no less than eight churches visited the same day: and the value of such visitations by the bishop in person may be seen in the following instance:—

'*October* 18. Attended Llanarth church, and found the late alterations very objectionable, as *giving the poor* worse accommodation than before. Required the churchwardens to correct this.'

The bishop was at this time an active horseman, and was thus enabled to acquaint himself with many remote corners of his diocese, that would otherwise have been scarcely accessible to him. We may conjecture that in the course of these visitation rides was suggested to him the thought which appears here.

'*December* 8. Wrote to Sir Walter Scott, recommending Owen Glendower as the subject of a tale.'

Some memoranda of antiquarian and literary interest follow, marking the return to London, and comparative leisure.

'*December* 15. Went to the State-paper Office, where

Mr. Lemon showed me the papers he has discovered and arranged relating to the gunpowder plot—extremely curious, and decisive as to Garnett's guilt and his equivocation, confirmed by the most solemn oaths. There is a large collection of autograph letters, and Garnett's answers to the interrogatories of the council *in his own hand*, as well as his confession to the king, and his letters to Mrs. Ann Vaux. The famous letter to Lord Mounteagle is there—evidently written by Ann Vaux, if similarity of handwriting can prove anything.'

'*December* 19. Called on Lord Stowell. Conversed for some time about Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua, and other members of the club. He seemed in good spirits, and pleased with talking on these subjects. Johnson, he said, never liked to meet Gibbon at the club. Reynolds he now and then snapped rather sharply. One day Reynolds had been relating a dream, which he thought curious, and ended with saying—'Locke would have made something of this.' Upon which Johnson observed, 'I don't know, sir, what Locke would have made of it: I can make mighty little indeed of it, sir.' He thought it a silly thing in Reynolds to talk about it.'

The year 1830 opens thus cheerfully.

'*Jan.* 5. To Althorp, where I arrived at half-past five, having left St. Paul's at a quarter past eight. Here I staid till Saturday, enjoying the elegant, cheerful, and friendly hospitality of this excellent and noble house. The Bishop of London, Lord John Russell, Mr. Poyntz, Lady Davy, were among the visitors. Lord Lyttelton's illness was the only deduction from the pleasure.'

An old age of cheerful intelligence was always an object of pleasing interest to the bishop: nor were instances of it wanting in his own family, to which he often alludes in his letters, as well as in the diary. It was only an extension of this feeling that made him to be curious about such cases of extraordinary longevity as that to which the following notice relates:—

'*March* 22. Called on Patrick Gibson at Chelsea, a pensioner of the navy, aged 110. He was born near Cashel, bred a land-surveyor. At the age of thirty-seven, having taken his passage at Waterford for America, where he had claim to the inheritance of lands, he was pressed into the royal navy—was made clerk—soon after purser—was at the taking of Quebec, and assisted in conveying Wolfe, after his mortal wound, down the heights on board ship—never had above three days' illness in his life. Had walked a mile the day I called on him—very hearty—strong lungs—civil and communicative—apparently much gratified by the opportunity of relating the events of his life. His father was born at Derry during the famous siege of 1688, and was a land-surveyor. His grandfather was a captain in the garrison of Derry, and married (as he said) a niece of John duke of Argyle, called Catherine Mynford.'

'*Sunday, July* 4. At St. James's Palace, at two o'clock, with the archbishops and bishops, to be presented to the king. After kissing hands in the closet, the king addressed us in a speech of about ten minutes, declaring his firm attachment to the Church of England, and his resolution to maintain all her privileges. He adverted to the Roman-catholic Relief Bill, which he regarded purely as a political question, not in any degree intended to weaken the Established Church, or to encourage Popery. He frequently repeated his sentiments of love and esteem for the Church of England, and declared that he wished for the heads of the church to be present when he received the sacrament at the commencement of his reign — to mark in the strongest manner his veneration for it, and to assure them of his fixed determination to support and defend it. He adverted to the attacks now frequently made on the church —the invidious mention of her revenues, which *he* wished were greater instead of less, and condemned those who reproached the clergy with improving their temporalities, whereas it was a duty, and deserving of commendation, and in any other station of life would be commended. He thanked the Bishop of London for his sermon, and requested a copy of it; and then, with many expressions of regard, dismissed us. The king's elocution was ready, correct, and fluent; his manner earnest, respectful, kind, and even affectionate.'

'*Sunday, July* 18. Preached at Offwell: present, my father and mother, my brother, and most of his sons and daughters. It was on July 20, 1800, that I preached my first sermon, and in the same pulpit, before many of the same audience.'

'*Sept.* 29. Left Piercefield at eight, after an early breakfast; called on Mr. Davies, the schoolmaster at Devanden; arrived at Usk in good time for the confirmation.'

'*Oct.* 8. Confirmation at Landilo. . . . This being the last day of diocesan duties, I returned alone to Lansanfraed, glad of retirement after so much public duty, but much gratified with the whole of my progress through the diocese, with the reception I met with publicly and privately from the clergy and others, and with the evident improvement in all that concerns the church.'

'*Christmas Day.* Preached at St. Paul's, on the ignorance of Christ's real character, even among his kindred and neighbours, at the commencement of his ministry, notwithstanding the supernatural circumstances which attended his birth.'

'*Dec.* 26. Preached on the martyrdom of St. Stephen.'

On these occasions, it may be considered that decanal rather than episcopal obligations were discharged; but it is well known that, in his diocese, Dr. Copleston was no 'unpreaching bishop;' and frequently, in the course of his diary, notices appear of sermons preached on two consecutive days.

The following fragment, from a letter to his dear friend, the late Dean Bruce Knight, will show what the bishop would have had a clergyman's manner in the pulpit to be. He includes, indeed, the reading-desk, and some may be inclined to demur to this part of his wish:—

'I wish clergymen would read and preach as they talk when earnestly engaged in conversation upon a serious subject; but they put on a tone together with their surplice, grave, indeed, and solemn and decorous, but altogether removed from that of ordinary life, and therefore seldom *engaging* the attention, although a sense of duty and the importance of the matter may preserve it.'

'*January* 2, 1831, *Sunday.* Assisted at the consecration of Dr. Phillpotts as bishop of Exeter. Lambeth-palace being unfinished, except the chapel and the library, we were received in the library, and had a collation there after the service. It is to be hoped that this practice, which is much more becoming and convenient than the old one, of eking out the day and dining there, will supersede the other.'

'*January* 12. Wilmot Horton, Senior, and Whately dined here; at eight o'clock went to Horton's lecture, at the Mechanic's Institute, on taxation. Diminution of taxes would afford no perceptible relief to the people when there is a redundancy of labour. 'Emigration the only effectual relief.''

'*March* 9 *and* 10. Heard part of the debates in the

House of Commons on the Reform bill. North's, an eloquent and finished oration. O'Connell pithy, forcible, strong sense, and expressive idiom—a dramatic display of intense feeling. Graham sensible, but not animated. Attwood vehement, wordy, and involved, but much practical good sense.'

It will be seen that not only the date, but the greater part of the contents of the following letter, addressed to myself, determines its place. The first part of it, relating personally to myself, I am induced to give, because it shows how the bishop's kindness towards his relations was tempered and regulated by a restraining sense of duty. Having three nephews in holy orders, he did not, as bishop, prefer either of them, nor, it may be added, ask for preferment for them; in his private capacity always aiding and befriending those of his own family—in his public, always considering who had the first claims upon him.

Deanery, St. Paul's, January 26, 1831.

My dear William,

Your answer in regard to ——— is just what I expected. I did not feel myself at liberty to make you an absolute offer of it, knowing that there are several clergymen in my diocese of great merit, and much in want, yet if there had been on your part a strong desire to settle there, I should probably have yielded to it. The living will, I hope, be the means of rewarding one of the most meritorious of my clergy, and of conducing to an arrangement that will promote the happiness of a large and excellent family. If so, it will not only do *them* and the parish good, but it will serve the cause of the church generally, when people know that the choice is made without reference to anything but merit. These are anxious and alarming times. There have been worse times, it is true, for the church in our own history, especially in the reign of Charles I. But the press is a new engine of frightful power, and it is, unhappily, in the hands almost entirely of our enemies. Laws upon parchment will never save the establishment, if the public mind is quite alienated. Indeed, those laws would soon be changed, especially by such a parliament as the reforming party wish to have. I hope the church party will be moderate but firm, that is, not stickling for everything that can be called a right, if the public opinion or feeling, or even prejudice, is universal against it. A concession to this feeling, although we may regard the feeling as unenlightened, is not cowardly, and it certainly is prudent. But the chief fear is, that the advocates for parliamentary reform will do too much at once. If the House of Commons is chosen entirely by the people, there is an end of monarchy and aristocracy, for in the House of Commons has long resided virtually, though not nominally, the whole power of the state. The only thing that has kept us from pure democracy has been the influence of the crown and the nobility, or great proprietors in the representative body. A few of those who see this danger, and who have no care for the church, may think to pacify the republicans by sacrificing the interests of the church. But this would be merely as a sop thrown to a surly dog. As soon as his appetite returned he would be more ravenous than before. I hope, therefore, a strong resistance will be made in the first instance, and that Lord Grey will prove himself the champion of the constitution. Lord Brougham, too, is, I am persuaded, anything but a democrat, or anti-aristocrat, or anti-churchman. And they two, for eloquence, are a match for the whole House of Peers. In the House of Commons the strength is not with the ministry, nor with the radicals, but with Peel and his party. It is a pity that they should be opposed to the government, and perhaps things will work round so as to include Peel in the ministry, when the cause would be impregnable *in* parliament. I almost envy you your quiet pursuits and peaceable way of life.

Ever your affectionate uncle,
E. LLANDAFF.

'*March* 12. Having heard almost daily from Exeter of my father's declining health and excessive debility, resolved to put off all my engagements of next week, and to set out for Exeter.'

'*March* 14. On this day the committee of privileges were to decide on the Courtenay claim for the earldom of Devon. Having attended this business throughout, I wished much to hear the final decision, but would not retard my journey on that account. The Lord Chancellor had told me on Sunday that there was no doubt.'

'*March* 16. Arrived at Exeter, taking up my brother at Honiton. Found my father weak, but not near so ill and reduced as I had expected. Received a letter from Mr. Courtenay, informing me of the resolution of the committee in favour of the Courtenay claim.'

'*March* 18. Administered the sacrament to my father and mother, their two sons and two daughters partaking with them.'

'*March* 23. Took leave of my father, mother, and sisters, and returned to London.'

'*April* 3. Easter day. Preached twice at St. Paul's, a large and very attentive congregation.

'*April* 9. Received intelligence, which I had been long daily expecting, from my brother, of my father's decease. He expired without a struggle, his natural powers having been completely exhausted. My brother, and sister Caroline were by his bed-side when he died. The progress of decay had been rapid for six weeks. During the last fortnight he was free from pain, and in the last week perfectly tranquil. He was born July 15th, 1749, O. S., and was thus nearly eighty-two years of age.'

'*April* 15, *Friday*. Attended the remains of my dear and honoured father from Exeter to Offwell, my brother and his two eldest sons being in the same coach. I saw the coffin deposited in a vault made by my father himself about twenty years ago. Having performed this pious office with great solemnity, we passed the remainder of the day at the parsonage. On the following Sunday Mr. Lewis preached a very appropriate sermon, and there was a large attendance in the church.'

'*April* 22. Went to the House at half-past four, but too late, the king having prorogued Parliament in person, with a view to dissolution upon the division against ministers. Great agitation. I regretted that I missed the scene in the House of Lords, which was said to be more turbulent than was ever known.'

'*April* 27. Dined with the king at St. James's; four archbishops, four bishops besides myself, Lord Mount-Edgcumbe, Lord Tenterden, Lord Wynford, &c.—eighteen in all. There being a general illumination in favour of Reform, authorised by the Lord Mayor, I returned over the bridges instead of going through the Strand. Many windows of houses not illuminated were broken, especially the United Service Club, Crockford's, Northumberland House, *Morning Post* Office. My own windows were saved by placing a few candles in the first-floor.'

'*April* 30. Dined at the Royal Academy; a splendid entertainment. Among the guests were the Dukes of Sussex, Norfolk, Somerset, Devonshire, Argyll, archbishop of Canterbury, Lord-chancellor Brougham, who made a very elegant and eloquent speech in praise of painting and the beneficial effects of the fine arts.'

'*May* 7. Called on old Patrick Gibson, who is well and hearty, but weaker in body than last year. His voice is still firm and strong, his ideas clear, and his mode of speaking remarkably intelligent and vigorous, especially when relating any transaction in which he was himself engaged. He wrote several signatures of his name at my request, and was full of thanks for the visit, declaring that it did him much good and elevated his spirits.'

'*May* 10. Took Captain Bond to call upon old Patrick Gibson, who was in high glee, and conversed much with Captain Bond on naval occurrences. Among other things he related a dinner he gave on board the Princess Royal, of 98 guns, in 1784, on his birthday, he being then 64. Captain Browell, lieutenant-governor of Greenwich Hospital, was one of the party, and confirmed the story.'

'*June* 2. Meeting of the charity schools at St. Paul's. Ram Mohun Roy, a Christian Brahmin, there. A good sermon from Dr. Inglis, bishop of Nova Scotia. About 90 of the company partook of refreshments at the deanery after church.'

'*June* 10. Dined at the Duchess of Kent's, about thirty at table; Lord and Lady Amherst, Colonel and Lady Caroline Wood, &c. Sat next Prince Leopold, with whom I had much conversation about the state of society, and the atheism prevalent in France.'

'*June* 22. Called upon old Patrick Gibson, at Chelsea, whom I found in bed, not likely to live many days. He had been seized the Saturday before with a shivering fit at dinner, and had been growing worse ever since. He was pleased with my visit as soon as they made him understand who I was—squeezed my hand, and asked about the Merthyr riots, expressing his satisfaction that they were subdued. At parting, he said he hoped I should enjoy as good health as he had done.'

'*July* 2. Called again at old Patrick Gibson's, not expecting to find him alive; he had died the day before, at eight in the morning. His nephew, Mr. Gibson, who had served several years in the navy, gave me this account, observing that July 1st was the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne. He died in the communion of the Church of Rome, although he had been bred, and was for the greatest part of his life, a Protestant.'

'*October* 3. Rose at five, and went from Cardiff to Llansanfraed to breakfast, thence, after making some preparation, proceeded on my journey to London as far as Witney.'

'*October* 4, *Tuesday.* Breakfasted in Oxford with my nephews at Oriel, posted on to London, and went to the House of Lords about seven, it being the second night of the debate on the Reform Bill, in good time to hear the commencement of that night's debate, viz.—Lord Harrowby's speech against the bill.'

'*October* 8, *Saturday.* This morning, about six o'clock, the house divided on the Reform Bill. I had been desirous of voting that the bill might go into committee with a view to amendment, but the declaration of Lord Grey, that no material amendment would be agreed to, determined me and several others to vote against the second reading. Went to bed much exhausted at seven; rose at nine, to breakfast at Dr. Hughes's, where I met Sir Walter Scott, much recovered from his seizure, but by no means what he was in his best days. At twelve I went to the opening of King's College, which lasted till four.'

'*October* 11, *Tuesday.* Many attacks being made on the bishops and clergy generally in the House of Lords, spoke shortly in vindication of the part I had taken on the Reform Bill.'

I am happy in being permitted to insert here the following letter from the Earl of Ripon, with the bishop's answer. They are valuable documents, as giving the impression of two powerful and disinterested minds upon a political subject of the deepest importance.

Carlton Gardens, Nov. 24, 1831.

My dear Lord,

I am well aware that I have no right to trouble your lordship upon any subject of a political nature, and I should not have ventured to do so if I had not flattered myself that, at all events, you would not ascribe it to any motive inconsistent with the entire respect which I bear to your high character and station. But I feel too strongly the eventful nature of the present crisis of our affairs not to be anxious that, if possible, all who love their country, and are competent, under Providence, to share in guiding its destinies, should be induced to consider whether the question of Parliamentary Reform is not one which, from the force of uncontrollable circumstances, requires an effective adjustment. I cannot pretend to say that every provision of the bill which the vote of the House of Lords rejected, was such as to command the acquiescence of every individual who might feel that some reform in the representation of the people was become indispensable: but I cannot avoid reasoning with regard to other men's minds in the same manner that I came to my own conclusions upon this most difficult subject. The necessity of reform, then, appeared to me to arise out of the course of public events which the last fifty or sixty years had produced. I had opposed it as a speculative measure of abstract improvement, as long as I saw any probability of such an opposition proving effectual: but I had long thought that a *great* reform could only be obviated by the timely adoption of *minor* measures: that policy was not pursued by parliament, and (unhappily, in my poor judgment,) not only was every modification of our representative system refused as unnecessary, but its very abuses defended as merits and advantages. It was obvious to my mind that that course would never last, and when the disfranchisement of the Irish forty-shilling freeholders was carried into effect, I foresaw that that example of *curtailing* a franchise upon the ground of expediency would infallibly open the door to a corresponding measure of extending franchises upon the same ground of expediency. The combination of these events, connected with the other general causes to which I have slightly adverted, seemed to me (long before the Duke of Wellington's government retired from office) to render reform inevitable. Being inevitable, it could not, I thought, be useful, unless it were generally satisfactory to those who sought it; it could not be satisfactory unless it were extensive, and it could not be extensive unless it struck at the root of the grievance of which the people (and, in great measure, not unreasonably) complained. These were the views which led, or rather compelled me to be a party to the measure which the government brought into parliament, and I dreaded its rejection as one of the greatest calamities which could befal the country. That result, however, having occurred, we have all a common interest in considering what the safety of our common country requires at our hands. I am sure that your lordship will look at this question in all its bearings with a fair and impartial eye: and nothing would give me more pleasure than to be able to remove, by personal communication with you, any doubts which you may feel upon particular parts of the measure. But I am sure that, at all events, you will not be offended at what I have written to you, and that you will do me the justice to believe that my anxiety as to the final settlement of this business has no origin but that attachment to the substantial blessings of our general institutions and polity, which every good Englishman is bound to cherish and support.

Believe me, my dear Lord,
With great truth and regard,
Most sincerely yours,
GODERICH.

Llansanfraed, November 27, 1831.

My dear Lord,

Most willingly do I avail myself of your lordship's inquiry, to explain what my motives were in voting as I did against the second reading of the Reform Bill, and what my present views are with regard to that measure. If I had an opportunity, I would gladly have done this before I left London, for I have been subject to great misrepresentation, and there is no one whose approval of my parliamentary conduct I am more anxious to have than your lordship's.

Sensible as I am of the use of close boroughs, in uniting the two Houses of parliament, and giving to the Lords and to the King an unseen influence in the assembly, which now virtually possesses the whole power of the State, I still feel that this reasoning could never be made intelligible to the people at large; and that we must, for the sake of public opinion, remodel this part of the representative system, as well as enfranchise some of the principal towns hitherto not included in it.

But it seemed to me that in *this* plan there was too much of theory and too little of constitutional principle, and that there was an attempt to do too much at once. If the ancient prerogative, as to issuing and discontinuing writs had been revived, I thought it would have been an equally efficient and a safer course; and I dreaded the precedent of founding representation upon numbers, as likely to lead to a farther and to an indefinite extension. As to details, my objection chiefly lay against the division of counties, and the low qualification of householders.

Having, therefore, frequently expressed these opinions, it seemed hardly honest to vote for going into a committee, on the pretence of contending for some modification of the bill, when we were plainly told, in the course of the debate, that that must not be expected. I went to town fully resolved to vote for the second reading, and was diverted from that resolution only by the consideration I have just mentioned, added to a persuasion (which I was encouraged in holding) that Lord Harrowby, or some leading member of opposition, would move a formal declaration, pledging the House to support a measure of the same kind, somewhat different in form. In this expectation I gave my vote, and was grievously disappointed a few days afterwards at finding that nothing of the kind was to be done. Had I known this beforehand, I believe my vote would have been different—so nicely balanced was my mind upon the precise question then before the House.

Of the expediency, and, indeed, of the indispensable necessity, of some measure of the kind, my conviction is so strong, that I should not hesitate in voting for a bill substantially the same, if no modification can be obtained, rather than throw it out again, although I might strenuously endeavour to alter what appears to me objectionable. But the state of public opinion is such, that I think it would be madness to resist the disfranchisement of decayed and close boroughs; and if many of the former opponents make this avowal, I hope it will induce the framers of the bill to meet that disposition by such concessions as will lessen their scruples, and take off the appearance of inconsistency in their conduct as much as possible.

One thing I will frankly acknowledge, that I was in error as to the degree and the extensive prevalence of public opinion on this subject, not understanding, as I now do, what a strong hold the question has acquired in the minds of the middle classes, and of those just above them. But I see much that alarms me in their forgetfulness of the example of the French revolution; and I am more than ever anxious to avoid a theoretical basis of representation, whether of numbers, taxation, or property, as leading to republicanism, and on that account should be glad to retain a great variety (as we always have had) of qualifications in our representative system. I lay great stress upon the word *retain*, because I believe it is hardly possible to create them anew, and their importance, upon that very account, seems not to have been sufficiently estimated.

In making this explicit statement of my opinions, I hope I have not misinterpreted your lordship's letter. I shall be always happy to answer any inquiry, and to receive from your lordship any communication of your own views; and, with sentiments of sincere respect and gratitude, I subscribe myself,

Your lordship's most obliged and faithful servant,

E. LLANDAFF.

'*October* 22, 1831. Soon after my return to Llansanfraed, I was advised by friends not to go to Abergavenny, as it was likely the populace would offer some insult, and perhaps violence. This advice has been frequently repeated. The spirit of all the populous towns is strong against the bishops, and this spirit is inflamed by the speeches of gentlemen at public meetings.'

'*October* 31, *Monday.* Heard of the dreadful riots at Bristol yesterday; the destruction of the mansion-house, the custom-house, the excise, the bishop's palace, the gaols, and fifty private houses. My own servants seem to think it likely that this house may be attacked. A mob of half-a-dozen would be enough to demolish it and all within it. The only precaution I have taken is to have a round hat and a brown great coat in readiness, should it be expedient to escape at the back of the house over the fields. No indication of hostility or disrespect in the manners of the country people.'

'*November* 14. Attended a public meeting in the town-hall at Usk, to consider of measures for preventing the introduction of the cholera, now certainly increasing at Sunderland. Voted into the chair; a marked disposition seemed to be manifested to give me a respectful reception.

'*December* 5. Having now spent six weeks in the most delightful tranquillity, in good health, and enjoying the society of the neighbouring gentry and clergy at my own house (for I did not dine out once), I proceeded towards London to keep my residence at St. Paul's. Parliament was to open on the sixth, but this would not draw me there.'

The following, to the Rev. J. M. Traherne, may well find a place here, and particularly the sentiment at the close of it:—

Deanery, St. Paul's, December 22, 1831.

My dear Sir,

I beg you will present my best thanks to Mrs. Traherne for the elegant drawing I have just received of the episcopal chair at Toul.* The object is well worthy of such an artist, and I shall preserve the drawing as a memorial of her taste and of your friendship. But the days are gone by, I fear, for exciting an interest in behalf of the dignity and solemnity of that office, otherwise it might serve as a pattern, if not for Llandaff, yet for some cathedral hitherto ill provided with this appropriate furniture. My residence at Llansanfraed was delightful. I quitted the place with regret for the less agreeable abode I now occupy in the heart of the city. But there is something in the idea of being where it is your duty to be that tends powerfully to reconcile one to circumstances, which, if they were purely depending on our own choice, would be intolerable.

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* On the Moselle.

Believe me to be ever,
My dear Sir,
Most truly yours,
E. LLANDAFF.

'*December* 6. Called on my aunt C—— at Bath, whom I found cheerful and well, in her 85th year.'

'*December* 10. Attended the Royal Academy to hear Sir Martin Shee's first *Discourse*, a revival of Sir Joshua Reynolds' practice. The presidents after Reynolds read only *Lectures* to the students. This was an eloquent and well written discourse. As Professor of Ancient History I sat, during the lecture, among the members of the academy.'

'*December* 27. To Ham House, the Countess of Dysart's, to dine with Mr. G. Sinclair, who married her granddaughter. A most interesting visit. The house is still in the style of Charles the Second's reign, superbly furnished, and full of pictures and family relics of the 17th century.'

'*January* 5, 1832. To Ham House, a second visit, taking Mr. G. Sinclair with me. Sir Augustus D'Este (a striking likeness of his uncle George IV.) dined there, and Sir Charles Wetherell. A most agreeable visit. Mr. S. is one of the best read, most lively, cheerful, and unassuming men I have met with.'

'*January* 7. Called on Lord Sidmouth in my way home; he showed me the house, commenting upon the pictures, busts, &c., and giving several interesting anecdotes.'

'*January* 28. Dr. Whately, archbishop of Dublin, dined here privately, with H. B——. His first visit to England since he has taken possession of the see, his errand being to give evidence before the Irish Tithes Committee.'

'*January* 29. Heard Benson preach a very impressive sermon at the Temple Church, on Christ's discourse with the woman at Samaria.'

'*January* 30. Heard Archbishop Whately's examination of three hours before the Irish Tithes Committee. He gave his evidence with great clearness, precision, and impartiality.'

'*February* 22. On this day, following the example of almost all the bishops, left off my wig.'

'*April* 11. Spoke shortly in the debate on the second reading of the Reform Bill, after the bishop of Exeter's eloquent speech. My chief object was to separate the Irish bill from the English bill, which he had treated as one measure, and had represented those who supported the English bill as acting injuriously to the Irish church.'

It must have been during this session that the bishop made that defence of an absent friend which is noticed in the following letter, and which I am much pleased, for the reader's sake, to be permitted to insert.

Dublin, 9th Sept. 1832.

My dear Lord,

I was just going to write you one of my *scraps* when yours arrived. . . . . . . Lord Grey tells me that he fully expects there will not be another session of this parliament. I think if anything can induce that *rashly-cautious* man, the Archbishop of ——— to adopt my views, it must be their extreme moderation. I not only propose no specific reform, but do not even declare that *any* is wanted; only a regular legislative government of the church—call it convocation, synod, assembly, or what you will. The bishops are governors of the church only in the same sense that justices of the peace are of the state: the king is supreme in all causes, ecclesiastical as well as civil; and in the former, as well as in the latter, his *single* power, his proclamations and orders in council, are not *laws.* The utmost stretch of prerogative only amounts (and a great stretch it is) to a *dispensing* power, not an *enforcing;* the appointing of festivals and fasts, and of occasional forms of prayer, amounts to a dispensing power against the act of uniformity, q. v. The king, in conjunction with parliament, has no *business* to legislate for the church; no one else has any *right* to do so. Did I ever tell you that Lord B—— said he never heard you speak so well as in defending me? You will, I dare say, have more calls to plunge in after me, for I expect a most determined, most able, and most unscrupulous opponent in ———. I fully believe in his sincerity in declaring that he regarded my zeal in behalf of truth as rendering me particularly unsafe. But though I am proud to have been a means of calling forth your powers, I trust the cause of the church will do no less. The winds and the waves are indeed boisterous, but when our Master calls us, we shall not sink unless we want faith and are afraid.

In one of your letters, you allude to your publication on the currency: it may be right to mention a remark I have heard, that Tooke's work on *High and Low Prices* being written in great measure as a reply to it, it created some wonder that in your republication you made no allusion to it. . . . .

Ever yours affectionately,
R. DUBLIN.

In July of this year the bishop paid his usual summer visit to his relations in Devonshire, and then repaired to Llansanfraed, where in August he writes thus:—

'The remainder of the month I spent very happily here, the cheerful tranquillity and privacy of this spot being more charming to me than ever—the weather fine—the harvest abundant—the society of the neighbourhood just what I could wish.'

The diary for these autumnal months gives pleasing proof of the manner in which the bishop was wont to combine with the active discharge of his diocesan duties, the enjoyments of fine scenery and domestic hospitality.

'*September* 9, *Sunday.* Preached at Llanarth. Went with Captain and Mrs. Nares to the evening service at Abergavenny, and heard Mr. ——— of Iver preach: an interesting and impressive sermon on the parable of the sower.'

'*September* 15. Viewed Lanfoist church and parsonage; the church admirably repaired and furnished. The parsonage in a sadly dilapidated state. After this, ascended the Blorenge by the tram-road with Captain Nares; one hour took us to the top. After enjoying the noble prospect towards Brecon, and in every other direction, descended to Llanellen, where my carriage met us and took us home. The weather was beautiful, and the walk, though fatiguing, by no means unpleasant.'

'*September* 27. Confirmed in Abergavenny church about two hundred and forty. After church ascended the great Skerrid with Dr. Macbride; a fine cloudless day. Returned to friends staying with me at Llansanfraed.'

'*October* 12, *Friday.* Mr. and Mrs. Traherne left me, and I went to Cardiff, taking up Mr. Bruce Knight at Newport.'

'*October* 13. Met the candidates, and delivered a charge at Llandaff.'

'*October* 14, *Sunday.* Ordination. Six priests. Eight deacons. I preached, and went in the evening to Coedriglan.'

'*October* 15. Consecrated the burial ground at Whitchurch. Preached from Job, xix. 25—27. The whole service solemn and well conducted.'

'*October* 29, *Tuesday.* Mr. Conybeare and his son till Thursday.'

'*November* 15. Consecrated the new church at Abersychem. The weather bad—but there was a large attendance, and the people behaved with great seriousness and respect. Last year there was a very different temper. Captain Nares went and returned with me. I had no regular chaplain, but there were fourteen or fifteen clergymen present.'

'*November* 25. Preached at Offwell. Old Wakeley still a singer in the gallery, whom I remember in the same situation when I was a child.'

'*December* 25. Preached at St. Paul's. After church administered the sacrament to Dr. Hughes, who does not seem likely to live many days.'

'This year, although it has been full of anxiety on political grounds, has been one of the happiest in my life; no chronic disease: the residence in my diocese, from the latter end of July to that of November, was most agreeable. No token of disaffection either towards myself or the church.'

'*Jan.* 6, 1833, *Sunday.* My excellent friend, Dr. Hughes, died about four o'clock this morning; he was much emaciated, but for the last two or three weeks had felt no pain or distress.'

'*March* 1, *Friday, St. David's Day.* Preached for the Welsh School, Gray's Inn Lane, St. Martin's in the Fields.'

'*April* 19. Sir C. Grey dined with me to meet a party after his return from India. I had not seen him for twelve years, having married him in April, 1821, just before his departure for India. He has now his health, his pension, a wife, and seven fine children, at an age when he may fairly look forward to the enjoyment of many years of life.

A bottle of claret was produced of the present he sent me, as a marriage fee, in April 1821.'

'*April* 26, *Thursday.* Set out for Offwell.'

'*April* 27. Stopped at Hindon, and walked to Fonthill, the weather being bright and dry, but the season backward. The scene was to me delightful. The tall ruins standing in solitude, the lawns freshly mown, the disposition of the groups of trees and shrubs, with green irregular glades, the profusion of Rhododendrons and other American plants, the beautiful form of the ground, the tranquillity of the scene, nothing but the singing of birds and the occasional springing of game, or leaping of fish in the silent pool, the spacious and solitary woodland scene, broken by lawn—all gave it the effect of fairy land. My imagination was powerfully affected, especially as I recollected the contrast, when the scene was thronged with company, and all its gorgeous wealth and elegance in full display.'

'*Jan.* 2, 1834. Dined with Sir Robert Inglis at Clapham Common. Several East Indians; Lock, Bayley, &c., and Mr. Burnes, of the Indian army, lately returned from exploring the Indus, and the countries between India and the Caspian. He had visited Bokhara, a city not seen by any European for 400 years. I had the pleasure of conversing with him on this subject with the map before us.'

The introduction of letters in the midst of diary memoranda may seem to have an abrupt effect. But I have thought it best to preserve, so far as may be, the chronological order of the materials, and not to risk truthful effect by any attempt at a classification, which, after all, could be but most imperfect, from the nature of the case.

The first of the two letters which follow contains a sketch of character done to the life—a sketch suggested by that warmth of friendship which might belong to many, but executed in a manner that could belong but to few. In the second will be found much weighty remark upon a very important subject, while it will be thought, perhaps, the more valuable, from being exchanged with one who is known to have given deep attention to that subject.

Llansanfraed, October 27, 1834.

My dear Sir,

Having now completed my confirmation tour, I cannot omit to thank you for one of the many delightful occurrences attending it, your kind visit to Merthyrmawr. If I had not seen you I should not have known how to estimate the accounts I had heard of your amended health. It is, I trust, now quite restored. Of myself I can report most favourably. Never do I remember to have spent a happier month than the last. In addition to recovered health, after a long and severe privation, the fineness of the weather, the beauty of the country, the hospitality of the gentry, nearly all of whom I saw, and the general improvement of the disposition of the people towards the church, conspired to raise my spirits, and to give uninterrupted enjoyment. But in the enumeration of causes, it would be most ungrateful not to mention the kind, intelligent, agreeable, and cheerful companion,* who was always at my side. It is impossible for a man to unite in himself more estimable and pleasing qualities—cheerfulness, literary taste, talent for business, constant activity, and invariable good-nature, frankness of disposition, wit, humour, and good sense. There is a character in his pleasantry which is often wanting in witty men—it is never ill-timed nor excessive. It forms, as wit ought to do, the seasoning, not the substance of conversation. And when to all this I add devotion to serious duties, and great theological attainments, I have sketched a character which it grieves me to think is almost unrewarded, when there is no reward too high for it.

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* The late Dean of Llandaff, Bruce Knight.

In the course of my circuit we met with warm-hearted hospitality everywhere, but nowhere, I think, was the domestic scene more interesting than at Duffryn, Aberdare. I shall set down the three entire days spent there as among the happiest of my life. It realized my ideal picture of a Highland chief among his vassals, all looking up to him with affection and veneration. Mr. Bruce's fine intelligent countenance, his clear, loud, cheerful voice, his animated eye, his activity of mind and body, seemed to form him for ruling *volentes per populos.* Every countenance that met him beamed with pleasure. The wild mountain scenery gave a charm to the kind hospitality and hearty good-humour which pervaded the whole family. A more interesting and affectionate one I have never seen, and am not likely again to see.

Your opinion of the Eistedfodd poetry does not much differ from my own. Why M—— should make his bard of the present day traverse mountains *rude and vast,* and sleep on the bare heath, when he might have come down from Merthyr by an excellent road, and have been well lodged at Cardiff, is not so clear. Lloyd's *Ode to the Princess Victoria* struck me as highly poetical, with the exception of one or two passages. He and Miss W—— redeem much dulness, and reflect real lustre upon their country. Next summer I shall be much disappointed if you do not give me an opportunity of showing Mrs. Traherne some of the sights yet unseen by her in this neighbourhood.

Believe me, ever yours sincerely,

E. Llandaff.

Offwell, February 10, 1834.

My dear Berens,

You may wonder at my long silence, but I have nothing to tell you on church affairs beyond my own opinions and surmises. . . . . . . The more the subject is examined, the more will it be felt that the right of patronage is the great obstacle to improvement. It was this which so long obstructed the Curates Bill. As to the inequality of endowments, and the provision made for the *dignity* of the clerical order, these are matters on which the public at large never will be made to judge rightly. The vulgar cannot enter into the notion, and the apparent inconsistency of such principles with the spirit of the Gospel will always influence the opinion of society. The more popular, therefore, our Government becomes, the less likely are these institutions to be respected, or even to be endured. Still, I trust the destruction of them will not be promoted or countenanced by the rulers of the church, although it may be forced upon them. I write from the house of mourning. My brother and his numerous family have sustained a severe shock in the loss of his wife, who was a woman of most amiable and benevolent character, and a model of maternal affection and unpretending good sense and prudence. . . . . . . It has always appeared to me that Oxford stood much more in need of reform, as to the use and distribution of its revenues, than the Church of England. And perhaps this cause it is which makes the opposition to reform stronger there than in the church. It is surely an indisputable fact, that never was the Church of England so free from abuses as at present—never in so improving a state. I speak from my own recollections, both as to the institutions, the practices, and the tone of speaking and thinking among the clergy. I dread all sudden and theoretical measures. The main thing we want is a governing body, vested with power to frame regulations *pro re natâ,* and to adapt them to the ever-changing circumstances of the times. The property of the church ought also to be more under the control of its ecclesiastical governors than it is, and there should be less right of appeal to temporal courts, which are too apt to paralyze the discipline of the church, by protecting all civil rights of ecclesiastics with the same jealousy that they do the rights of absolute freeholds. That foolish word *freehold* ought to be banished from our establishment, if we would really make it a thing subservient to special uses.

Believe me, my dear Berens,
Ever sincerely yours,
E. LLANDAFF.

The following extracts from a letter written to myself cannot fail to interest, while it must awaken very melancholy reflections. How greatly and how necessarily changed within a few years were the sentiments of the writer towards that remarkable and most estimable man as I remember him, whose pamphlet, recommending the creation of suffragan bishops, is here acknowledged; how kindly respectful, and almost deferential, are the bishop's expressions, recognising as he does in the author of that pamphlet a mind and intellect seldom equalled. I would ask the reader to compare this letter with one written to the Provost of Oriel in 1843, subsequently inserted.

Deanery, St. Paul's, March 24, 1835.

My dear William,

. . . . Pray tell Newman I shall read anything from his pen with interest, and that I shall feel obliged to him for a copy of his pamphlet,—only let him not to think me disrespectful, or unworthy of it, or necessarily adverse to his opinions, in case I do not write to him on the subject. I have a great personal regard for Newman, which I hope is in some degree reciprocal; yet I can easily imagine that our opinions on matters of academical and ecclesiastical concern do not exactly coincide. . . . . . Suffragan bishops were tried after the Reformation, but the experiment was thought to have failed. In practice, it led to jealousies and disputes. The suffragan bishop of Colchester was suspended for interfering improperly with the province of the bishop of London. Several such objections recurred, and they were discontinued early in Elizabeth's reign. . . . . . The idea of a *subordinate* bishop is, indeed, hardly reconcilable with the principle of episcopal government, and his functions would never be so satisfactory to the people as those of the superior bishop.

Ever yours, affectionately,

E. LLANDAFF.

'*June* 25, 1835. A day of intellectual treats. Examination of Brunel on the Western Railway Committee; 2. Sir Henry Halford's Harveian Oration; 3. Bishop of Exeter on presenting the Rev. Mr. Stoney's and the Rev. Mr. Nangle's petitions from Ireland: each excellent in their kind.

'*July* 4. To Cambridge Installation.'

'*July* 5, *Sunday*. University Church. Dined with Dr. Turton, Divinity Professor, a most amiable and hospitable man. The Bishop of Exeter dined there also. We were both most agreeably impressed with the recollection of our trip from Oxford in July 1796. I had not been at Cambridge since. The improvement in buildings during the interval has been prodigious. King's, Corpus, Trinity, St. John's, the Pitt Press, Downing College, the Observatory, besides a multitude of minor works, make it appear almost a new place. The stupendous chapel of King's is almost the only old prominent feature. Attended the evening service in this chapel.'

'*July* 9, *Thursday.* Walked about with Mr. Lonsdale, seeing various interesting objects. There is nothing at Oxford to be compared with the scene from the back of the walks at Cambridge. Grand dinner at King's; magnificent hall. Music during and after dinner. Acknowledged a toast on the part of the University of Oxford.'

July 10. Visited King's chapel again, and examined the monumental inscriptions of my ancestor, Dr. John Copleston, provost, who died in 1689. The inscription, although on a floor-stone, is well preserved. It is in the Marlborough chapel. All the ceremonies were conducted with great decorum and magnificence, and there was a noble and generous display of hospitality, well suited to the occasion, and presenting a lively picture to the imagination of ancient pomp and pageantry.'

Writing soon after to his friend, Archdeacon Berens, the bishop makes this lively mention of his former visit to Cambridge:—

'It is true that I was at the Cambridge installation, having been asked by Lord Camden. In the year 1796, Phillpotts and myself made an excursion of a week from Oxford, in a gig hired for the purpose. We saw all the sights—it was the time of commencement—heard the prizes, viewed scornfully their ceremonies—criticized their colleges, and returned by another route to Oxford. This was thirty-nine years ago. I had not visited Cambridge since, although my companion had; and to me it was singularly interesting to find myself, after this long interval, again on the spot, sitting by his side, both of us bishops, and both admitted together to the same academical honour.'

'*Jan.* 16, 1837. Standing Committee, S.P.C.K. Being in the chair, I moved that a declaratory sentence be printed in all the Society's tracts, to the effect, 'That the Society vouch for the orthodoxy, and the accordance with the Church of England, of all matter contained in the publications on their list, but by no means profess to regard them as perfect, or incapable of improvement.' Motion negatived, but entered on the minutes, which was all I wanted, for I am persuaded that this is the surest, and, indeed, the only way of preserving peace and unity in the Society.'

The next entry I insert chiefly as introductory to the letter which follows, addressed to Sir Thomas Phillips. It will be remembered that in this year, 1837, there was a general movement throughout the country on the subject of church rates.

'*March* 16. Presented many petitions against the abolition of church rates. Spoke against Lord Brougham, on the comparative weight due to petitions on one side and the other.'

Deanery, St. Paul's, March 14, 1837.

Dear Sir,

The meeting at Usk was everything that a true friend to the church could desire, and of those who took a leading part in its proceedings, no one is better entitled to the thanks of the church than yourself. You placed the question on its right footing; you advanced with great force and eloquence all the best arguments in defence of our claims, and you refuted admirably the weak and fallacious reasonings of our opponents. I agree with you in thinking that the prescriptive obligation is the best legal ground to take in public discussion; and that the right or the duty of the state to maintain religion (for both duty and right are in this age called in question) is better reserved as an argument against those who do not see the consequences of their reasoning against church rates, or who affect not to see them. I read the report in the *Merlin* with the liveliest pleasure, especially the speeches of yourself and of Mr. Williams of Lanvapley. It was most gratifying to me also to perceive the total absence of all party and local politics, of which you gave a most edifying example. By this time you must have read Sir R. Peel's speech, in the latter part of which he throws out hints for overcoming the difficulties inherent in this question. One of these is the same as your own, that of charging the rate on the owner, not the occupier of the land. But the difficulty mainly, nay, almost solely, lies with the rate on *houses.* Now, it always appeared to me somewhat of a grievance that houses should be rated, the occupiers of which had no admission into the church *even when desirous* of it. Might not an exemption in such cases be allowed? And might not the Dissenter, if rated, have the power of transferring his right of admission to another who would pay the rate. This mode has not yet been suggested that I know of, and yet it seems to me the most equitable and the most practicable way of overcoming the main difficulty. I shall mention it to some member of the House of Commons, where the subject will, of course, be first settled. I own I do not believe the statement put forth by many Dissenters, and repeated by Lord H—— as the sense of two millions of the inhabitants of this country, that they have conscientious objections to a payment out of the consolidated fund, or any of the national revenues. Let it be once done, and nothing would be thought about it. No local excitement could be caused when no actual payment was felt. It would, I believe, put a *quietus* to all the declamation we have lately heard. Yet I do not wish for this plan. I should greatly prefer the continuance of the old liability, modified in some way like that above suggested.

I remain, dear Sir,
With great regard, your very faithful and
obedient servant,
E. Llandaff.

The year 1839 was marked to the bishop by an event in his own family which he thus tenderly notices in his diary, and in the letter that I give below. Reverential affection for his parents, I have before observed, formed a beautiful and instructive part of the bishop's moral constitution.

'*January* 3, 1839. My dear and honoured mother expired this morning between four and five. She died without pain, and had passed several days in a state of dozing—pious and affectionate to the last—but the intellectual powers quite decayed. She was in her 92nd year, having been born in July, 1747.'

Offwell, January 14th, 1839.

My dear Tyler,*

You say well, that the late death in my family is not an occasion of *condolence* but of sympathy. It is most gratifying to me to have that sympathy voluntarily and kindly expressed by yourself. The thanks which I return are those not of myself only. My dear mother's intellectual faculties, especially her memory, had for the last three or four years been much weakened, but her piety, her benevolence, her domestic affections, were all fresh, habitual, and even increasing as the end of life approached, and that without any loss of cheerfulness. She thought little or nothing of herself, except as to her future state, but for those around her she was continually expressing love and gratitude, and a desire to please or to benefit them. She was in her 92nd year, and had she lived to July would have entered on her 93rd. You know, I believe, that her father and the poet Gay were brothers' sons. It was always remarked that the name Gay was very appropriate to this family. There was a constitutional cheerfulness and good humour, of which she also had her share. It is delightful to think that this innocent playfulness and light-heartedness was not disturbed, even in extreme old age; there was no fretfulness, no pain, no fear or anxiety about quitting this world. Most sincerely do I breathe the well-known prayer, 'May my latter end be like hers!' She seemed quietly to sleep away. . . . . . I have now many letters to write and much to do. Accept the thanks and cordial good wishes of your sincere and constant friend, E. LLANDAFF.

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* Formerly fellow and tutor of Oriel College, canon of St. Paul's.

The first of the four letters, which I now add in their chronological order, will give a vivid idea of that free spirit and comprehensive wisdom with which the bishop administered the affairs of his diocese.

Deanery, St. Paul's, March 21, 1839.

My dear Chancellor,*

Whether I shall get through the load of business which lies before me, and appals me, as necessary to be dispatched before night, I have great doubts; but I will begin with you, to make sure of not failing in the most important part, and towards one who has the strongest claims upon me. First, then, I rejoice in the favourable report you make of the first two candidates. They will strengthen our clerical establishment. As to Mr. ——, of whom, as well as of the others, you give me a *graphic* description

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* Bruce Knight, afterwards dean of Llandaff.

(which is not only interesting but useful), I am upon the whole decidedly of opinion that he ought to be received. Not only the full evidence we have of his character, his knowledge of the Bible, his orthodox opinions, his talents for preaching, and the reputation he has long enjoyed among those best qualified to appreciate his merits, incline me to this opinion, but I take into account, also, the field of duty in which he is to be employed—the foul and neglected part of the vineyard on which his labours are wanted, and the little chance there is of procuring men of more refined education and manners to devote themselves to that service. Besides which, the very defects you notice will not appear to be defects *there.* He is a Galilæan, about to preach in Galilee, where his speech will not bewray him; and although the Greek of St. Matthew's Gospel may be a *terra incognita* to him, so it probably was to St. Peter, and so I suspect it would be to many a divine now esteemed a learned and regularly-bred minister of our church. 'A blot,' they say, 'is no blot till it is hit,' and who is to hit this blot at ——?' Away, then, with these scruples—'Go, thou, into the vineyard,' let us say to him, 'and whatever is just, that shalt thou receive.' I have little doubt but that at the day of reckoning he will be found as well entitled to his wages as the rest. I have printed a sermon, with an appendix; a copy is in my hands for you.

Ever, my dear Chancellor,
Sincerely yours,
E. Llandaff.

Deanery, St. Paul's, August 7, 1839.

My dear Chancellor,

I am glad I did not hear of your illness until after you began to recover. When I get to Hardwick, I shall be disappointed if I don't hear that you are quite well again. You have been kind and considerate in not letting me know your ailing at a time when, I fear, business must have been burdensome and vexatious. . . . . Last night I went to hear Brougham's attack (a powerful one of three hours) on Lord Normanby, with a magnificent peroration of ten minutes, and Lord Normanby's feeble answer. When Lord Melbourne got up, I found it necessary to come away. The House sat till near four. As a proof of the peculiar talents of that extraordinary man, Brougham—after his speech, during a flat part of Lord Normanby's answer, he came into the tea-room where I was for a little refreshment. Instantly he began with me, in the most eager manner, on the subject of some letters I had put in his hands of Lord Dudley's. He had read them that day, and was going into the topics of one of them in the minutest detail, just as if he had been doing nothing else, and had nothing upon his mind. I gave him another parcel, and we went back to the House together. He, I perceive by the papers this morning, not only sat to the end, but made a sharp and effective reply at the close.'

Hardwick House, Oct. 1, 1839.

My dear Berens,*

Having now finished my visitation, and that most satisfactorily, I hope to have the pleasure of receiving my friends in the course of this month and the beginning of November, and I write to you thus early that you may take your choice of the time before my rooms are engaged. . . . . . . The most gratifying improvement which I have witnessed is in some of the towns of my diocese, especially Newport—a few years ago the most ill-conditioned place in the county. A bishop was almost insulted in the streets. . . . . . Since the new church was built, there has been a progressive improvement. I made it my head-quarters five days during my visitation. I preached at each church, and never hardly addressed a more numerous audience. The reception was hearty, and full of respect to the office. The bells rung the whole day of the visitation—a thing never thought of before. The organist and choir selected a very appropriate anthem, and performed it, I thought, admirably. I have also good hopes that the *ανερες σιδηρεοι*—the iron-masters on the hills, have at length turned to a juster sense of their duty in providing for the religious instruction of the myriads they bring there. But I must close my pleasing dream.

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* Archdeacon of Berks.

Believe me ever, my dear Berens,
Sincerely yours,
E. LLANDAFF.

Hardwick House, November 1, 1839.

My dear Provost,*

. . . . Yesterday I returned from Glamorganshire, where I had been to consecrate a new church in the mining district. It stands in the vale of Taff, about midway between Cardiff and Merthyr, a most romantic and beautiful situation—once a solitude, now swarming with people, yet retaining its wild beauties and mountainous character. The day was lovely, and the scene most impressive. After the church was consecrated, the usual procession round the burial-ground took place, and I shall never forget the sublime and affecting feelings raised by the psalm sung in the open air, amidst the steeps waving with oak wood, the rocks, and the river flowing below. Mr. Bruce Pryce was the prime mover, and has been the principal benefactor, although he has no share in iron works, and his landed estates lie at a distance from the spot. . . .

Ever yours most truly,
E. LLANDAFF.

'*February* 2, 1840, *Sunday*. My sixty-fourth birthday.

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* Dr. Hawkins, provost of Oriel College.

Attended the cathedral. Administered the sacrament. May the remainder of my life correspond with the resolutions there made!

'Last night I was hardly able to sleep, from the strong impressions made on my mind by the stupendous discoveries and results of experiments by Mr. Whetstone on electricity, and his most ingenious mechanical apparatus for an electric telegraph. He had kindly met me by appointment in the lecture-room of King's College, and for an hour and a quarter was incessantly occupied in explaining to me alone the whole doctrine, and the admirable application of it to this purpose of a telegraph. The velocity with which the communication takes place is almost inconceivable. By some curious experiments, however, he seems to have ascertained that it travels 160,000 miles, or more than eight times the circumference of the globe, in one second; and what is more wonderful still, he speaks of this, not as denoting *instantaneous* or *immeasurable*, but he has contrived to measure a subdivision of time equal to one-millionth part of a second, and he speaks of this *one second* as a portion of time ascertained, so that it might take *two seconds* to travel 400,000 miles, and so on. Gas and steam have done much, but this agent is destined to do much more, and to work an incalculable change in human affairs. It far exceeds even the feats of pretended magic, and the wildest fictions of the East. This subjugation of nature, and conversion of her powers to the use and will of man, actually do, as Lord Bacon predicted it would do, a thousand times more than what all the preternatural powers which men have dreamt of, and wished to obtain, were ever imagined capable of doing. Happy am I in having commenced my sixty-fifth year with this bright vision, which promises to introduce a wonderful reality, and an accession to our intellectual dominion, boundless both in extent and in value.

'Yesterday I put the finishing hand to the volume of Lord Dudley's letters, which will be out in the course of a week.'

'*February* 4. Debate on the socialists. Admirable speech from the Bishop of Exeter, luminous, eloquent, forcible, full of matter, the arrangement masterly, the tone sometimes solemn, sometimes animated, energetic and bold, the reasoning correct and vigorous. His self-possession is wonderful as is his command of language, considering that he has not the practice of a lawyer, or of a man in office, yet in these respects he surpasses them all. The Bishop of London also spoke in his best manner. He always brings out original thoughts, bearing well upon the subject. His diction the readiest, and purest, and most correct of any speaker. The Bishop of Exeter carried his point, an address to the Queen, without a division. The ministers completely beaten.'

'*February* 28. Dined at Sir F. Burdett's; Lord Lyndhurst, Sir Robert Peel, Croker, Theodore Hook, Sinclair, eight in all, besides his own family. Peel unusually open—about House of Commons matters, his own feelings in debate,' &c.

'*March* 5. Called on Lord Ashburton, to see his portrait of Queen Mary, brought from the royal palace at Madrid, to compare it with one I had bought of Wright. While we were talking, Joseph Buonaparte was announced, under the title of Count Survilliers. He had come to see Lord Ashburton's pictures, and we went over the collection together. This was one of the most marvellous coincidences that can occur in life. It was my first call on Lord Ashburton, and it appeared to be his. I was in conversation with Lord Ashburton, who was telling me that he had bought the picture of the ex-king, who brought it to England to identify two jewels which he sold here, and which are accurately represented in this portrait. He had hardly uttered the words, when the very man was announced. I had long wished to see him. In person he is much better than I expected; moderate-sized, well-made, with a smiling, unaffected, good-natured countenance and manner—a very perceptible family likeness to Napoleon; his hair smooth on the top of the head, as he and as Lucien wore theirs—a very neat figure, about seventy I believe, but looking not so old. Lord Ashburton has a large picture, by Velasquez, the subject is the king of Spain (Frederic IV.) at his favourite sport, the whole court, ladies and all, present. Stags, being driven into an oblong inclosure, the sportsman (in this case the king) attacks them with a sword, and as he kills them, attendants drag them out. The scene is near the Prado, with churches and other buildings of Madrid in view. It was curious to me to be thus standing with an ex-king of Spain, viewing the spot where he had reigned; he and his attendant identified several of the buildings.'

'*May* 2. Dinner at the Royal Academy. Exhibition of superior merit. All the ministers there. Duke of Wellington and four other dukes. Guizot spoke in French in a most animated style, connecting the fine arts with the moral and social improvement of man. Sir M. Shee more than usually felicitous and elegant in his eloquence.'

'*July* 8. Third reading of the church discipline bill. Got the fourteenth clause introduced, for inhibiting an accused clergyman, *pendente lite*, from officiating, if the bishop should, after hearing the case, think it expedient.'

'*November* 15. Having given public notice that I would preach at Newport against the Roman-catholic errors, as they had lately consecrated a cathedral there with great pomp, I set out this morning at eight, and reached Mr. Francis's house soon after ten. Preached twice to a crowded church—the most profound attention—the number supposed to be fifteen hundred or sixteen hundred in the morning, and two or three hundred more in the evening. Greatly pressed to publish the sermons.'

The following very interesting and instructive letter, addressed to his friend Archbishop Whately, relates to their publication, and gives the history of their composition.

Deanery, St. Paul's, Jan. 27, 1841.

My dear Archbishop,

I have resumed the publication of two anti-papal sermons, preached at Newport, to which I intend to prefix (under the title of *Pastoral Address to the Inhabitants*) my own views of the character of Popery, and of the strenuous resistance they ought to oppose to its recent encroachments in my diocese. I had intended to introduce my own views, generally not critically, of the New Testament prophecies, as to the 'man of sin,' &c.; but the reading of Todd's Lectures, and his coadjutor's writings in the same strain—Maitland, of Lambeth Palace—have made me pause. I should like to know what your opinion is of Todd's view. He has certainly thrown great light upon the historical view of this question, and has compelled me to give up the ἀταλαίπωρος ζήτησις, to which we have been so long prone, taking for granted Mede's theory, and looking no further back than his expositions for the principles by which to guide our opinions.

At first I was prejudiced against both Maitland and Todd, but a diligent perusal has satisfied me that they are both sincere and orthodox Christians, men of remarkably strong intellect, perspicuous writers, accurate and indefatigable in their researches, and acute reasoners.

There is, however, one point about which I am inclined to differ from them.

They seem to think that an apparent inconsistency and incongruity is sufficient to refute an interpretation of prophecy, *e. g.*, that to suppose the spiritual succession of the ministry transmitted through a medium characterized as antichrist amounts to a contradiction. Now this strikes me as an assumption. It may be a difficulty—an unaccountable mystery; so is the prevalence of evil, and the partial success of the evil one in his continual struggle against Christ's kingdom. So are the deceitful artifices by which, with a Protean versatility, he assumes every form—even that of an angel of light, in order to defeat the salvation of men. All that we can venture to say is, that for a time these things *are permitted.* The prince of this world has his season of riot, and rebellion, and mischief. There is spiritual wickedness in high places, as well as in the more secret recesses of the human heart; and why may not the highest of Christ's ministers be influenced by this malignant power, so as to become rebels and traitors to the cause in which they are sworn? Fall down and worship me, and all these glories shall be thine, was the original temptation addressed to our Lord. He, indeed, was proof against it, and his example is recorded in the Gospel as a guide and warning to those who are to succeed in the government of his earthly kingdom. And how instructive is the lesson, when we learn from history that this temptation has actually succeeded in alienating the very leaders of his church from their duty! It is surely the temptation of worldly grandeur and power that is the solution of all that mystery of iniquity, of which Rome has been the patron and the most prominent example. Into the details of the prophetic imagery, and the chronology of the Revelations, I have no disposition to enter; neither do I think it at all serviceable to the cause of Gospel truth. Each succeeding commentator has been admirably successful in refuting the hypothesis of his predecessor; and now this last school screens itself against such a danger of *assuming* that the prophecies must be understood literally; and, therefore, they are all as yet unfulfilled. If I do enter at all into the consideration of this question in my *Pastoral Address*, I think of recommending that middle class of interpreters, as Jewell, Field, and a few others, adverted to in a note of Todd (see vi. page 325), who regard the corruptions of popery, not as affecting the whole body of the church, though nominally governed by the Pope, but that there always was a large party in the church bearing testimony to the truth, and, whether secretly or publicly, holding the true faith, uncontaminated by such errors. To me it seems not improbable that the Council of Trent, which *first* decreed all these errors and corruptions to be essential parts of the Christian faith, was an epoch which may be regarded as critical in the history of the church; and I see no reason for rejecting the obvious interpretations of St. Paul's words in 2 Thessalonians and 1 Timothy, as descriptive of the antichrist seated as a god in the very temple of his kingdom. Not that I would analyze the particulars, about forbidding to marry, and enjoining abstinence from meats, as solely characteristic of this apostasy, but as generally descriptive of that spurious religion into which a departure from Gospel simplicity always falls, and which this antichristian power availed itself of as one of its instruments of delusion.

Shortly after the preaching of those two sermons, to which the above at its commencement refers, the bishop wrote to the Provost of Oriel as follows:—

December 9, 1840.

My dear Provost,

I am inquiring everywhere, but hitherto without success, for a curate to take charge of a church under very peculiar circumstances, and it strikes me that the universities must contain individuals well qualified, and not indisposed to undertake such a charge. It is the parish church of Newport (called St. Woollos), which is now most unfortunately situated, the place swarming with population, and increasing daily, all sorts of dissent prevalent, and, in addition to these evils, of late the Roman Catholics have made great efforts to acquire an ascendancy there. They have enlarged their chapel, built a tower, made it look like an important church (many people call it a cathedral), and about three weeks ago they opened it with great pomp, announcing in the county newspapers and in hand-bills that pontifical mass would be celebrated, four prelates and twenty-six clergy attending, and on two successive days sacred music, with performers from London, would accompany the service of the mass, to which people were invited to come by purchase of tickets. I heard of this just as I was preparing to leave my diocese, and I resolved to stay a week longer, in order to counteract to the utmost of my power these proceedings. I believe my exertions were not unavailing. I wrote to the principal families, entreating them to take no part in the ceremony, or to attend it, and I announced by bills that I would come the next Sunday, and preach twice against the errors and corruptions of the Church of Rome. I mention this to show the character of the place and the nature of the emergency, and I am most anxious to place an efficient curate there. He must, however, be not only a man of talent, energy, character, and good judgment, but he must have something of his own to live upon, for the salary will be only 100*l*., out of which he must find lodgings. But it is a field of action rather attractive to many persons, and one in which he will be well supported, and will have the satisfaction of acting an important and most useful part. Surely among the fellows of colleges some such person is to be found. He would be appointed by *me* as bishop. Excuse the haste in which I write.

Ever yours sincerely,
E. LLANDAFF.

I begin the year 1841 with a letter, in which a subject of great interest at that time is noticed—Dr. Chalmers and the Free Church.

Deanery, St. Paul's, Feb. 23, 1841.

My dear Provost,

Everything goes on well, I hope, under your roof. I was gratified at finding that your addition is on the minority side as to sex, which I hold to be a desirable thing in a family. Alas! your brother Francis, about the same time was deprived of his little infant, which, according to Jeremy Taylor's beautiful comparison, was like a lamp that went out ere it was well lit. He dined with me the day before this loss, having comforted himself with the belief that danger was over. He met a party of some interest. Among them were two Edinburgh clergymen, Dr. M'Farlane and Mr. Cunningham, introduced to me by a letter from Dr. Chalmers, whose errand was to interest the bishops and other M.P.s for the non-intrusion party. We had much friendly discussion, but I told them I thought their sensitive objection to the interference of the civil power, to the extent to which they pushed it, an over-refinement. The fact is, Chalmers and others—men of the greatest weight and respectability—have committed themselves a little incautiously, and cannot, without loss of character, now recede an inch. There is not time to enter fully into the question, for I am summoned to the House of Lords to hear our friend the Bishop of Exeter on the Canada-Popish question.

By-the-bye, let me beg the favour of you to tell me whether you still keep aloof from the Martyr Memorial

Subscription. I am inclined to send another *5l.*, as they want money, and I should be obliged to you to convey it, if you have no objection, and if, at the same time, you think the case requires it. I have no superfluity, but have plenty of uses for all the pounds I have. Still I should be sorry to see this affair languish, and am quite ready to make this second offering.

Believe me, my dear Provost,
Ever sincerely yours,
E. LLANDAFF.

'*March* 31, 1841. To Birmingham by railway in five hours and a quarter. On my arrival, drove to the Leasowes, seven miles; walked over the whole ground with a workman employed there. What a power of locomotion, without fatigue! I breakfasted at St. Paul's, left at twenty minutes past nine, went this journey of 120 miles, saw the whole of the interesting grounds of Shenstone (now sadly neglected) before dinner, and had an evening to myself of three or four hours for reading, writing, &c.'

'*June* 11. Spoke against the third reading of the Jews' Declaration Bill, and moved its rejection, which was carried by 98 to 64.'

To this entry the annexed letter relates:—

Deanery, St. Paul's, June 16, 1841.

My dear Chancellor,

. . . . . . My speech on the Jew Bill was but indifferently reported. My main argument was, that the measure was perfectly inadmissible in the proposed form, 'as an extension of indulgence to the conscientious scruples of Quakers, Moravians, and other Christians.' If Jews were to be included, *à fortiori* might Mahometans, who do not regard Christ as an impostor or blasphemer, but as an inspired person sent from God.' That the measure, if entertained at all, ought to be placed upon another footing, an abolition of *all* religious qualification for civil office. This argument was not ill received by Lords Brougham and Radnor . . . . and if it had been the *second reading* (which I could not attend) instead of the *third*, I believe the majority would have been greater. Your approval is always cheering to me. The Bishop of London (*qui nil molitur ineptè*) was great on this occasion, as he always is, but no report can do him justice. It is always below the truth. . . . . . .

Yours most truly,
E. LLANDAFF.

'*August* 16. Returned through Abergavenny, where I stopt to see Miss Herbert's church and almshouses. The whole was finished inside and out, and in the nicest order; the clergyman's house very comfortable, the eight almshouses occupied, and fifty girls attending the school.'

The singularly beautiful yet simple dedication of the sermon preached by the bishop at the consecration of this church will be in the recollection of many. At the suggestion of a friend I insert it. The sermon was published the same year that it was preached (1840), and is entitled, *Separation either a duty or a sin.*

Dedication
to
MISS RACHEL HERBERT,
Founder of Trinity Church, Abergavenny.

Madam,

The following discourse, occasioned by your munificence, is dedicated to you, not so much in the expectation of gratifying your feelings, as for the sake of giving utterance to my own: for it is impossible to contemplate deeds of benevolence and piety so truly evangelical without strong emotions. By founding at the same time a church, a school, and an almshouse, and placing them in close connexion with each other, you have embodied, as it were, in one act the three Christian graces—Faith, Hope, and Charity.

That you may long enjoy the fruits of this labour of love, in beholding the aged fed and comforted, the young well instructed, and the poor having the Gospel preached to them through your means, is the sincere prayer of

Your faithful friend and fellow-servant in Christ,

E. Llandaff.

Deanery, St. Paul's, December 21, 1840.

The letter below, while it speaks of the infirmities of age stealing on, gives at the same time lively proof of unabated vigour and activity of mind.

Offwell, July 12, 1841.

My dear Chancellor,

I will not lose a moment in thanking you for your prompt attention to my wishes, and for the excellent scheme of operations you have drawn out for me. It is, I believe, the best in all respects that can be devised. I have at times a little misgiving as to my own physical powers, which are certainly failing, and the only change I should like would be a holiday once or twice in the course of the tour, and that in your company; both of us idle, 'et ad omnem remissionem animi nos demittentes.' But let me anticipate this recreation at Hardwick, which I hope you will again enliven with your company this year, and every year while it is called mine. When I speak of decay of physical powers, it is not that I repine, or am distressed by it, only it has come rather more suddenly upon me than I expected. Two or three years ago, after recovery from illness, I could ride at a good trot or canter for many miles and walk some hours in a day, not only without fatigue, but exhilarated by it. Now I feel my limbs stiff and aching after an hour's exercise, however gentle, and I can no longer look to a walk as a ready and sure recreation after any weariness of reading or business, or any cares and molestations. But I will drop this strain, and encourage myself by the example you set of cheerful perseverance under many domestic anxieties, for which you have my sincere sympathy, although I do not often advert to them in my letters. What do you think of my going last Monday *evening*, by railway, seventy-seven miles in three hours, to Southampton, merely to witness Colonel Pasley's operation on the Royal George, an explosion of seven hundred pounds' weight of gunpowder? I went to the *lump*, as they call Pasley's shapeless raft, in the port-admiral's yacht; had a very pleasant day, and returned the next morning to London in three hours, reading the whole way, except when conversation with intelligent fellow-travellers intervened. Above all, there was not the slightest sensation of fatigue; and it is no trifle that this expedition is obtained without any animal suffering, as it is in posting, or coach travelling, at one third of the speed; for the most tender-hearted sentimentalist need not sympathize with the puffing and groaning engine.

Ever yours sincerely,
E. LLANDAFF.

The two next letters are of melancholy interest to myself, as the son of him to whom they relate; but I do not insert them merely to gratify my own feeling. They exhibit the bishop in the relation of a bereaved brother, and in the character of a Christian mourner.

The Rev. John Gaius Copleston, rector of Offwell, Devon, the only surviving brother of the bishop, was seized with apoplexy 19th July, 1841, while on his way to church, and died on the 20th, æt. 61.

From a very detailed notice of this event in the diary I give the subjoined extract:—

..... 'Upon having notice of his approaching end, I repaired to his bedside, and pressed his hand, still warm, and watched his countenance, placid and motionless. Life had just departed, but so gradually, that the precise moment when he ceased to breathe could not be discovered. I could not help declaring to his anxious and faithful servants, who surrounded his bed, that such an end was to be desired, and that 'I hoped mine might be like his.''

It was in the event far otherwise, many weeks of painful and lingering exhaustion preceding his own departure to rest.

> ...... non hæc sine numine divôm
> Eveniunt. *Æn.* ii.

Offwell, July 24, 1841.

My dear Tyler,

You have hit the right chord in touching upon the mournful event which has overwhelmed this family with sorrow; but it is not the sorrow of those who have no hope, for never was there a case which better justified the confident hope, that our dear departed brother is in our Saviour's kingdom. On Monday he will be 'gathered to his people' in a vault where his father and mother and wife and sister and two children already lie. Soon after that I shall repair to Hardwick—perhaps at the end of the week.

Your quotations are both eminently beautiful.

Believe me ever, my dear friend,
Sincerely and affectionately yours,
E. LLANDAFF.

Offwell, July 27, 1841.

My dear Traherne,

Yesterday we attended the remains of my dear brother to the grave. All the parishioners, without exception, I believe, attended also, and testified by their tears, and by most unequivocal evidence of heartfelt sorrow, how sensible they were of their loss, and how sincerely they loved and esteemed him. Nine of his children (one being in India) were present. Two or three of my nieces will, I hope, be domiciliated with me when I am in the country. In the course of a week from this time I mean to be at Hardwick, and to continue in my diocese till November. During that time, I may surely expect the pleasure of a visit from you and Mrs. Traherne. I have thought you would not be displeased with the little tract that accompanies this letter, both as a memorial of my departed brother, and as a token of friendship from me.

Believe me,
Ever yours sincerely,
E. Llandaff.

Writing to the Archbishop of Dublin a few months after he thus expresses himself:—

'My dear brother's loss I feel severely. The society of a *coëval* cannot, I find, be compensated by any affection of younger persons. The Homeric ὁμηλικη ἐρατείνη is a most expressive phrase, denoting an instinct of our nature, from which the most constant enjoyment of life arises, and which, of course, is rapidly diminished as old age advances.'

Finding nothing of particular interest to record for some space, I may at once present the reader with the following letters, addressed to Mr. P. B. Duncan and the Provost of Oriel:—

Deanery, St. Paul's, April 10, 1843.

My dear Duncan,

I will not lose a post in answering inquiries, which prove that neither distance, nor domestic anxiety on account of your brother, have driven me from your thoughts. Thank God! he is set up for another year, and we may hope for several years, and that you continue in vigour of mind and body. . . . . The church, however, is not in a tranquil or happy state; a split is dreaded between the Church Missionary Society and the S. P. C. K., but this I hope will be, by the prudence and good temper of our primate, staved off. But other grave questions are in agitation; whether the convocation shall be really, and not formally alone held. On this subject I hesitate—fear predominating rather over hope. Still there are many things wanting to be done, which convocation alone is competent to do, and therefore I am in suspense. Our amiable primate, with whom I dined on Saturday, bears all these cares with his usual imperturbable serenity. He bears his *years* also admirably. In his 78th year, he strikes me as not altered from what I knew him thirty years ago. . . . . Whether Taylor College is capable of being employed in the way Grant recommends, I don't know. It seems a good and happy thought, closely connected with the declared purpose of the foundation to teach modern languages. You may remember the refined skill with which Radcliffe's bequest was construed to be applicable to the foundation of an observatory. By his will, he had directed the residue of his property, if any, after building the library, to be employed in works of *charity* and *humanity*. There could be no doubt that an observatory was a most desirable thing for Oxford, and would prove a noble monument to his memory, but *how* to bring this object within the terms of the will was the difficulty. At length this solution was proposed and accepted. As navigation depended on astronomy, and the interests of *humanity* were deeply involved in rendering navigation less dangerous, an observatory might well be regarded as legitimate employment of this surplus. The connecting Christian missions with a foundation for teaching modern languages seems to be a less strained construction, and I hope it may prevail.

Brougham's last speech on the Ashburton Treaty was a wonderful display of his greatest talents. Three hours and five minutes by the clock—no hesitation, no fault of a syllable, no defect in the arrangement, even of a sentence, much less of the matter of the argument, his periods varied, complicated, sometimes of vast length and amplitude, yet perfect in their structure, rich in epithets and imagery and rhythm, all delivered with the intonations which a practised actor would give to a well-known and often-repeated part, yet not one of these sentences apparently prepared beforehand. He launches boldly on the ocean, tossed and turning as he goes along under the gusts of passion and imagination, yet secure of his course, and never for a moment impressing you with an idea of his danger. But, with all this, the effect is transient. You do not go away convinced. . . . . . . With affectionate regards to your brother and his family,

I remain yours, most truly and cordially,

E. Ll.

Hardwick, August 8, 1843.

. . . . Two of my nieces, and two little nieces of theirs, born at Madras, but now seven and eight years old, form my family party. If you could run across and spend a few days with me, it would be most agreeable to us all. My grounds are in high beauty. The channel, when not in an *un-tidy* state, is a glorious sheet of water, broken by intervening hills and well-wooded tracts, and showing itself again in various forms of outline, while Piercefield displays all its magnificence on the other side of our landscape. Politics are, as you observe, not only gloomy but terrific. As it can do no good, I endeavour not to think of them; and happily, perhaps, for me, I have too much else to think of and to do, to have leisure for public cares and anxieties.

We have been reading of an evening Lady Grosvenor's *Yacht Voyage*, a book I strongly recommend to your brother's perusal—very well written, easy, cheerful, unaffected, full of information, and bearing marks in every page of a cultivated, clever, and virtuous mind. Only one slip-slop phrase have I yet detected, viz.—'different *to*,' instead of *from*. Kind and affectionate regards to all at the Lodge.

Ever yours most truly,
E. LLANDAFF.

Hardwick, August 28, 1843.

My dear Duncan,

Under that title I am privileged to address you both, and may quote Horace more to the letter than you do in your very just and felicitous dedication, 'animæ quales,' &c. My nieces are delighted with your present, and your note, and they wait only the arrival of the portraits to tell you so themselves. I am greatly indebted to you, not only for your company, but for the visit you paid to Offwell, where I perceive you looked at everything with a predisposition to be pleased.

'Vellem in amicitiâ sic erraremus,' says our friend Flaccus. I am particularly glad of your announced intention of coming again in June, for, say what we will, it is impossible to admire a place in bad weather: we see what it *may be*, but we do not see what it really is; and if a place is seen for the first time under such circumstances, it is difficult to overcome the unfavourable impression made by the first visit at any succeeding one. Do read (besides Lady Grosvenor) *Letters from Madras*, by a lady. They are extremely clever, and, in particular, they give a more lively and Wilkie-like portraiture of native character and manners than I ever met with. . . . . . .

Deanery, St. Paul's, February 2, 1844.

My dear Duncan,

It is indeed a long time since we exchanged words, but it has not been owing to anything amiss on my part, either in point of health or spirits. . . . . The scene in the House of Lords yesterday was all serenity and cheerfulness, both during the imposing ceremony of the queen's speech, and in the debate afterwards. Our friend Brougham delivered himself of a characteristic rambling speech, rather interesting on account of his recent *séjour* in France. But what a great part is Guizot still acting, and what a wicked and unprincipled manifestation was made by the French legitimatists in this country! I rejoiced to see the noble resolution Guizot displayed in refusing to soften one syllable of the paragraph relating to them in the address.

I am pleased, and I hope you are, with the wise and temperate answer of the chancellor and vice-chancellor of Oxford to the anti-tractarian laymen. That folly is also on the wane. When mystical divinity has had its run, perhaps the other purposes of life, for which our faculties were given us, will begin to receive due attention at Oxford. For the last two years, I understand, Oxford has exhibited a practical specimen of the Caliph Omar's maxim —'Burn the books: if they are in accordance with our faith they are useless; if against it, they ought to be destroyed.' Science and literature will now, I trust, raise their heads again. I am right glad to find that your tastes and occupations bid defiance to the sickening controversies of the day, and that you, in Victoria Park,* are greeted as cordially as Victoria is in St. James's Park. Now a word for Ireland. Party spirit still warps the judgment of the Whigs. They know as well as we do that *repeal* would be fatal to the greatness and the happiness of England, yet they will not cease to revile and embarrass government, when every hand and tongue ought to be employed in supporting them against this desperate mischief. Last evening, at L——'s, I had a very amicable argument with Lord M—— on the *wrongs* of Ireland, as he called them, and the excuses they furnished for the turbulence and rebellious spirit of the Irish. The rest of the company listened to us, and, I believe, felt I had the best of it, for the burden of my song was,—their wrongs have been in a progressive course of redress for the last sixty or seventy years, and yet in proportion to our good treatment has constantly been their increased violence and rancour. And now that they have nothing left to complain of, they say we repudiate the connexion. This is not a generous, but a servile spirit (as I told him), to behave worse in proportion as *we* behave better and kinder.

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* Bath.

Make my affectionate remembrances to your brother, and accept the same from your sincere and attached friend,

E. LLANDAFF.

Deanery, St. Paul's, Dec. 9, 1846.

My dear Duncan,

. . . . . Let me have a line when you are disposed to write; and pray tell me whether Dr. Routh has finished a fifth volume of the *Reliquiæ.* I have had in my possession for a long time four volumes, which I had imagined was the complete work. If there is a fifth, I suppose it will yet be some time before it issues from the press. The passage from Quadratus is certainly most interesting, but it was long in our popular theological books—as, for instance, in Maunder's *Biographical Dictionary*, under the head Quadratus. The testimony adduced is quite a parallel to St. Paul's respecting the resurrection of our Lord—'Of whom the greater part are still alive, but some have fallen asleep.' . . . . . . In my round to-day I looked in at the cattle-show in Baker-street, and did not expect to derive half the pleasure I have received from it. It is well worth coming to London on purpose. My delight was not a little heightened, by seeing my horned countrymen of North Devon among the 'prizers.' Some, however, of these enormous animals reminded me of Proteus' herd of phocæ —apparently blubber and nothing else. It is also matter of doubt whether unquestionable *good points* in the shape of animals may not, by the art of breeding, be carried to excess, so as to constitute deformity —*e. g.*, a small head, or short legs, or a short neck. I should much enjoy another visit in company with you.

Believe me, my dear friend,
Ever truly yours,
E. LLANDAFF.

Offwell, Honiton, May 2, 1843.

My dear Provost,

It is very kind of you to give me so circumstantial an account of the Oriel election. I rejoice in the result, as affording hope of better things. The foundation is in a critical state. This election may have turned the scale in favour of good sense, of just and honourable views. That defect which I always saw and lamented, and in vain endeavoured to remedy, still, it seems, not only exists but increases—the quackery of the schools. Every election to a fellowship which tends to discourage the narrow and almost technical *routine* of public examinations, I consider as an important triumph. You remember Newman himself was an example. He was not even a good classical scholar, yet in mind and powers of composition, and in taste and knowledge, he was decidedly superior to some competitors who were a class above him in the schools. Alas! how little did we anticipate the fatal consequences:

ἐθρεψεν δε λεοντα
σίνιν δόμοις ἀγαλακτον
* * * *
ἅμερον εὐφιλόπαιδα.—*Agam.* 696.

I am enjoying a fortnight's escape from the smoke of London in a large domestic party, and the weather being fine, and many out-door occupations going on in my own ground, the recreation is delightful. Next Monday I return to St. Paul's. My family party join me in remembrance and good wishes to all your household.

Ever yours sincerely,
E. LLANDAFF.

'*July* 28, 1844. Preached at Chepstow. Return of the Irvingites to the church. Job xvi. 7: 'Doctrine of the Comforter.' No special reference to the errors of this sect (for in my conference with their leader, a day or two before, I found they would not acknowledge that they had been in error); but the sermon made, as I learnt, a very favourable impression on them. They were nearly all present (forty or fifty); their leader, a Rev. Jasper Peck, from Bath, told me they thought much of the sin of schism—that their separation from the church was from a conviction that the church had departed from its primitive constitution, in not having apostles, prophets, &c. That they now returned in consequence of a revelation from the spirit; that they sincerely believed all the doctrines of the church, and would abide strictly by its discipline. Upon this, I told him they would be cordially welcomed, and I hoped all religious differences would cease. Mr. Peck told me that although the Chepstow congregation had included many of various sects, yet he believed they would now, with only one exception, join the church. They disclaimed the appellation of Irvingites.'

'*Sept.* 25. Having visited and examined the school at Merthyr Tuesday evening, drove the next morning to Rhymney: the confirmation there most gratifying—473 of all ages. Last year the church was consecrated; all this the fruit of one year's ministration by the Rev. Lodowick

Edwardes. The Rhymney Iron Company have set a noble example to the iron-masters.'

'*Oct.* 2. Confirmation at Monmouth. The mayor and other chief burgesses conducted me in procession from the vicarage to the church—this being my first visit since the annexation of Monmouth to my diocese. An excellent church spirit manifested here.'

'*Oct.* 3. Confirmation at Raglan. Dined and slept at Bryngwyn. The two archdeacons set an excellent example in repairing, improving, and adorning in the best style their respective churches. This taste is spreading through the country.'

'*Dec.* 31. The whole of this year, with the exception of May and June, has been blest with good health, and consequently good spirits. The infirmities of age, however, are rapidly increasing; the slightest exercise fatigues me, and I have left off riding. My favourite horse, too, which I have rode more than eleven years (a beautiful, spirited, yet gentle creature), died in the spring, aged eighteen years, and was buried in the park at Hardwick. I shall never mount another. Being now nearly sixty-nine, I cannot expect an increase of vigour, and must be content, for the remainder of my life, to give up the pleasure of bodily exercise, in walking as well as riding. To me this is a greater loss than to most men, yet I am thankful for the continuance of much real happiness.'

The letter which I give below must be one of the very latest that the bishop ever addressed to his dear friend, Dean Bruce Knight, who died within four months from the date of it. It gives the bishop's views upon a subject which the dean had much at heart—the restoration of his cathedral, and reminds us of the agreeable fact, that the palace at Llandaff is *no longer* 'a nonentity.'

Deanery, St. Paul's, March 29, 1845.

My dear Dean,

This morning I had a conference with Wyatt, on the proposed plan for restoring the cathedral. I could not but suggest certain cautions in the proceeding, which he took a note of, and seemed to approve, as coinciding with his own general views.' [Having expressed his wishes on several particular points, he continues]:—'We shall thus improve the exterior of the fabric as viewed in approaching it, and we shall fit up in a handsome style the interior of the choir for divine service, which is all that is ever likely to be used, and which I certainly long to see assume a characteristic form. Recollect, I pray, that Llandaff is a village, and the palace a nonentity. As soon as ever our parish churches are put in a decent condition, *i. e.* not only restored, but improved in true architectural style, becoming the house of God—with dignity and elegance proportionate to the importance of the parish in which they stand, we may think of renewing the vast pile in its full dimensions. What a disgrace to the age, that for the last two centuries such a wonderful improvement should have taken place in all secular edifices, which, even down to our cottages, far surpass the corresponding edifices of a century ago, and yet the old parish churches should hardly have been kept up, much less brought on in unison with the general improvement of all the rest! to say nothing of the urgent demands for new churches to meet the wants of an annually increasing population.

Ever yours most sincerely,

E. LLANDAFF.

'*June* 16. Spoke against the third reading of the Maynooth Bill, and moved its rejection.'

'*June* 17. Entered a protest against the measure.'

Third Reading of the Maynooth Bill.

DISSENTIENT,

1. Because I hold it to be contradictory to the first principles of the Reformation to provide for the establishment of an order of men to be educated for the express purpose of resisting and defeating that Reformation—men whose office and main duty it will be to disseminate and to perpetuate those very corruptions of the Christian faith which the church of England has in the most solemn manner abjured, and some of which the whole legislature of England has long declared to be superstitious and idolatrous.

2. Because the most unbounded toleration of religious error does not require us to provide for the maintenance and growth of that error, but rather imposes upon us a strong obligation to prevent, by all just and peaceable means, its increase, and to discourage its continuance.

3. Because this measure has a tendency to raise in the public mind a belief that religious truth is a matter of indifference to the State; and, by consequence, to subvert that principle of succession to the throne on which the title of the present dynasty is founded, and which is an integral and essential part of the constitution of this kingdom.

E. Llandaff.
C. Winton.
Clancarty.
C. J. London.
J. B. Chester.
Robt. Cashel, &c.
Winchilsea & Nottingham.
Cadogan.

'*August* 10, 1845. Preached at Chepstow. Mr. —— remained at the altar, and read the prayer for the church militant after the sermon, a practice I wish to restore wherever there are two clergymen officiating.'

'*August* 13. Set out this afternoon for Llandaff, to attend the funeral of my dear and noble-minded and most lamented friend Bruce Knight, who has been my chancellor, my examining chaplain, my active, kind, judicious and conscientious coadjutor in the administration of the diocese for nearly eighteen years.

'*August* 14. Met the assembled mourners at the deanery—dressed in the episcopal robes, and walked with the bier in procession to the cathedral. Took part in the burial service—but too much affected to proceed.' . . . . . .

His letter to Chancellor Traherne written a few days before, may conclude this notice of an event, the saddest that occurred to the bishop during his whole episcopate.

Hardwick, August 9, 1845.

My dear Traherne,

I have been so long expecting this sad event, that the tidings just received from Mr. Prichard and Mr. Pryce by the same post with your letter did not shock, although they deeply affected me, and will continue to oppress me with sorrow for some time. I never felt so thoroughly the loss of a friend before—a friend who rendered me such valuable services, and yet seemed to think he was entitled to no return. I may add that, in addition to his virtues and his amiable qualities, I hardly ever met with such a combination of varied talents and intellectual attainments as he possessed, and, what is still more rare and admirable, such entire freedom from vanity and self-sufficiency. He never appeared to think himself superior to other men. Though cast in the finest mould, he always maintained an intercourse with society as if he had no claim to distinction. His benevolence, too, was of the most exalted kind—founded on pure religious principle, which was the habitual guide of his conduct. I should soon cover my paper if I were to indulge the feelings I have of his extraordinary worth and ability. We shall never cease to think of him whenever we meet for purposes of religion or charity, and, individually, I shall be sensible of a loss which never can be repaired.

. . . . . .

Ever most truly yours,
E. LLANDAFF.

I close this year with a letter containing some valuable remarks, suggested by a late and popular work of Archbishop Whately.

Hardwick, November 28, 1845.

My dear Archbishop,

I have now finished your fourth edition of the *Kingdom of Christ*, which I take to be the most valuable at the present time of all your publications, because it goes to the bottom of those questions which divide members of our church—questions about which many of those who are on the right side give wrong or insufficient reasons for their support of it.

The attempt at definition beyond what the *nature of the subject admits*, Aristotle long ago said was the work of an ill-instructed mind. To attempt it beyond what the argument or the subject we have in view *requires*, he might have said is equally foolish. And this is the error into which most controversialists about the church fall. It surely is not necessary to define exactly what is government, what is the law, what is the gospel, what is our neighbour, and a hundred other such subjects, before we require obedience to a rule involving those terms as part of it. We never reason in this way on the most important interests of life. We do not keep active duties in suspense, because we cannot discern the precise limits of the principal terms employed. Who can define accurately sleep, or life, or consciousness, or sanity, or insanity, or mind, or reason, or instinct? yet we are called upon to act, and are in duty bound to act, in a thousand cases into which these ideas enter,—and never hesitate to do so, unless it can be shown that there is some peculiar ground for doubt in the case before us.

Now it seems to me, that the history of mankind hardly affords a case more free from doubt, than the duty of Christians to observe the ordinances of that church to which they belong, unless they can show that they are inconsistent with the revealed truths which they themselves admit. It is quite absurd to put imaginary cases, and raise questions what should be done under such and such circumstances. When the time for doubt comes, then let us ascertain the doubtful point, by close comparison with what is undisputed.

I agree with you entirely as to the false notion entertained by many of our own church of the apostolical succession—the transmission of a mysterious virtue from one individual to another.*

Yet if no man is warranted in taking a certain office by his own authority—if there must be some open form of investment—some proof that it is not self-assumed but derivative—what is there in the ministerial offices of the church to exempt them from the general principle. Is there not, on the contrary, greater moral evidence in the history of the church than in that of any community, that the authority was from the first *derivative*—and if derivative, it must be originally from a divine source.

I remember talking some twenty years ago on this subject with that eccentric but learned man, 'Prebendary Dennis,' who agreed with me, that it was our duty to conform as closely as possible to what we had reason to think was the perfect rule,—but that if circumstances interfered with that, we must be content with approximation—as, for instance (putting the very case you have put), if a society of Christians were placed out of the reach of all regularly-ordained ministers, I had no doubt they might and ought to administer the sacraments among themselves, keeping as near as they could to the prototype, and appointing one whom they thought fittest to perform the sacred rites. He started at this—and, having certain mysterious notions about the sacraments, he would not go so far as that with me, although he admitted the fundamental principle which I had laid down.

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* This will not be understood as denying that a sacramental character attaches to ordination, but as excluding that erroneous notion of *power*, which, in its most exaggerated form, is proper to the Roman church.—Ed.

I admire your criticism on the Latin article *Ecclesia Visibilis;* it is just and highly important

If there was time, I should have much to say about the form of episcopacy, as carrying with it the strongest historical proof of being of universal obligation—the fact, I mean, of its universality in all regions, climates, languages, and forms of government, from the commencement of Christianity—no difference among democracies and oligarchies, despotisms and republics, civilized and savage, Greek, Roman, or Barbarian; and this long before Rome claimed any pre-eminence. But I must stop, I have been a prisoner in the house for more than a month from a hurt in the leg, extremely slow in healing.

Next week, however, I hope to be in London, and to see the author of a very original work, entitled *Tentamen Anti-Straussianum—the Antiquity of the Gospels asserted.* His name is Dobbin, LL.D. of Trinity College, Dublin. Do you know anything about him, or his book? It is well worth your attention. Hinds I value greatly.

Ever yours, truly and affectionately,

E. LLANDAFF.

'*February* 2, 1846. Entered on my 71st year, in good health and spirits, but with increasing weakness of limbs.'

'*February* 4. Called on Mr. Thomas Grenville, the finest specimen of old age I ever met with, except, perhaps, Bishop Barrington. He was ninety on the 31st of last December. Courteous, cheerful, and chatty as ever.'

'*December* 11. Dined at Lambeth Palace—a small private party. The archbishop just ten years older than myself, in good health and spirits. The conversation like that of the party when Cæsar supped with Cicero at his Formian villa, *σπουδαῖον οὐδεν, φιλόλογα* multa.*

It is obvious to remark upon the easy familiarity with classic authors which this quotation indicates. Some of my readers may thank me for reminding them, that the letter is pleasantly translated in Middleton's most agreeable though flattering life of the great orator, vol. ii. p. 200, ed. 1824. This is his rendering of the Greek: 'Not a word on business, but many on points of literature.'

I am here reminded of a letter addressed to the bishop in this year, and preserved among several others written by the same friend, Henry A. Bruce, Esq. By his permission, I present the reader with the greater part of it, and feel it to be an interesting addition to the *matériel* of my Memoir; for nothing can better illustrate the fresh vigour of the bishop's mind, at this late period of his life, than the delight which he took in conversing and corresponding with an intellectual and accomplished person, so much his junior.

Duffryn, Aberdare, Jan. 25, 1846.

My dear Lord,

The price of the Ainsworth is ——; but I have no idea of dunning you for it before its delivery. If your lordship should wish to have it in London, an opportunity of sending it would soon be found. If it is intended to aid or elucidate the studies or disputations of your Monmouthshire Tusculanum, it may as well remain for the present at Llandaff.

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* *Att.* l. 13, *ep.* 52.

The appointment of ——, and your information concerning him, seem highly satisfactory. The example of this diocese would prove, if the subject needed proof, that duties of all kinds are best understood and practised by men of *mind;* and such, to a certain extent, Mr. —— promises to be. Besides, that a man should resign the easy and almost luxurious post of —— for the hard and thankless labours of a parish priest in such a wilderness, moral and physical, as —— ; should exchange a comfortable mansion and refined society for a houseless living and a half-civilised people, and studious retirement for the invidious publicity which is the lot of every active clergyman in this region of dissent,—does seem to argue sincerity of conviction and strength of purpose. . . . . . .

My vanity is denied the gratification of being able to inform your lordship where the line 'Tempora mutantur,' &c., is to be found. In Croker's edition of Boswell, there is a collection of several oft-quoted lines of unknown parentage, among which, I think, is the one in question. Many of them (such as 'incidit in Scyllam,' &c.) are referred to their proper authors. Others (such as Sidney's famous 'Manus hæc inimica tyrannis,' &c., inscribed in the Book of Visitors at the library of Copenhagen) still 'carent vate sacro.' I quite forget under which category falls the present object of your lordship's curiosity. I have been equally unfortunate in my search for the quotation from Cicero. Your lordship doubtless recollects C. Lucilius's objection to the learned Persius, and preference for the honest but illiterate Lælius Decimus as a *reader.* Crassus expresses the same preference in favour of uneducated over highly-educated listeners to his disputations on oratory—from modesty, I should think, rather than from conviction—'Sic ego, si jam mihi disputandum sit de his nostris studiis, nolim equidem apud *rusticos*, sed multo minus apud vos. Malo enim non intelligi Orationem meam quam reprehendi;' a craven admission, which will not, I think, secure your lordship's approbation. The above passage is in the sixth chapter of the second book *De Oratore.* I do not remember, and cannot find that Cicero, though he distinguishes between the different styles and manners which befit the senate, popular assemblies, and the bar, ever describes the precise audience he would wish to address. I am, however, very probably mistaken—or he may have done so incidentally, or elsewhere than in the *De Oratore*, with which, as a sort of professional book, I am better acquainted than with his other works.

The word 'agrestis' occurs in that very interesting passage concerning pronunciation (lib. 3. c. xi.): 'Rustica vox et *agrestis* quosdam delectat quo magis antiquitatem, si ita sonet, eorum sermo retinere videatur.'

But though my researches have been unavailing, I have to thank you for bringing about a renewal of acquaintance with that delightful treatise. At what a distance has Cicero left all imitators in the same description of composition—even the ablest and the most elegant—*The Minute Philosopher* of Berkeley. . . . . .

The distinction between your lordship's ornamental, and the precautionary labours of the Tiburtines at Tivoli, and the far grander ones of the Rietenses,* at Terni did not escape me; though I could not resist *repeating* Byron's remark, that the two finest falls in Europe—at least the most beautiful—were artificial—works, in fact, of mere utility, which *happened* to be beautiful.' . . . . .

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* Rieti, the ancient Reate.

With a warm sense of your lordship's great kindness to me, and with my wife's best respects,

Believe me, my dear Lord,
Ever sincerely yours,
HENRY A. BRUCE.

I place the two following letters here, rather than in that portion of the Memoir which Sir T. Phillips has himself contributed, because some readers, who may be inclined to deal shortly with the diocesan history, will in this way probably be benefited by their instructive contents.

Deanery, St. Paul's, July 7, 1846.

My dear Sir Thomas,

I am so thoroughly convinced that the cause of national education in the principles of the church has been steadily advancing during the last fifteen years in the diocese of Llandaff, that I am very unwilling to join in any declaration which implies the contrary. The deficiency complained of arises almost entirely from the prevalence of sectarianism hostile to the church, and from the supineness of the great proprietors in the mining districts. These districts, as you well know, consist but of few parishes, and those parishes, once almost desolate, are now swarming with a condensed population. For that population no adequate provision has been made by those who brought them there, and who acquire great wealth from their labour. Whenever the church has made an effort to supply this want, the effect has been slight, for want of means; and while a church without endowment has been at length built, by dint of soliciting the public, the population has been in the meantime continually increasing, so that the portion thus inadequately provided for bears but a very small ratio to the aggregate that still remains destitute. This enormous evil, I must repeat, is confined to the mineral region. In the towns, and in the rural parishes, there has been a regular improvement both as to churches and schools, and this improvement in reference to schools has, by reason of increased activity and better organization, within a few years been greatly on the advance. It seems, therefore, to me that a statement founded on the aggregate population of the diocese presents an unfair view of its actual condition, and leads to very erroneous conclusions concerning the *general* neglect of religious education. There ought to be a clear and distinct description of the region in which the want prevails. It is the *mineral region* (consisting of some eight or ten parishes), not the diocese, which calls for aid. Perhaps if an appeal of this kind were made, besides exciting some extraneous sympathy, it would re-act upon the parties who are alone responsible, and shame them, if no better motives operate, into a sense of their duty.

It is hardly necessary for me, who have so often borne testimony to your munificence, and to that of Mr. Homfray, and of the Rhymney Company, and of a few others, to say that I not only except you from blame, but that your example shines the brighter for being contrasted with the gloomy picture exhibited by the parish of Bedwelty, Aberystwith, and some others.

Let me add also, that the clergy throughout that wide region are among the most exemplary and laborious and efficient of their brethren. Your recollection can, I am sure, serve you with proofs of the prodigious improvement which has taken place, and I must be allowed to declare, that my anxiety has been increasing to procure the best spiritual aid, whenever an opening has been made, which, under the repulsive and discouraging circumstances of the case, could be had. Let me entreat you, then, who have taken such laudable pains to ascertain the wants of that portion of the diocese, to distinguish the parishes in which they exist, from those in which no greater deficiency is found than is common throughout England, and which will ever prevail more or less, according to the character of their respective clergymen and rich proprietors. If I thought 100*l.* a year from me, in addition to the many hundreds I annually contribute to the religious care and education of the poor, was requisite towards the wished-for improvement, I would willingly give it. But when I hear of rich individuals making conditional offers of money, if the clergy with their life-incomes will do the same, disgust overcomes all other feelings.

Pray can you supply me, from the returns you have examined, with the *statistics* of the few parishes comprising the mineral region? such statistics, I mean, as form the basis of your general scheme concerning Wales. It would enable me to demonstrate more clearly the truth and justice of the principles I have been maintaining. You will think me tiresome, and perhaps opiniated, but if my opinions are wrong, they are not hastily formed, but have been the result of long experience and observation. I may lay claim, also, to no superficial meditation on the subject of national education, about which there are many crude and erroneous speculations. I will, however, venture to request your perusal of a Charge which I published, chiefly on this subject, in 1839. I have seen no reason to retract a single remark or sentiment on this subject contained in it. On the contrary, the experience of the last six or seven years has confirmed me in the conviction of their truth. My health is still much affected, and I am obliged to retire from all public meetings. But if, rather than write, you prefer a personal interview, I am always most happy to converse with you, according to the bodily energy I possess.

Believe me, my dear Sir Thomas,

Very truly yours,

E. LLANDAFF.

Hardwick, November 1, 1846.

My dear Sir Thomas,

I read with much satisfaction your remarks upon the system of *combined instruction* in the Irish schools. I used to forebode what has happened, when conversing, as I often did, with my old and revered friend the Archbishop of Dublin, but latterly I have said nothing, because he is pledged to the measure; and if, under his patronage, with talents and virtues greatly above the average of mankind, the scheme has failed, as you have clearly pointed out that it has, there must, I am sure, be something essentially wrong and impracticable in it. Accept my thanks for the copy of your circular. *This* plan is quite practicable, if sufficient funds can be raised. I feel affectionately and zealously for my own diocese, but I must say that there appears to me no claim in the *Principality* for special public grants, nor in *North* Wales for the assistance of her poorer sister. But I rejoice that the former claim has been liberally answered; and although I think it extremely unfair to Llandaff to place her condition in the same scale with St. David's (in which latter Mr. Allen's report proves the grossest neglect of the pastoral duty to have prevailed), yet I am willing to contribute to the common cause. *Nine* of our parishes are sadly neglected by the wealthy proprietors, and I may almost say *only nine*, for there are most honourable exceptions (besides yourself) in the class of proprietors. On Tuesday I shall see the archdeacons at Tintern, when we shall have some talk on the matters.

I will peruse the scheme you have been so good as to send me, and if any remarks occur to me worth communicating, I will not fail to submit them.

Believe me, my dear Sir Thomas,

Most truly yours,

E. Llandaff.

Deanery, St. Paul's, Jan. 1, 1847.

My dear Traherne,

By way of atoning for some neglect last year, I send you the first letter of the new year—a year which does not, indeed, dawn with any bright promise, but is still not without hope that we shall come purer and healthier out of the trial. Having been for more than thirty years sickened and disheartened by the prevalence of those errors which I fondly expected that Malthus's great work would have gradually extinguished, but which I was mortified to see gathering strength every day, I cannot but look upon this visitation in Ireland as a messenger of providence sent to instruct those in a truth, which the age obstinately rejected when offered to their reason only, but which I now find forced upon men's minds by irresistible demonstration. *Misgovernment* had been the constant cry,—misgovernment of Ireland is the cause of all these enormities and outrages, of all this degeneracy, and demoralization, and misery which that people exhibit. When I asked in what respect the government was to blame—the government, which, year after year, had been yielding to their clamours, repealing their disabilities, encouraging their trade and their agriculture—I never got any answer but this: 'the thing speaks for itself,' the people are a fine race, loyal, good-humoured, generous—it cannot be their own fault that they are poor and miserable.

Now it is at length perceived that the multiplication of the people, under the operation of two motives—1stly, that short-sighted love of present gain in the landlords, and, 2ndly, avarice of fees in the priests—has been the real source of all the evil. And yet, such being the causes, human laws cannot remedy it except by a slow and gradual process. The original mischief, perhaps, is, that such enormous estates were formed out of confiscated property ages ago—the lapse of time being so great, that even law itself would be loosened and overthrown if we were now to question the title. But if the maxim be true, 'Salus populi suprema lex,' laws must be passed regulating the management of property for the future, and limiting that discretion of landlords in a degree that would not be endured, and is, indeed, not wanted in England. I look upon this as the sole remedy: we shall begin, I trust, this session,—but we shall have little to show for our labour for years to come. In the meantime, *malgré* the outcry of landlords, the poor must be fed by the produce of the district in which they were born, and their increase must be prevented or checked by prohibitions against cottage-farms.

I am perhaps wearying you by a lecture on population. But I abstain from ordinary news, because you read your *Times* and other English papers at Rome almost as soon as your grandfather used to know what was going on in London. As a striking specimen, however, of this change, I may state that this day the afternoon news of Paris yesterday is placed on my breakfast table, and will continue to be so daily from the commencement of this year . . . . . At Rome it seems there is ferment, and even political ferment there must partake of religious feeling; and if free scope be given to religious inquiry, it must, I think, end in emancipating many from the thraldom of superstition and senile ignorance. Diocesan, or at least Glamorganshire news you hear from other friends. The bilinguar parishes are my greatest plague. I shall be glad to hear that both your own and Mrs. Traherne's health is improved by this excursion.

Yours most truly,
E. LLANDAFF.

Hardwick, Sept. 27, 1847.

My dear Archbishop,

The just praises of your portrait-painter would have pleased me more if they had not been accompanied by much false rhetoric, engendered in the magazine-school of the day. It is long since I looked into the treatise *De Causis Corruptæ Eloquentiæ,’* falsely ascribed to Tacitus, but I conceive that the worst specimens of that age are outdone by the modern school. Such writers as ———, ———, and many an Edinburgh aspirant after fame, scorn to say anything in perspicuous and simple language. *Vibrantes sententiolæ* is, I think, the phrase by which such writing is designated in that treatise. I have ventured to give the whole class the appellation of the ‘magic-lanthorn school,’ for their writings have the startling effect of that toy,—children delight in them, and grown people soon get tired of them.

There is, however, an omission in this Edinburgh writer which I can less pardon than his want of taste. He leaves out what I would fix upon as your characteristic feature—and I say it without fear of being thought a sycophant—an intrepid love of truth. By this, some people mean a habit of speaking whatever is uppermost—a quality Solomon attributes to the fool. But I mean a devotion to the cause of truth—a determined resolution to discover it; and, when discovered and carefully ascertained, to make it known to the world.

He speaks, too, of the power of illustrating abstract principles by familiar examples; but against this he sets, by way of contrast, what he calls *genius.* Now it is the surest mark of genius to discern these analogies. Το δε μεταφορίκον εἰναι μεγιστὸν εὐφυϊας σημείον· and in this quality I would venture to match you against all the ——— that ever lived.

By-the-bye, what an idol they make of that man—the ‘over-rated ———’ as I lately saw him with perfect justice described. Those fragmentary writers carry off an undue share of admiration. ‘You see,’ it is said of them, ‘what they can do if they would!’ But they shirk the greatest difficulty—the 'ponere totum'—the finishing—the production of an entire work.

In return for your portrait, I send you a sketch which I have just received from the hand of a dissenting minister, who heard one of my confirmation addresses. He points his censures against me by contrasting my opinions with yours. I should like to know whether you admit the justice of his quotations.

Ever sincerely yours,
E. LLANDAFF.

'*Feb.* 19, 1848. Mr. Crummall, a negro clergyman of the Episcopal Church of America, having brought an introduction from Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, breakfasted with me. A pure negro by both parents—a very intelligent, well-educated man. His conversation sensible, frank, and fluent, in the best English. Much conversation on the degraded condition of the African race in the free States of America—despised, excluded, inadmissible to society, whatever be their character, attainments, or property. His object in England is to collect subscriptions for building a negro church in New York, of which he is the minister.'

'*Feb.* 21. The bill for 'diplomatic relations with Rome' in committee. The whole bill altered. 'Sovereign Pontiff' changed to 'Sovereign of the Roman States.' No ecclesiastic or member of a religious order to be an accredited minister here. Division on this point. For the amendment, 67; against, 64: majority, 3. As seven bishops voted for this amendment, and four against, it may be considered as carried by three bishops. I felt happy in being one of this majority.'

'*Feb.* 24, *St. Matthew's Day.* Being uncertain when I might be called upon to assist in Dr. Hampden's consecration, and having eight candidates whose services were much wanted, I fixed on this saint's day, rather than a Sunday, for the ordination at St. Gregory's church. The full service of the day; Mr Tyler preached. While this service was going on, what a different scene did Paris present. On this day King Louis Philippe abdicated; his nomination of his grandson rejected by the assemblage in the chambers: the new ministry named by him rejected. A provincial government appointed, amidst cries of 'République.'

'*Feb.* 28. News of the arrival in London of the princes, and others of the king's family. The king himself expected at Portsmouth. All Europe in a state of ferment and of incipient revolution—all except England! 'Dii meliora piis, erroremque hostibus illum!''

Deanery, St. Paul's, March 3, 1848.

My dear Duncan,

. . . . . . We are indeed in a world of agitation, perhaps at the commencement of greater changes in Europe than we have yet witnessed. As to the French nation, I think often of Cæsar's phrase, 'Galli pro suâ levitate,' &c. Restlessness, and fickleness, and passion for change, are inherent in the race. Had they ever a better king than Louis Philippe, or a better minister than Guizot? Had this king and his minister humoured their thirst for military glory and for conquest, they would have been adored and canonized, as Napoleon was. Let *them* be the winners, and all other nations the sufferers, and they are well pleased. 'Hæ tibi erunt artes,' they say among themselves, from the highest to the lowest, but for the unostentatious and truly Christian virtues they have no taste.

It is quite disgusting to hear the royal family of France now reviled because they are unfortunate. But such is the way of the world, not merely of the Roman populace:

> Sequitur fortunam ut semper et odit
> Damnatos.

I do not see what Louis Philippe could have done to avert this storm. The only thing I see laid to his charge is, that he studied the interest of his own family; but is it not the duty of a father to do so? if he does not thereby sacrifice other interests, those of the nation, to them—and no one can say that this is the fact. The nation has been well governed for seventeen years: his household has been a pattern of morality and domestic virtue. His own life and that of his sons have been at the service of the country, and frequently endangered, and his time has been devoted to public business in the most difficult times. For all this he is deposed, plundered, banished, and not a crime alleged against him.

Believe me ever, my dear friend,
Sincerely yours,
E. LLANDAFF.

My notice of the last year in the bishop's life will be appropriately opened by his answer to a letter of congratulation on his birthday, sent him by the Provost of Oriel.

Deanery, St. Paul's, Feb. 5, 1849.

My dear Provost,

Thanks for your friendly congratulations. I certainly feel, on entering my seventy-fourth year, that I have more than the average share of health and mental vigour usual at that age, but perhaps less than the average share of bodily strength, considering how great that was during the best part of my life. Repose is now as necessary (I do not say as grateful) as exercise used to be. Walking, and even standing, fatigues me in a few minutes. Yet I feel the truth of Paley's remark, in his chapter on the goodness of God, that there is enjoyment even in the dozing chair of age, as well as in the alacrity of youth. You speak of your mother as arrived at eighty-two: my own died in her ninety-second year. The last faculty that suffered no decay was affection and gratitude to God and man, especially to those of her own house. . . . . . . I know how laborious the task of legislation is—not in itself, but in the endeavour to mould discordant opinions into one shape. After all, there must be a compromise—no absolute unanimity. I congratulate you on the close of this labour.

Ever, my dear Provost, sincerely yours,

E. LLANDAFF.

Deanery, St. Paul's, Feb. 19, 1849.

My dear Provost,

I am obliged to you for sending me the abstract of the new examination statute, which will certainly be a great improvement. It amuses me to think of the vain efforts I made forty years ago to have the names of all candidates who pass, whether with honour or not, printed. The harshness—the *cruelty* of such a measure was loudly condemned. After some years I did obtain the publication of the *summa,* or whole number of candidates, in order to heighten the honours of the classes. Still it was held indispensable that the offering for honours should be *voluntary,* a condition which paralyzed the whole measure. The true system would be, to make out the list after each examination, every candidate being placed by the examiners in the order of merit, according to their judgment. Another sad blemish in this statute appears to me to be, that it is apparently regarded as a *penal* statute, not to be in force upon any student now on the books; not even giving them the choice of coming under it. Surely, surely, the measure is one of encouragement, not of punishment, and one by which all society is to be benefited. Still, according to hebdomadal legislation, it is to begin only in four years, *i.e.*, to come into full operation not till then; the present race having a 'vested interest' in idleness.

I heard of your dining at the surgeons' college, when your other medical brother performed a distinguished part. What a rare felicity!

Ever yours sincerely,
E. LLANDAFF.

The tone of the remaining letters, and the character of the entries in the diary, begin, like evening shadows, to point the close of day. When the bishop was enjoying the scene which he afterwards noted in his diary, as below—even then the lamp of life was burning low, and within a few months was extinct.

'*July* 5. Attended the Harrow speeches for the first time, though invited every year since 1828. A very interesting day. The exercises good. The performance not the worse for being less theatrical than at most schools. . . . . A son of Dr. Francis Hawkins was by far the most distinguished. He gained five prizes, and spoke his compositions—viz., Greek prose, Latin hexameters, Greek iambics, Latin alcaics, English poem, all of great merit.'

I shall place before the reader but two more letters, their order as to date being transposed, partly because the subject of the later one harmonizes with the Harrow visit, and partly because the expressions of the earlier one, in regard to decaying strength, truly presage the shortly-coming end; while the hopes of the later letter were no sooner felt than lost again in extreme weakness. But though the body was fast going, this letter amply testifies that the mind was vigorous as ever. It is addressed to his eldest nephew.

Hardwick, September 3, 1849.

My dear John,

When I received your letter, announcing the plan for your son's education, I was so unwell as to be hardly equal to the daily task which falls upon me of corresponding on diocesan matters. Your sisters have already informed you that my disorder is abated, and I can now venture, with some confidence, to say that I am recovering my ordinary state of health and strength. The latter blessing, indeed, is necessarily a declining one. I submit to the necessity without repining. The loss enables me to estimate the value of what, in earlier life, I enjoyed, but thought too little of. As I am quite alive to the egregious folly of the Peace Congress, unless they propose to alter human nature by some discoveries in science, I can calmly appreciate your views as to John's profession. At present, however, and for some years to come, I would advise nothing to be done, as introductory to a particular profession, but to lay that sound and firm basis of liberal education in the best literature, and in the elements of science, which distinguishes England. I would discountenance all ambition for various attainments and desultory reading (except for recreation and to excite the faculties, especially the imagination), and, more than all, would seek to inculcate the simple truths of Christianity as undoubted historical facts. This will serve as a firm foundation for that purer sense of its divine character, which alone can influence the heart and regulate the conduct. Another homely principle, too much neglected, is to make a boy thoroughly master of what he learns—to read the best parts of the best authors over and over, and to ascertain the exact meaning of words (not by general definition, but) according to the use of them in the context in which they occur. How much less do the majority of Oxford graduates understand Horace, Virgil, Tacitus, and even Cicero, than our fathers did, who were drilled at a good school, and lectured under a good tutor in college. Now, the object seems to be to *bring up* (as people with voracious and omnivorous appetites do) as much as possible. *Multa non multum* is their rule—the very reverse of true learning.

Believe me, my dear John,
Ever yours affectionately,
E. LLANDAFF.

The letter which follows, addressed to Mr. Traherne, refers to the last occasion of public duty at which the bishop was present, and which is thus noted in the very last entry of the diary.

'*July* 17. To Newport, to attend the second anniversary of the Church Music Society. Archdeacon Crawley preached an excellent sermon. A full meeting at the national school, and a collection made of above twenty pounds. Returned to Hardwick. Much fatigued with the journey and business of the day.'

Hardwick, 19 July, 1849.

My dear Traherne,

It would ill become me to decline the honourable post you kindly propose for me in a society for studying the antiquities of Wales. The only ground of hesitation would be, the consciousness that I can take no part in the labours or in the proceedings of the society; but if this is not expected, my hesitation is at an end; but pray let the Dean retain his post as chairman. I arrived from London on Monday, and had to proceed the next day to Newport, to hold the second anniversary meeting of our Monmouthshire society for the improvement of church music, and to return in the evening. It was a highly gratifying day, but the fatigue I felt the next morning was extremely distressing. I am by no means yet recovered from it, and I feel it will be necessary for me to avoid as much as possible all similar exertion. Most keenly do I feel the psalmist's reflection on old age,—'Yet is our strength then but labour and sorrow.' My hope is, that the quiet and repose, so essential to my well-being, will not be misinterpreted, or expose me to the suspicion of laziness or indifference. Crawley preached an admirable sermon, which I have entreated him to publish. I rejoice to hear that you and Mrs Traherne are well.

Ever yours, most truly,

E. LLANDAFF.

From this time, the failing state of the bishop's health became more and more apparent to those about him; and though there were occasional gleams of revival—as when he wrote to his nephew the letter of September 3rd, given above—yet, upon the whole, the shadows of approaching night continued to fall deeper and deeper. I will not dwell upon these last sad weeks of protracted and (I fear I must add) suffering exhaustion; they were soothed by the presence of his two nieces, who had for some years been accustomed to form part of his household when at Hardwick. But after the bishop had settled in his own mind that death could not be far off, like the good king of Israel he 'turned his face toward the wall,' and shutting out all earthly things and recollections, communed only with his God. Shortly before his final release, he received the sacrament with his two nieces, and said, after the conclusion of the holy rite—'I expect soon to die, and I die in the firm faith of the redemption wrought by God in man through Christ Jesus, assured that all who believe in Him will be saved.'

On Sunday, the 14th of October, he breathed his last, and was buried in Llandaff cathedral on the 23rd, followed to his grave by a large concourse of real mourners, lay as well as clerical. Every token of respect was shown by the inhabitants of Newport and Cardiff, as the funeral cortège passed, the shops being closed, and the shipping displaying their colours at half-mast. At Cardiff, which is two and a half miles distant from Llandaff, a procession was formed—the mayor and corporation escorting the hearse to the outskirts of the town—a most kind and distinguished tribute of respect. Nothing could be more solemnly picturesque than the effect of the long train as it entered the cathedral ruins,* and wound its way through them to the lady chapel, restored and fitted up as a parish church. There, at the altar end, and between the graves of Bishop William de Breos, or Bruce,† and his much-loved friend the late Dean Bruce Knight, were the remains of the bishop laid. There could be none of the grander accompaniments of such a scene—no pealing organ nor full-toned choir; but the service was impressively and touchingly read by the aged vicar of Llandaff, the whole assemblage giving the responses with a loud voice.

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* The noble west front, nave, and side aisles are in the same state as Tintern. The choir is in process of restoration. Those of my readers who have seen Dryburgh will be reminded of the burial of Sir W. Scott. There had been no other instance of a bishop buried within the precincts of Llandaff cathedral since the year 1674.

† The probable founder of that part of the cathedral, who died A.D. 1287.

All felt it was a scene they would long remember. Immediately after the funeral a meeting was held, under the presidency of the Archdeacon of Llandaff, to discuss the proposal of some lasting memorial. That discussion has since resulted in the endowment of an exhibition, of the yearly value of thirty-five pounds, to be called *The Copleston Exhibition*, and to be held by the son of some clergyman of the diocese of Llandaff proceeding to Oxford, but with no restriction to any particular college. The exhibitioners to be chosen from time to time by certain trustees, at the head of whom is the Bishop of the diocese.

And now I shall appeal to the testimony of others, rather than attempt myself to sum up the character of a person so near to me in one respect—so far removed from me in others: of one henceforth to be reckoned among those

> Qui—sacerdotes casti dum vita manebat,
> Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.

Only upon one point, hitherto unnoticed, and which, from the nature of the case, could not be generally known, I would wish to say a few words. A noble generosity of temper may be more shown in what a person allows, than in what he bestows. And surely it was a rare excellence in the bishop's character, that in matters upon which he himself held strong opinions he allowed his younger and dependent relatives to follow their own convictions, and could see them taking a line divergent from, or even opposed to, his own, not only without positive displeasure, but without the slightest alteration in his affection, or any diminution in those substantial acts of kindness, which he was always either doing or devising. 'Aquila non capit muscas,' it may be said; but when differences of opinion upon exciting subjects arise within the family circle, then it is that the generous temper is most tried—then it is that Christian greatness of spirit is most truly, though not most conspicuously exercised.

The following *Recollections*, sent to me by Philip B. Duncan, Esq., have a peculiar interest, as written by an academical contemporary, a rival in youthful days for academical honours—subsequently a fellow-traveller on the Continent—and throughout life an intimate associate and correspondent.

April, 1850.

Dear Copleston,

My recollections of your excellent uncle are connected with all that is estimable in human character. He was pious, moral, amiable. His great talents, and multifarious reading in ancient and modern literature, his poetical imagination and taste, made him a very instructive and entertaining companion and friend, both in conversation and correspondence.

There is nothing to which I look back with greater pleasure, during my long intimacy with him at Oxford and elsewhere, than our frequent walks and discussions on political and literary topics, in which he was always ready to communicate and receive any information on the subjects that occurred.

I was a competitor with him for a prize in the university on a subject (agriculture) of which we both knew little, and had probably read little, but for which his composition (though he was three years younger than myself), as in every way superior to mine, was crowned with success. I was not jealous of the honour awarded to him, but was the more proud of the value of his friendship; and sincerely rejoiced in the successive marks of distinction he received in his college and university, as tutor, proctor, public examiner and provost, in all which posts he so fully sustained the high reputation he had so early acquired by his precocious talents and exemplary character. He mixed much in society, and was a member of our Academical Literary Club; and, when in good health and spirits, enjoyed much the familiar flow of pleasant and facetious talk, but was always more desirous of various information, and animated discussion on important matters. He was ever most zealous to improve the discipline and studies of his own college and of the university, which was fully proved by his diligence as a tutor and public examiner, and, as a professor of poetry, attracting extraordinary attendance at his admirable public lectures, displaying so much learning and so much acumen of discriminating taste, in language of such pure Latinity, worthy of the best modern scholars in this or any foreign country.

The university owed great obligations to him, as its champion against the ignorant and illiberal attacks of its calumniators, not defending the abuses which the laxity of former discipline had permitted to prevail, or showing any aversion to useful improvements that could be suggested, but correcting the misstatements of malevolent misrepresentation.

His time and his pecuniary assistance were never refused towards the promotion of any useful institution in the city of Oxford, and he gave his liberal aid to my brother and myself in forwarding those we had brought forward—the Mendicity Society and Savings Bank, and took a lively interest in improvements in the Ashmolean Museum, and endeavours to promote a taste for architecture and sculpture, by the specimens of both which are exhibited in the Picture Gallery and the Radcliffe Library.

In 1817, when provost of Oriel college, he travelled with my brother and myself through part of France, Belgium, Holland, part of Germany, and Switzerland.

He was then in excellent health and spirits, capable of much exercise, and ever most inquisitive about all that was to be seen and learned in every place—taking good care, by studying our guide-books, that we should not miss examining anything worthy of curiosity. He was always particularly interested by the scenes of great events, quoting the well-known sentence, ' movemur locis ipsis,' &c., and paid eager attention to every spot of the battle of Waterloo, which my brother and I had seen very recently after that dreadful combat, so glorious to the army of Great Britain. He was more interested about architecture than sculpture or paintings, to which he had but little heretofore devoted his attention, and enjoyed the grand scenery of nature more than any details of natural history — of plants or animals, seen in the open air or in museums. He was particularly interested with the appearance, and manners and costumes, of the different people we saw; but probably there was nothing he more enjoyed (as it was frequently the subject of his after conversation) than our highly interesting, though often perilous marches over the mountains of Switzerland, over regions of perpetual snow. His patience, I fear, was sometimes severely taxed by my brother's and my devotion to botany, and anxiety to get every rare plant to be found in our different excursions. I remember one of our adventures with particular delight. We had set out to ascend the Rhigi mountain, but unfortunately the day was so foggy, that our friend wished to abandon the undertaking as useless, but on my resolving to persevere, in hopes of adding to my store of rare plants, he agreed to accompany us, and on arriving at the chalet, near the summit of the mountain, we found several unfortunate male and female travellers, who had been waiting three days in hopes of witnessing the magnificent scenery displayed from this most interesting of all the Swiss mountains. We continued to ascend to the highest point, when on a sudden, to our great surprise and delight, the curtain of the dark was drawn up, the sun burst forth in its most splendid brightness, and illuminated the grandest scene of lakes, mountains, and cities I ever beheld. The German ladies who witnessed it were quite extravagant in their raptures of delight, and screamed forth some German poetry, expressive of their enthusiasm, that wakened the echoes all around us.

After a very pleasant tour through most parts of Switzerland, which I believe no one of the party enjoyed more than Dr. Copleston, we parted very reluctantly at Geneva,—he to return to his duties at the university, and my beloved brother and I to pursue our route to Italy.

When he was promoted to the deanery of St. Paul's, and the see of Llandaff, I occasionally visited him in London, and Hardwick House near Chepstow. I believe he fulfilled both his high offices with an exemplary attention to their duties. Having been with him on his visitations, and seen some of his neighbouring clergy and gentry, I can say with truth that I never witnessed more uniform panegyric on any one for anxious zeal in his episcopal character, as to an effective superintendence over his clergy, and a liberal relief of their necessities, for his promotion of schools and hospitals, and erection of churches, and private charities in Chepstow and elsewhere, to the extent of more than the revenue of his bishopric.

I was always highly gratified by my frequent visits to him at Hardwick House, witnessing his tranquil happiness in the society of his amiable nephews and nieces, and various friends and neighbours who were his occasional guests, much enjoying the beautiful scenery of his grounds and their vicinity.

His letters, written in such a perspicuous, unaffected, easy style, with such good taste and good sense on all subjects, expressed in such friendly language, were always highly acceptable, as those of one of my most enlightened and affectionate correspondents.

Amongst the various persons I have known, I could not mention one who had led a more uniformly irreproachable life, distinguished by Christian virtues, great talents, and high attainments, than my very dear and much-esteemed friend, the late bishop of Llandaff, Dr. Copleston.

The following is from the pen of Archdeacon Williams—part of an *éloge funèbre*, poured forth from a warm heart and with the impulse of stirred affection, but approving itself to the calmer judgment as no less just than eloquent, now that a year has closed over the tomb.

The extract begins with a notice of the day on which young Copleston became fellow of Oriel, by special invitation sent to him at his old college of C.C.C. rather than by ordinary election.

. . . . . . 'As he left the scene of election, one of them bade him to recollect that he owed his preferment to free competition and to merit alone, and never to forget the principle on which his fellowship was won. This charge was in full accordance with his own high and honourable feelings; and throughout his influential career at Oxford, as well as in the administration of his diocese, 'detur digniori' was his unvarying rule. It was thus that, under his auspices, the college which had adopted him for its own, and of which he became subsequently the head, rose in honour and renown. Its fellows and its tutors were henceforward the foremost men in the university of Oxford, and were often summoned thence to high and honourable stations in the realm: while within its walls was trained and nurtured many a youth, whose early distinction in literature and science was but the precursor of future triumphs on a wider field. In our list of prelates and of statesmen will be found names, which haply owe all their present reputation to that wise and judicious administration which the Provost of Oriel exercised in his college. But not to that college alone was this influence confined—for to him, far more than to any other man, is due the happy change which, early in this century, took place in the studies of the university of Oxford. To him mainly we owe the introduction of a real and searching examination, instead of that which had become a mockery and a delusion: to him, the emulation excited by honourable distinction, which has bent many a spirit to intellectual and ennobling pursuits, that might otherwise have been devoted to indolence or vice. For this, his college—his university—the realm of England, owes much to *Edward Copleston.* He planned and matured that course and system which has formed and fashioned for usefulness her rising youth. . . . . .

'From the university he was summoned to preside over the diocese of Llandaff in the year 1828, having previously filled for a short time the dignified office of dean of Chester. His future career there is less need to trace, for we write for those who have seen and marked his course, when the same principles of administration were followed by the same effects. His diocese was elevated and improved under its zealous bishop, as had been the college of Oriel under its distinguished provost. His preferments were given away on public grounds alone. None of his own name or kin, though there were among them men well meet for office, were either beneficed or placed.

'On those who had laboured in the diocese were all its benefices invariably bestowed. He never listened to the solicitations of the great, any more than to the dictates of private or personal regard. Placed in the see of Llandaff when translations were frequent, and when this diocese was regarded but as a stepping-stone to another, he early expressed his resolve to abide amongst us; and here he has remained to die.

'Of his liberality it would be difficult to speak in adequate or appropriate terms. It was abundant and overflowing. No public work in the diocese lacked his ample and ready aid, while his private charity was exercised in the same large and generous spirit, and marked with the most kindly and delicate attention. To the duties of his diocese he was entirely devoted—to these he gave his time, his talents, and his substance. To these he made a yet larger and more costly sacrifice—that of literary distinction, easily within his grasp. His best record, however, will remain in the altered condition of the diocese—its various institutions fostered and improved, its pastors multiplied, its churches increased in number, its means of education continually enlarged. These will speak far more eloquently than any words of ours the praises of him whose death we this day record. He died full of years and honours, enjoying, as he himself said, full confidence in the redemption of Christ.'

I may be permitted here a few words of remark upon the mutual attachment that existed between the bishop and *both* his archdeacons. Theirs was no mere official connexion—cold and ceremonious; but the cordial feeling of men who understood and valued and loved one another. Hence that perfectly harmonious co-operation, which, in all their proceedings, seemed to impart vigour and smooth-ness to the well-regulated machine of government. Never, perhaps, was the working of our ecclesiastical system, in these relative offices of bishop and archdeacon, exhibited in a more favourable or a more pleasing view.

During the later years of the bishop's life, few persons shared more largely in his regards than the accomplished layman whose words I give below. They form part of an extended notice that appeared in the public prints soon after the bishop's death—a notice prompted by the regrets of a kindred mind, and doubtless, also, by the recollection of many an Attic hour spent at Hardwick House, when the bishop delighted to pursue with his young friend some subject of classical or historical interest—all the intellectual ardour of his earlier days rekindling as the subject warmed. Age, conscious of declining power, is wont to shun, rather than to court the challenge of younger minds; and, as I have remarked elsewhere, this inclination of the bishop, not merely to sit a pleased spectator of the prowess of others, but himself to take up the cestus of argument, is a very noticeable point. Having remarked that the bishop's literary career has hitherto received very inadequate notice, Mr. Bruce proceeds thus:—

. . . . . 'He seems threatened with the fate of those inert yet powerful minds which are rarely roused to action but by the stimulus of some temporary excitement, and then lavish the stores of long study and severe thought on subjects too ephemeral to command the attention of succeeding generations. Yet surely few writers of his day have clothed manly sense, sound philosophy, and various learning, in a style at once so polished and vigorous, or have furnished, within the same space, so many specimens of pregnant thought, compact reasoning, and felicitous illustration. His unassuming manners while among us made us forget that he, who seemed so ready to listen, and so desirous to learn, who smiled at our sallies, and encountered our arguments on equal terms, had quelled with his single arm the united efforts of the Edinburgh reviewers, and had been pronounced, by no less an authority than Sir James Mackintosh, to be 'the only writer of our time who has equally distinguished himself in paths so distant from each other as classical literature, political economy, and metaphysical philosophy.''

From the time of his elevation to the bench (1827) to his death, the bishop ceased to apply his mind to any subjects but those involved in his sacred office; and his published works henceforth consisted entirely of Sermons and Charges. Both bear the impress of undiminished vigour—of tempered earnestness—of affectionate solicitude for the welfare, both of the pastors and their flocks; but the Charges derive a sort of historical interest, from the peculiar position of the church in Wales during the eventful period his lordship presided over it. This may be called a period of transition,—transition from almost utter inefficiency to a state of importance and influence, destined, we hope, ere long, to produce visible and permanent effects on the scattered and neglected population of the diocese. They are, one and all, imbued with the spirit of toleration—of manly hope and cheering exhortation, befitting the peculiar position of the church, among an overwhelming majority of dissenters.

And here we must conclude a sketch, the imperfections of which none can feel more strongly than ourselves; but, great as were his abilities, immense his attainments, and noble and beneficial the use made of them, it is not for his learning, his genius, or his intellectual power, that the memory of the departed prelate will live longest in the hearts of those who had the happiness of knowing him; it is for the unaffected kindness of his nature,—it is (to use again the words of Bruce Knight) for his 'unbounded charity, ministered with so unsparing a hand, and in streams so copious, as to create a wonder from whence such large supplies could flow,'—it is for that sunshine of benevolence which warmed everything that approached it,—for the manly uprightness and noble sincerity of his character,—for the humility with which he bore his honours and exerted his superiority,—for the constancy and tenderness of his friendship, and his eagerness to honour virtue and cherish merit wherever found,—it is for those qualities of goodness, rather than greatness, that Dr. Copleston will long be 'loved, wept, and honoured' by hosts of mourning friends and disinterested admirers.

It would be superfluous to repeat here what I have already said in the preface and in the body of the work, with regard to the value of Sir Thomas Phillips's contribution. As it has been kindly submitted to my own revision, I can with the greater confidence commend it to the best attention of the reader; who will consider that, although it has the *appearance* of appended and unessential matter, it is, in fact, a complement necessary rather than auxiliary.

PAPER CONTRIBUTED BY SIR THOMAS PHILLIPS.

AS a lay member of the church in the diocese of Llandaff, of which the late Bishop Copleston was the ruler and chief pastor for more than twenty years, I yield to the wish you have expressed, that I would prepare such a sketch of his episcopate as will place before the student of his life, the principles by which he was actuated in the government of his see, and the effects of his ministry and rule on the condition of that portion of the church of Christ which was committed to his charge.

In order to the due appreciation of the bishop's position, I propose to take a rapid survey of the social and religious condition of the diocese before his appointment, and to indicate the peculiar difficulties by which his path was obstructed.

The diocese of Llandaff comprises the entire county of Monmouth, as well as that part of the county of Glamorgan which lies to the east of the Neath river. The western portion of the latter county,—which remains annexed to the see of St. David's, notwithstanding the recommendation of the church commissioners that it should be added to the diocese of Llandaff,—includes the town of Swansea, and an extensive district called Gower, stretching along the sea-coast. Within the area of the see is a central chain of high moorland, forming at its upper extremity rugged mountains, and presenting at its sides numerous ravines or precipitous acclivities, from which valleys descend towards the estuary, or inland sea, known as the Bristol Channel. This moorland and those mountain valleys, formerly the dwelling-places of scattered shepherds and small farmers, have been colonized, within living memory, by an active and energetic population; and numerous iron-works, each supporting from 2000 to 10,000 persons, occupy situations where a few mountain sheep browsed undisturbed at the close of the last century. Men were lately alive who recollected Merthyr a small hamlet of some half dozen cottages, and that parish now numbers 50,000 persons. The population of the entire diocese, which was only 95,549 in 1801, amounted in 1841 to 259,852, and now exceeds 300,000. This population is most unequally distributed, so that four-fifths of the increase, or 160,000 persons, have been added to eight mountain parishes and two shipping ports, and in some parishes the increase has been forty-fold in fifty years.

The iron works, collieries, and shipping ports, around which this population has been congregated, may be regarded as colonies, where the native population is outnumbered by immigrants from England, Ireland, and Scotland, speaking a language strange to the original inhabitants, and requiring the ministrations of religion in a different tongue from that spoken by the native race. Whilst the duties of the church have increased with a rapidity of which there are but few other examples, the revenues of the clergy have been wholly inadequate to meet the wants thus rapidly created: and there have been other hindrances to the extension of the ministrations of the church, which must be now described.

The see of Llandaff was occupied, from 1782 to 1816 by Bishop Watson, from 1816 to 1819 by Bishop Marsh, from 1819 to 1826 by Bishop Van Mildert, and it was then held for a short period by Bishop Sumner, on whose translation to Winchester, in 1827, Dr. Copleston was consecrated bishop of Llandaff. From the time of Bishop Kitchen, in the reign of Elizabeth, until subsequent to the death of Bishop Copleston, there was no episcopal residence, and neither Bishop Watson nor Bishop Marsh lived in the diocese.

In 1821, Bishop Van Mildert rented a house near Abergavenny, and from that time the successive bishops of Llandaff resided, during a portion of every year, within the limits of the see, in private houses provided at their own cost.

The patronage at the disposal of the bishop is inconsiderable; and, by a table appended to the first Report of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, I am enabled to supply the following estimate of the revenues of the clergy at the time of the appointment of Bishop Copleston:—

Net income of bishopric	£924
———————— all the members of the chapter	690
Average income of parochial benefices	177

(Sixty-four being of less value than £100 a year.)

The ecclesiastical organization of the Welsh sees had been long very imperfect, and in none was the system more defective than in the diocese of Llandaff. Rural deans did not exist until the time of Bishop Marsh, but those useful clerical superintendents were established throughout the diocese by that prelate. Although an archdeacon existed, his office was but a name, and he neither held visitations, nor discharged the other archidiaconal duties. Some of the duties of archdeacon were vested in the chancellor of the diocese, by whom churchwardens were admitted, and to whom the oversight of the fabric of the churches was entrusted. There was no dean until 1840, when it was enacted that the archdeacon should be also dean, an arrangement which continued until the archdeaconry was separated from the deanery by an order in council, made November 10th, 1843; and on the 31st of January, 1844, a second archdeaconry was founded, consisting of the whole of the county of Monmouth.

When Bishop Copleston's connexion with the see began, many of those edifices, which had been erected and endowed for the worship of God, presented an appearance of meanness and dilapidation which but ill corresponded with the holy purposes to which they had been consecrated; and whilst the private dwellings of churchmen were often characterized by a growing stateliness and beauty, the houses of God presented few indications of gratitude to Him, from whom so large an amount of temporal prosperity had proceeded. The bishop appealed in terms of affectionate earnestness to the owners of property to provide out of their abundance for the spiritual wants of their poorer brethren, if they would be regarded as real members of the church of Christ.

He lived to witness practical indications of improved feeling, in the erection of several district churches, in the rebuilding of very many parish churches, and the complete reparation of many others, and in the restoration of numerous sacred edifices to a state of propriety and comeliness. Some progress also was made in the restoration of the cathedral church from its decayed and almost ruinous condition.*

In order to promote the erection and restoration of churches, the bishop encouraged the formation of a Diocesan Church Building Society, and subscribed 100*l.* yearly to its funds, and this was in addition to liberal contributions in aid of each separate work of church-building and church-restoring undertaken in the diocese. The advantages which have been conferred on the diocese, by that society, during the short period which it has existed, have not been limited to the direct aid contributed from its funds; and it appears, by the fifth annual report, published during the last year, that the grants of the society, either paid or promised, amount in the archdeaconry of Llandaff to 514*l.* 10*s.*, to meet an aggregate outlay of 8855*l.* 4*s.*; and in the archdeaconry of Monmouth, to 495*l.* 16*s.*, to meet an aggregate outlay of 13,323*l.* 11*s.*

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* Amongst the churches and chapels built may be enumerated Tredegar, Rhymney, St. David's, (Merthyr,) St. Paul's, (Newport,) Trinity, (Abergavenny,) Glyntaff, St. Mary's, (Cardiff,) Beaufort, Abersychen Pontnewynydd, Lanvair, (Llantillio Cresseny,) Devauden, Govilon, Glascoed, Skewen, and Resolven.

In the Charge delivered by Bishop Van Mildert in 1821, the deficiency of glebe-houses was much lamented, and it was stated that two-thirds of the livings had no glebe-houses whatever; and of those which had any existence, many were so mean and unimprovable, as to afford but too good a plea for non-residence. Bishop Sumner complained, in 1827, that in that part of the diocese which was in Glamorganshire, forty-five parishes only had glebe-houses, whilst sixty-two had none; and in Monmouthshire, fifty-five parishes only had, and seventy-two had not glebe-houses; and of those which existed, many were small farm-houses, some were cottages, and not a few were so unfavourably situated, from various causes, as to be unfit for residence. Bishop Copleston early manifested his resolution to apply all lawful and practicable means to the correction of an evil, which presented so frequent a hindrance to the residence of a clergyman within his parish, and thus deprived the inhabitants of that effective pastoral superintendence, on which the influence and usefulness of the church so materially depend.

In Charges delivered by the bishop in 1845 and in 1848, he described the progress which had been made in what concerned the material provision for religion, and instanced, as evidence of such progress, fifty-three parsonage-houses completed, and five more about to be undertaken, in parishes which before were either wholly destitute, or inadequately supplied with that provision; and in reviewing this improved condition of the church in that particular, he directed attention to the difficulties of procuring residences to be built upon benefices, the whole income of which only furnished a bare subsistence, or was insufficient for the decent support of a clergyman.

On the appointment of the present Archdeacon of Llandaff, in the year 1843, the number of glebe-houses occupied within that archdeaconry, whether by the incumbent or his curate, was twenty-seven only, and although several residences have been since provided,—in some instances by the restoration of decayed dwellings, in others, by the erection of new houses,—there is yet a great deficiency in that archdeaconry of residences for the clergy. Thus, for ninety-one benefices, there are only thirty-eight glebe-houses fit for habitation; in fourteen benefices the glebe-houses are unfit for residence, and in thirty-nine there are no glebe-houses of any description.

In the archdeaconry of Monmouth there are now one hundred and thirty-one benefices, including several additional districts, constituted during the late episcopate. In 1831, there were fifty-three glebe-houses, of which twenty-two were unfit, and thirty-one fit for residence: and if, to the sixty-three benefices which were then without glebe houses, be added the twenty-two houses which were unfit for the residence of a clergyman, it will appear that of one hundred and sixteen benefices there were eighty-five without glebe-houses. Twenty-four residences have been provided since that time, some of which are restorations of old dwellings, and some are entirely new, and the number of glebe-houses is now sixty-eight, of which fifty-five are fit, and thirteen unfit for residence. But there remain sixty-three benefices without glebe-houses, and if to these be added thirteen houses unfit for residence, it will be seen that, of one hundred and thirty-one benefices, seventy-six, or more than one-half, are without adequate residences, including in that number those new districts for which glebe-houses have not been provided. We may, however, regard fifty-five residences for one hundred and thirty-one benefices as a more satisfactory proportion than thirty-one residences for one hundred and sixteen benefices; although this improved condition of the archdeaconry leaves abundant room for further labours in the same direction.

Where glebe-houses are wanting a non-resident clergy will abound, and the extent to which non-residence prevailed when Bishop Sumner was appointed to the see of Llandaff, will be shown by an extract from the only Charge delivered by that prelate to the clergy of the diocese, in the year 1827:—

'It is no doubt attributable in a great degree to the difficulties arising from this want of parsonage-houses—that in Glamorganshire there are only forty parishes, and in Monmouthshire only fifty-seven, which enjoy the advantage of clergy, whether incumbents or curates, actually resident; and, consequently, in the two counties no fewer than one hundred and thirty-seven cures are deprived of those benefits which the constitution of our church and the laws of the realm intended they should derive from the presence of their minister.'

On his introduction to the diocese, Bishop Copleston intimated his resolution to employ the authority of his office in lessening the evils of non-residence; and a comparison of the condition of the church, as described by his predecessor, and as found by his successor, will manifest the amount of improvement which has been brought about in that respect.

In 1850 there were within the archdeaconry of Llandaff ninety benefices with cure of souls, of which fifty-one were served by resident incumbents and twelve by resident curates; one was vacant, and twenty-six were served by clergymen who did not reside. Within the archdeaconry of Monmouth there were, at the same period, one hundred and twenty-six benefices with cure of souls, of which eighty-four were served by resident incumbents, and fifteen by resident curates, and twenty-seven were served by clergymen who did not reside.*

Instead, therefore, of one hundred and thirty-seven cures without a resident minister, as in 1827, there were but fifty-three in 1850.

Pluralities have diminished as the number of resident clergy has increased:—thus, the number of incumbents who hold more than two benefices has been reduced to nine, and of those who hold two benefices to twenty-seven, of whom thirteen were instituted before the appointment of Bishop Copleston to the see.

It has been truly said that the pluralities from which the church has chiefly suffered in the diocese of Llandaff are not the pluralities of benefices, but of curacies. The 48th of the canons of 1603 directs, that none shall serve more than one church or chapel on one day, except that chapel be a member of the parish church, or united thereunto, or unless the said church or chapel be not able, in the judgment of the bishop or ordinary, to maintain a curate.

When Bishop Copleston was appointed to the see of Llandaff, the performance of one service only in the same church on the Lord's day was general. His predecessor had directed the attention of his clergy to this deficient provision for public worship, and the bishop, in his first Charge, expressed his anxious hope that this want would be supplied without special direction from himself, intimating his intention to require a second duty in all parishes of a certain population, unless his interference should become unnecessary, by the voluntary performance of that duty by his clergy. The scanty incomes of many of the benefices, thirty-five of which are returned as of less value than 75*l.* a-year, rendered it often necessary to entrust the care of two churches to the same minister; and the Bishop shrunk from imposing the labour of three services on the same person: but where a clergyman's duty was confined to a single church, there seemed to be no excuse for omitting the service of either part of the day. He says, in his primary Charge, 'Nothing is more certain than that both morning and evening service were once universal, not on Sundays only, but on every day of the week; and that the full service on Sunday is but a fragment of that duty which, even after the Reformation, was required of the parochial clergy.'

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* All are considered as resident who live within the area of the benefice, whether in a glebe-house or in a hired dwelling.

In enumerating glebe-houses, all endowed benefices are included; but in estimating non-residence, those cases only are enumerated where the cure of souls devolves upon the incumbent.

He preferred on this, as on other occasions, to secure the active and spontaneous co-operation of his clergy, rather than to enforce an unwilling submission to a positive command, esteeming and honouring those who anticipated the exercise of authority by assuming the duty demanded of them.

In that part of Glamorganshire which is within the see of Llandaff, there were only eleven churches in 1827 which had double duty throughout the year, and in Monmouthshire only fifteen, whilst, at the death of Bishop Copleston, double duty was performed in forty churches in the archdeaconry of Llandaff, and in sixty in the archdeaconry of Monmouth. In forty-eight churches in both archdeaconries, in which single duty was performed in 1827, the service was performed alternately in Welsh and English, so that in those parishes divine service was not performed oftener than once a fortnight in the language proper to the majority of the people, whilst, at the death of the bishop, a single duty and alternate service existed in but twenty-four parishes in the archdeaconry of Llandaff, and had no place in the archdeaconry of Monmouth.

Complaints were made, in a few cases, of the insufficiency of the stipend allotted by him to the officiating curate; and it may remove some of the misunderstanding which has prevailed on the subject, if a candid consideration be given to the principles by which he was guided in the discharge of this delicate portion of his functions. The following extract is made from the Charge delivered by him in 1830:—

'In what regards the duties of stipendiary curates and the limitation of their services to two churches, I have little to do but to adopt the regulations made by my predecessors, and to guard against any clandestine transgressions of those wholesome rules. But, in adjusting the salaries of curates, I wish it to be understood that my object is, and ever will be, to approximate, as nearly as circumstances will permit, to the legal rate. The general scantiness of the church endowments in this diocese is so notorious, that it is hardly necessary to advert to it as a reason why the average payment of curates is lower here than in most parts of the kingdom. It would often be oppressive and cruel to one party, without any adequate compensation of good to others, to compel an incumbent, disabled, perhaps, by age or sickness, or acquiring, by his ministerial labours in some other parish, a bare maintenance, or a comfortable abode for a numerous family, to pay the whole income of a small living to one who probably does not want it, or who can do well without it, merely for the sake of theoretical propriety, and that, too, when the spiritual interests of the parish are not in the slightest degree involved in the transaction. It is undoubtedly my duty to look to the legal injunctions in the first instance, but, in the next place, to exercise the discretion reposed in me, and to relax them in favour of those incumbents who would be actually distressed, either in their own persons or in that of their families, if the provisions of the law were rigidly enforced.

'But this concession to the feelings of humanity, however frequent in a district so plundered as this has been of its ecclesiastical property, must never be interpreted as a rule operating equally in favour of the incumbent who is not poor, and who either resides elsewhere, or is incapacitated for the performance of his own duty. To him, the law points out a standard of remuneration to his deputy, the observance of which it is my duty to require, unless special reasons are alleged for abatement. In every new case this will be done as a matter of course, and, in all others, it must be expected that an increase will be required whenever, according to the information I may receive, no sufficient ground shall appear for continuing the reduced salary.

'It is, in my opinion, one of the wisest provisions of the recent law concerning the salaries of curates—a law which has done more to renovate and invigorate the constitution of our church, and to uphold its establishment, than all the other enactments of modern times—that it permits to the rulers of the church a considerable latitude of dispensation. It would have been an easier and a less invidious task, perhaps, to compel the exact fulfilment of all its regulations, but the discretion actually given is the refuge of many an anxious and aching heart. The bishop is made the depository of difficulties and embarrassments, which it would be cruel to expose to the world at large; and when he is satisfied that the spiritual charge of which he is the guardian does not really suffer, he will naturally and gladly administer the relief which the law has placed in his hands. But the relief which is destined for the poor ought not to be solicited, or even expected, by the rich. The usual plea of the smallness of the living is not admissible, unless with reference to the private circumstances of the incumbent. The law has wisely refused to sanction a division between two individuals of that pittance which is barely enough for one; and, in so doing, it has consulted both the dignity of the clerical office, and the lessening of abuse in the traffic in church patronage.

'To enforce conformity to a written law is comparatively easy; to modify it, requires much consideration and experience, and, I may add, more firmness of mind than the other. For wherever indulgence is granted upon special grounds, which are often complicated, and often of a delicate nature, disappointed people will complain of partiality; superficial observers will impute negligence and culpable indifference to those in authority; while popular declaimers and enemies will triumph in the fact, will represent these anomalies as characteristic of the whole system, and will call them deviations from principle, when, in fact, they proceed from an anxiety to make principle predominate over form. Against all clamours of this kind, a conscientious man must set his face as a flint, pursuing his course steadily through evil report and good report, satisfied that his motives will in time be understood, and that all candid persons will presume the existence of reasons, which cannot be known without a needless injury to the feelings of individuals, or without a more minute examination of the case in all its bearings than indifferent people can have leisure to make.'

From his first appointment to the see, the education of the children of the poor received a large share of his attention; and in the Bishop's first Charge, delivered in 1830, the establishment of parochial schools, to be superintended and frequently visited by his clergy, was inculcated upon them as the most effective instruments for the work of Christian instruction; instruments which, in the primitive church, had formed a constant and essential appendage of every establishment for preaching the Gospel. Where day-schools could not be provided, he recommended the establishment of Sunday-schools, not alone as an auxiliary to the pastoral office of great value, but as an indispensable means for the due execution of the ministerial functions, adding his earnest hope, that the endeavours of his clergy would be unremitting until every parish in the diocese was provided with the means of training the poorest child in the knowledge of the Christian salvation.

Moderation of conduct towards those who were without the establishment, combined with firmness in maintaining the essential principles of the church, are conspicuous in the following advice, contained in the second Charge delivered to his clergy:—

'Wherever a desire exists among dissenters to profit by these schools in common with the members of the church, it is our duty to meet it with liberality and kindness. An unbending adherence to every minor regulation, without making allowance for the scruples, or even the prejudices of parents, is surely unnecessary, and, according to the circumstances of the case, it may be indiscreet and hurtful. Yet, in all cases of compromise, it should be our especial care not to forget the essential difference between the church and separatists; not to imply that we think lightly of this difference, or that we are willing to surrender for the sake of peace any important article of our profession. Every experiment that I have known for blending discordant religious elements in one system of education has failed. The result is, either a laxity of doctrine, or a neglect of religion, or a clandestine struggle for ascendancy in some of the component parts at the expense of others. If the doctrine of the church, after every concession that can reasonably be made, is not allowed to be characteristic of the institution, it seems to me by far the wisest way to form distinct schools, in which the doctrines and discipline of each party may respectively be taught. It is more likely to preserve harmony and mutual respect and good will, and it will at least obviate the construction to which the other scheme is liable, that we think lightly of the differences existing between ourselves and the various sects by which we are surrounded.'

From the Charge of Bishop Sumner, delivered in 1827, it appears that, in that part of Glamorganshire comprehended within the see of Llandaff, there were at that time no more than seventeen daily, and thirty-one sunday-schools; and in Monmouthshire, twenty-two daily, and thirty-five sunday-schools; whilst in the same portion of the former county there were sixty-four parishes, and in the latter county seventy-seven parishes, without schools of either description.

In 1847, returns were published by the National Society of the accommodation provided in church schools throughout England and Wales, by which it appears that there were then in the archdeaconry of Llandaff seventy daily, and the same number of sunday-schools; and in the archdeaconry of Monmouth, one hundred and six daily, and one hundred and fifty-eight sunday-schools; whilst the number of parishes in which there was no school of either description was reduced, in the former archdeaconry, from sixty-four to thirty-two, and, in the latter, from seventy-seven to thirty-one. It also appears, by returns made to the National Society, that the children under instruction in church schools throughout the diocese, either as day or sunday-scholars, had increased, between 1826 and 1847, from 2793 to 14,937, of whom 5581 were in the archdeaconry of Llandaff, and 9366 in the archdeaconry of Monmouth.*

The rite of confirmation was assailed by many dissenting ministers in the diocese of Llandaff as a superstitious invention, for which no adequate authority could be found, either in Scripture or in the practice of apostolic times; and the bishop availed himself of his first address to his clergy to enforce the importance of a rite, in which the conditions of admission to the Christian covenant are personally accepted, and the aid of the Holy Spirit is invoked for the performance of the baptismal vows then ratified. It is no inconsiderable proof of the progress of church principles in the diocese, that whilst the number of persons confirmed by Bishop Sumner in 1827 but slightly exceeded 1700; the number confirmed by Bishop Ollivant in 1851 amounted to 4221.

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* My kind contributor has, in this portion of his paper, relating to the progress of education in the diocese, avoided mention of the Devauden school and its venerable founder—doubtless lest he should seem to be drawing attention to his own most pleasing and instructive volume. Let me, therefore, say how interested the bishop was in all the undertakings of that memorable old man, James Davies, and how pleased he was to offer the right hand of fellowship when they met, as to a brother-labourer in the Gospel cause.—Ed.

In the subjoined pastoral letter, the bishop's views upon this subject are given in his best manner. It is in every respect a valuable document.

Deanery, St. Paul's, June 9, 1847.

Reverend Brother,

With the full intention of holding confirmations throughout my diocese this year, but being unable at present to fix the precise days, I think it best to call your serious attention to the subject, that you may not only prepare the young persons under your charge for the due reception of that ordinance of the church, but that you may take this opportunity of instructing your congregations in its nature and true meaning, which is often ill-understood by professed members of our church, and still oftener misrepresented by those who separate themselves from our communion.

I do not wish to infuse the bitterness of religious controversy into these instructions; but we must not shrink from maintaining the original constitution of Christ's church in every point which we believe to be essential, and which we know to have been sanctioned by the apostles, and by those ministers whom they appointed to transmit its doctrines and its ordinances in unbroken succession to the present day.

That Christ did appoint a regular ministry, and that every member of his church was to be admitted into it by baptism under their authority, is a truth as certain and undeniable as that he died on the cross and rose again on the third day. That the prayer for divine grace was accompanied by solemn imposition of hands upon those individuals who were specially commissioned to preach the word ; and that the rite of baptism was in the apostolic age adopted for the admission of believers into the privileges of the church, cannot be questioned by any who receive the writings of the New Testament as the charter of our faith.

That this rite was universally practised, without distinction of race or sex, wherever the gospel spread, is an undisputed fact—subject merely to variation as to circumstances of a subordinate kind, which do not affect its essential character. These variations, indeed, may be regarded as bearing testimony to the universal acceptance of the rite itself, as necessary to the due admission of every member into the church. The difference of opinion as to the proper age for administering it has sprung up comparatively in modern times. In the ancient church all we know concerning it is, that the practice of baptizing infants began very early, in accordance with our Saviour's affecting admonition and example, and that no dispute ever arose in any church or country concerning the lawfulness of this practice, or its evil tendency, or its inconsistency with the apostolical institutions. There is, then, a blank in the evidence of our opponents, which speaks more forcibly than the production of positive proofs on the other side. This silence shows that the thing was not only not forbidden, but that it was never questioned : and when even the epistles in the New Testament, and every historical fragment of the three first centuries that has come down to us, bear testimony to the prevalence of various heretical opinions and disorderly practices, which called for the correction of authority in those early times, how can we believe that this should have had universal acceptance, without the full and undoubted approval of the apostles themselves, when perfectly enlightened as to the extent of the Gospel dispensation?

That the baptized infant was gradually instructed in the doctrine of the Gospel, and when duly qualified was brought to the bishop for the completion of his baptismal rite, is also an unquestionable truth. This public recognition of his spiritual incorporation with the church was accompanied by solemn imposition of hands, and a prayer for the divine blessing upon each individual.

That this rite should now be set at nought, and even derided (as I have known it to be by some dissenters) is unaccountable in any professed Christians. I have heard them charge the doctrine with absurdity, that any man's salvation should depend upon such a ceremony. The same objection might be urged against every external ordinance. We do not teach that without this ordinance there can be no salvation, but we do teach and testify, against all such gainsayers, that they put their own salvation in peril, when they offend any one of these little ones, who believe in Christ, when, without any authority but that of each man's private conceit or fancy, they wilfully contravene the authority of all Christian churches, and undermine the faith and disturb the conscience of a single brother for whom Christ died.

In maintaining the necessity of baptism as a means of regeneration, I would by all means advise you to avoid those subtle controversies respecting the precise meaning of regeneration, with which some having perplexed themselves, have erred concerning the faith, and have distracted the peace of the church, without any tendency to edification.

The Liturgy calls all the baptized *regenerate, i.e.* in a state of grace; so St. Paul calls the Christian converts *sanctified—purified—temples of the Holy Ghost*—epithets applied even to those who incur his reproof. Baptism is the commencement of spiritual life—a life which grows with our growth. We cannot presume to say at what moment the saving influence of the Spirit fully operates, nor how far it may be resisted, or quenched, or recovered within us. It is enough to know that without baptism we have no right to reckon upon it, nor even then, without the concurrence, as far as we are able, of our own prayers and endeavours to be in communion with the spirit. Peremptory definitions of such points are presumptuous and dangerous, and have no tendency to improve the mind, or to increase spiritual knowledge.

The same I would say of all metaphysical attempts to fix the exact boundaries of scriptural terms. Their meaning varies with the context, and can never be duly ascertained except in conjunction with it. And here I cannot but remind you of the golden rule in all reasoning, not to require greater accuracy in the definition of words than the nature of the argument in which you are engaged requires. All words are used with many variations of sense. If you suspect that the sense in which you employ them on any particular occasion is not perceived, explain it with precision, and distinguish it carefully from all other of its senses; but never forget that this distinction is called for only to guard against mistake or confusion, not by any means to imply that this is its sole or its proper sense whenever it is used. In this manner you will avoid the unprofitable disputations which arise respecting such words as Grace, Regeneration, Faith, Election, and a multitude of others, which engender only strife, and lead to no useful purpose whatever, and yet will omit no saving truth or point of Christian doctrine.

In your instructions, therefore, upon the subject of Confirmation my advice is, that, having once placed the subject upon its true foundation, you should apply yourself to the explanation of such particulars as you find by examination of each candidate to be either misunderstood, or not so well understood as even a child is capable of; that you should point out the bearing it has upon their own individual case, according to their situation in life, or their domestic relations, or the temptations to which they are especially exposed, and above all, that you should guard against the error, which we are falsely accused of teaching, that as children of God they have now any privilege or blessing which they may not by their own sinfulness any day forfeit. You will also doubtless impress upon them the grievous sin of speaking lightly of any apostolic ordinance, especially of those in which the aid and the blessing of the Holy Ghost is devoutly implored.

The profane objection urged sometimes by dissenters to the practice of imposition of hands, as if we believed there was some influence of a magical kind transmitted by this means from the commencement of the series to the present day, you may easily refute, even to a child's understanding. They might just as well call the blessing which accompanied the first imposition of hands by the apostles a magical influence, as give that name to the act when performed in obedience to their authority and example.

I have addressed these thoughts to you, in the hope that you will communicate the substance of them in such manner as you may think best suited to the congregations you address, adding any simple illustrations that seem likely to render them more intelligible or more impressive. I earnestly wish you to speak not to children only, but to the old quite as much as to the young, and to furnish them with wholesome truths and scriptural reasons, by which they may answer the gainsayers, and in so doing confirm themselves and the young people connected with them in the doctrines and apostolic discipline of the primitive church. I think also that this opportunity should not be omitted of inculcating the duty, so affectionately enjoined by our Lord and his apostles, of union in the church; and of pointing out the great sin of causing schisms and divisions among Christians. I would ground these admonitions solely upon scriptural authority, which is too plain to be mistaken. The sin of causeless separation is so repeatedly urged as an offence of the worst kind, that we should be inexcusable if we shrunk from declaring it, and from continually putting our flocks in remembrance of the danger they incur by wilfully disobeying these commands. And may the Almighty aid and prosper your labours, and give you strength and encouragement under all the vexatious opposition which I well know besets many of you in this branch of duty. Consider him as looking on upon you when thus engaged, and remember his heavenly promise, that you shall be richly rewarded if you faint not.

I remain,
Your affectionate brother in Christ,
E. LLANDAFF.

From the beginning to the close of his episcopate, Bishop Copleston regarded with affectionate sympathy those districts in which a swarming population had been rapidly congregated on ground, which at the distance of little more than half a century was an unpeopled waste. He ever inculcated the maxim, that property has its duties as well as its rights, and proclaimed that one of the first duties of Christians is to provide out of their abundance for the spiritual wants of their poorer brethren. On this, more than on any other concern of his diocese, he gave expression to feelings of disappointment, and uttered language, first of affectionate expostulation, and at length of solemn denunciation, of which some extracts shall be given from a sermon preached in 1840, and afterwards published.

'In this neighbourhood, more especially, have we long had before our eyes the dismal and afflicting spectacle of multitudes invited to settle on a barren waste, to live there, to labour there, to bring up families there, without any church or any duly-authorized minister provided for them: left to their own natural darkness, rather, I may say, to their natural hatred of light, or at least, or at best, to the casual impulse of any form of religion which may be presented to their minds. In vain, amidst the fabrics that in these districts are reared by the skill and power of man, supplying fresh means of wealth in proportion to its continued growth and accumulation—in vain do we look for buildings destined to the production of true riches; or if an edifice of this kind be, after a long period of expectation, tardily provided, it bears no proportion to the vast tide of population which has, in the meantime, been swelling and spreading all around, and is hardly visible amidst their crowded dwellings. Does not, then, the question naturally arise, on a view of this preposterous state of things—why is this forgetfulness of God? Whose are all those lines of houses? those arsenals of wealth? where every sound by which our approach to the abode of man is recognised assails the ear—all, save the sabbath signal for prayer: all, save the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord. For whose benefit are these myriads collected, to spend their lives on this heretofore solitary ground? Are they men who believe in his Gospel? Are they members of the household of faith—and can they, year after year, draw additional crowds to the spot, and yet make no provision for their spiritual instruction, for the due administration of the sacraments, and for the preaching of God's word? I trust, indeed, the reign of this ungodly carelessness is passing away—that a better spirit is at length rising—that the consciences of men are awakened, and that we shall soon witness exertions corresponding with the magnitude of the wants, with the means at their disposal, and with the commanding force of those claims which have hitherto been little regarded.'

In the advertisement to the published sermon, written some time after it was preached, are found the following passages:

'Having for many years endeavoured to impress upon the minds of those, who not only employ the population in the mining district of this diocese for their own profit, but who actually bring and settle them there, the serious obligation they lie under as Christians to provide the means of Christian instruction and pastoral care for their own people, and having been painfully frustrated in these endeavours, either by the apathy of the rich, or by the perverse spirit of heresy and schism, I feel the less reserve in openly denouncing this neglect of a sacred duty, and exhorting others to put their hand to a work so needful, and yet hitherto so imperfectly performed. The example of the Rhymney Iron Company, whose unanimous resolution was printed in the appendix to my sermon, preached at Usk in 1838, seems to have exercised little influence. I will, however, not cease to hold it up as a beacon to guide the feet of those who are traversing the same ground. The directors of that company, at the annual meeting of the proprietors, in November, 1838, thus publicly declare their opinion:—'That the company having caused to locate, on what were before almost barren mountains, a population of 8000 souls, and that number increasing daily, the company are upon every principle, moral and religious, bound to provide and endow a church for the use of the tenants of the company, and others; and they recommend the proprietors to authorise the appropriation of land for a church, a church-yard, a minister's house and garden, and funds for the endowment of the same, to the amount of 120*l.* per annum, and to build schools in connexion with the church, and to provide for their proper maintenance and management.' To their honour be it recorded, the whole body of proprietors unanimously adopted these recommendations of the directors. Were this example followed by the other proprietors of the iron-works and collieries in the parishes of Merthyr Tydvil, Bedwellty, Mynddysllwyn, Aberystruth, and Trevethin, what a change might be wrought in the moral and religious condition of sixty or seventy thousand people. The melancholy fact is, that while one church has been tardily provided, capable of holding about six or eight hundred persons, the surrounding population has been increased tenfold, assuming every form of dissent and schism, mixed with heathenism and avowed infidelity. The working classes are better paid, fed, and lodged, than the generality of their own order in any part of the kingdom ; neither are they destitute, as is sometimes imagined by those who declaim on the want of education in this country, of the ordinary attainments of reading and writing. On the contrary, they are plentifully supplied with materials from the press for encouraging all their errors, and all their evil passions; yet the only churches provided by the employers of this immense population, within the last twenty years, are a small one at Dowlais, capable of holding 500 persons, consecrated in the year 1827, and another, more capacious, in the year 1828, at the Tredegar Iron-works, in the parish of Bedwellty. A church was also built in the parish of Trevethin, by a grant from the society and by subscription, in the year 1832, and a chapel has recently been opened by licence in the parish of Trevethin, capable of holding 600 persons, built by subscription and unendowed. It is served by zealous and disinterested clergymen almost without remuneration, and it is well attended.'

In parishes of extensive area and rugged outline a large population had settled, in places separated from the parish church by lofty hills and deep valleys, and neither religious services nor pastoral superintendence could be adequately provided without the division of such parishes into separate districts.

The parochial endowments are altogether inadequate to the increased demands upon the clergy which those circumstances have presented; and in many instances neither the owners of the soil nor the proprietors of the works have supplied that increased provision which the altered condition of those districts has rendered necessary. Nevertheless, some progress was made in separating unwieldy parishes, and providing additional clergymen and churches.

Thus, in a union of three parishes, namely, Llanover, Trevethin and Mamhilad, instead of one non-resident incumbent with three curates, there are four resident incumbents, two curates, and three additional churches. In Bedwellty, instead of a single church and clergyman, there are three churches and six clergymen.

Aberystruth has been separated into two ecclesiastical districts, with three clergymen instead of one. In Newport, instead of a single church and clergyman, there are two churches and five clergymen.

Insensibility and neglect, on the part of many of those, who had derived or were acquiring wealth by the employment of the industrial population of the diocese, to the duty of providing for the spiritual wants of their numerous servants and dependants, occasioned him grievous disappointment: and when entreaties and expostulations had alike failed, he at length proclaimed publicly, on every suitable occasion, that by those on whom the greatest claims existed the least had been done, and that neither arguments nor entreaties had availed to procure the performance of a Christian duty.

The justice of his censure cannot be denied, when it is stated that in eight mountain parishes, where the population had increased in one generation from 14,000 to 140,000, the increase in the number of clergymen for whom settled endowments had been provided was from eight to sixteen only; and that in five of those parishes no increase in church accommodation had been provided, by the permanent dedication of any building to the worship of God, although in them the population had increased from 5000 to 50,000.

Whilst deploring the apathy of professing churchmen, he did full justice to the zeal and religious earnestness and Christian spirit by which many simple and sincere men amongst dissenting bodies instructed those congregations, who, but for the ministrations provided for them without the church, would have been left in a state of heathenism, without a thought of God or their Saviour.

With reference to these irregular but well-intended efforts he says, with generous acknowledgment, 'It is well that some voice is heard crying in the wilderness, announcing the Kingdom of the Messiah, and directing the thoughts of men to those scriptures which contain the words of eternal life. However intermixed with error, or infected with the spirit of pride and misrule, such doctrine may be, still it is incalculably better than the cheerless blank of infidelity, or a spirit of irreligion; and when, as in some cases we know it to be, there is no hostility, open or disguised, to the regular ministry, but a simple and sincere desire to instruct those in the way of life who would otherwise have been as sheep without a shepherd, we ought rather to rejoice that Christ is so preached, not out of strife and envying, but of love unfeigned, and from a desire to make up what was wanting on our part.'

In the providence of God, it is often found that, whilst the seed is sown by one man, the harvest is reaped by another, and thus it may be that the labours and remonstrances of Bishop Copleston have contributed in no small measure to the success of the movement, which has been undertaken by his successor, for providing increased pastoral superintendence and church accommodation.

In reviewing the government of the diocese of Llandaff, under an episcopate longer in duration than that of any prelate, except one, who has been consecrated to the see since the revolution of 1688, the influence of the Welsh language upon the condition of the church, and the duties thence imposed upon the bishop, demand a careful consideration.

After Bishop Copleston had been called to his rest, it was charged against him that he had discouraged a native ministry, and had contributed, in a material degree, to weaken the church and extend dissent, by presenting to Welsh benefices persons who were incompetent to minister in the language of their flocks: and it has been frequently stated that he was influenced in his government of the church by hostility to the language, and a want of sympathy with the feelings of the native population.

Upon this difficult subject, intimately connected as it is with local passions, and, as many will think, with sectarian prejudices, it will be most satisfactory to allow the bishop's views and opinions to be stated in his own language, the more especially as it is one on which his sentiments were early and clearly expressed, and were maintained consistently to the close of his life.

The following passages are extracted from the Charge delivered by him to his clergy in 1836:—

'It is sometimes insinuated, sometimes broadly asserted, that the native population of Wales have not the benefit of our ministration and instruction in their own language, and this fact is alleged as accounting, in great measure, for the prevalence of dissent and schism among them.

'Now I presume not to answer this charge except as far as it concerns my own diocese, believing, at the same time, that it is equally unjust as applied to other parts of Wales.

In this diocese, however, I can, with confidence, affirm that it is without foundation. The few instances, to which it could ever apply, occurred many years ago, and in these the service of the church and the pastoral care of the parish are now as well provided for as if the incumbent were a native of the country. The spiritual interests of the parishioners, then, even in these cases, objectionable as they are, do not suffer. Upon the parishioners there is no grievance. The only grievance is (and I admit it to be one, and it has been, and ever shall be, my care to rectify it where I can, and to guard against its recurrence), that a stranger who cannot perform the requisite duty, and who must employ an assistant for this part of it, is permitted to hold preferment which properly belongs to the native clergy. The patron is in fault who makes such a nomination; the clergyman is in fault who accepts it; the diocesan is in fault who knowingly permits the abuse. It may be difficult, or even impossible, to draw the exact line in cases of this class, for the introduction of two or three settlers unacquainted with English into a parish where that language has long prevailed ought not to affect the rights of the patron or of the incumbent in possession. But it is wrong to press a doubtful case upon a bishop's acceptance, as if his want of vigilance or of local information could justify an appointment improper in itself. Still, even in these cases, the main charge is untrue—that the spiritual care of the people is neglected—for the only remedy then open is resorted to, that of appointing an assistant competent to this part of the duty.

'It is necessary, however, in treating of this subject, to explain the matter somewhat more largely, for the artful representation of our enemies is calculated to mislead the public in a material point. They speak of a Welsh parish as if Welsh were the language of all its inhabitants, and as if no other were in use or understood there. But the truth is (I speak now with confidence of my own diocese), that the description is not applicable to a single parish, that the language in a great many parishes, and particularly in almost the whole of Monmouthshire, is become entirely English; that where Welsh is still spoken, the two languages are both in use, mixed in every conceivable proportion—the English, sometimes even in Glamorganshire, preponderating greatly over the other, and being continually on the increase; and that the generality of those who speak Welsh among themselves are also well acquainted with English, and, although they prefer their own language, are quite capable of conversing in the other.

'Under such circumstances, it is often a perplexing question in which language the church service should be performed. It is easy to say, let there be a service in each language. So it often is. But there cannot be the full service of the Sunday in each language, and the alternation, either of the language or of the time of service, leads to inconvenience and to complaints, and still more frequently to the practice of resorting to that place of worship, whether in communion with the church or not, in which the time of attendance is unvaried, and the favourite language is alone used.

'It is easy, again, to say, let there be an entire church service for each portion of the population. But how can this be provided when it is notorious that not only is one parish seldom able to maintain two ministers, but that two parishes must often, by reason of the scantiness of their endowment, be served by one minister?

'In the case of a mixed population, too, the use of Welsh is a much greater bar to the attendance of the English, than that of English to the attendance of the Welsh, for it is seldom that those who have received the most elementary education are ignorant of English—a language in which all the principal concerns of life are transacted. So entirely has it prevailed in all towns, and among all people of property of every description, that I do not recollect a single instance in the provincial papers of a notice relating to business of any kind being expressed in the Welsh language.

'Let some consideration, then, be had of the difficulties necessarily arising out of such a mingled usage. That the poor are entitled to our special care, I readily admit; and that where a compromise is necessary, the advantage ought always to be on their side; but be it also remembered that, even when the church service is in English, the few parishioners who cannot join in it have the personal and private attentions of their minister; and that, in a great number of cases, small congregations are formed by him for the express purpose of prayer and instruction out of the usual hours, either in the church, or in their own houses.

'This is a practice which cannot be too highly commended, when care is taken not to encourage enthusiasm, and to make the service always correspond in character with the service of the church.

'I hold it, therefore, to be indispensable, however small may be the proportion of those among whom the native language prevails, that the parochial minister should be well acquainted with it. Too little attention was paid to this in former times. I am happy to say that the duty is now universally recognised, and in the course of last year the rector of a parish in Glamorganshire, which had been usually called an English parish, after some experience resigned it—much to his honour—because he felt that he could not adequately discharge the duty of a pastor to all his flock.'

'The variations in the comparative prevalence of the two languages are, as I before observed, endless, and these, again, are liable to continual change and fluctuation, so that it is impossible to prescribe any fixed rule. It ought, however, to operate as a warning against the encouragement of a provincial language different from that of the country at large, and against attempts to revive it where it is falling into disuse, when we know the embarrassment it must cause in the great concerns of religion, and how it tends to disunite those whom the Gospel enjoins to be firmly bound together in one communion and form of worship, as well as in one faith.

'In delivering these sentiments, I know there is danger of offending a natural feeling, and one for which I have myself great respect, when kept in due subordination to important objects—that of attachment to the province in which we live, and to all of its peculiarities. With this feeling is combined a taste for antiquarian research, and a strong interest in the records and customs of former times. It will not, I trust, be imagined that I disapprove or think lightly of this taste. On the contrary, I hold it to be a feeling wisely implanted in our nature, and, like all other natural feelings, entitled to exercise and encouragement in its due measure and degree. It is, moreover, characteristic of a cultivated mind to indulge in this intellectual pleasure —to delight in recalling the image of the past in all its original freshness, and in preserving it from decay and oblivion. But pleasures of the imagination and of the intellect, however innocent or laudable, and partial affections, however natural and amiable, must not be allowed to operate against general good. I never can concede the title of patriotism to that narrow partiality for a district, which tends to cherish an exclusive attachment and a separate interest from that of the country at large.'

The two following letters, which appeared in a Glamorganshire paper, pursue the same subject, with that difference of manner which is suited to the different occasion. The *nom de guerre* assumed at the time probably but ill concealed the true Entellus, whose 'conscia virtus' roused him to wield his pen with a force, that strongly reminds us of those earlier days, when he stood forth the literary champion of his university.

To the Editors of ——.

October 7, 1840.

Gentlemen,

As you have not only adopted the sentiments and reasoning of your correspondent, 'Vindex Cambrensis,' on the *vexata quæstio* of Welsh bishoprics, but have even gone beyond him in declamation on the wrongs and insults thus suffered by Wales, perhaps I shall not be considered worthy of a place in your columns if I venture to controvert those reasonings, and to remark upon the narrowness and illiberality of the sentiments with which they are accompanied. But I will make the experiment at least; and whatever the issue may be, I shall have the satisfaction of having endeavoured to expose what appears to myself the weakest and most fallacious argument, under the guise of patriotic enthusiasm, which, except the chartist manifestoes, I have ever had the misfortune to read. The writer assumes that Welshmen are excluded from bishoprics, because they are not appointed to WELSH ones. Has any difference, let me ask, been made between Englishmen and Welshmen in the distribution of church preferment, taking England and Wales (as all true patriots regard them) as one country? Look over the list of preferments in the gift of the crown, and whether, in proportion to the respective numbers of well-educated clergymen, any difference has been made on the ground of birth in one part of the country or in the other. This I maintain to be the true test. The only rational charge of partiality must be founded upon the result of such a comparison, and the result, I am confident, will be a refutation of the charge. But, says Vindex, the Welsh bishops cannot do their duty without a knowledge of the Welsh language. He knows, as well as I do, that the peculiar duties of a bishop do not require the use of that language; he knows that their superintendence of the clergy does not require it; that the care of providing every parish with a pastor qualified to instruct all the people is wholly independent of this circumstance; and not only may be, but *is*, practised with equal effect by bishops who can, as by those who cannot speak Welsh. It is an assumption purely unauthorized, but one well calculated to gratify and to agitate those for whom he writes, that the natives of Wales have a right to these appointments within their own district. As well might the natives of Yorkshire claim the see of York, or those of Kent the see of Canterbury. As well might Englishmen protest against the intrusion of Welsh clergymen into English dioceses and English stalls. Let him prove the incompetency of the individual to discharge the functions of his station, before he condemns his appointment to it as a public grievance. In former times, there may have been cases of negligence and laxity in permitting clergymen to hold Welsh livings, who were unacquainted with the language still in use among the inhabitants, but these abuses have been long ago abolished; and it is no favourable symptom in a case, when the accuser increases in vehemence in proportion as the evil of which he complains is diminished,—this evil, too, originating, not with bishops, but with patrons, and the attempt to intrude an unqualified incumbent being just as likely to prevail, whether the bishop be of Welsh or of English race—depending for its success upon the bishop's remissness in making inquiry as to the need of that qualification, not upon his own competency or incompetency to speak the language. But it is not, I boldly affirm, from a tender regard for the spiritual interests of the Welsh, but from that false patriotism, unworthy of the name of patriotism, which ought rather to be called provincial attachment and jealousy of strangers, that these murmurings proceed. You, gentlemen, in supporting your correspondent's strain of complaint, describe an Englishman who cannot speak Welsh as 'unconnected by a single tie with Wales.' What a heartless sentiment! uttered, too, by one who swears allegiance to the same sovereign, is partaker of the same civil rights, subject to the same laws, possessing the same religion with the English, who ought to feel himself united with England by every tie of national honour, national pride, and national interests.

If this be the creed of Vindex, he is content, for the sake of his narrow views on this single point, to renounce all these feelings and duties, which are the boast of every right-minded individual among us, whether of Celtic or of Saxon race. Rather, gentlemen, let us seek to extinguish antipathies, to consolidate, instead of disuniting, the heterogeneous elements of our social system: let us imitate the policy of all great and civilized communities, by blending the several tribes which compose them to a similarity of manners, customs, and language, and by raising as much as possible a common feeling of love, which alone is entitled to the name of patriotism.

BRITANNICUS.

To the Editors of ——

October 17, 1840.

Gentlemen,

It seems that my former letter was not couched in terms suited to your dignity. Against that dignity I never wish to offend; neither will you, I hope, take offence at a few strictures which I now pass upon the reply you make, in your editorial capacity, to that letter. Sensible, as I am, of the deference due to literary eminence, I cannot concede, neither do you, I trust, claim, the attribute of infallibility. I cannot even go so far as the high-prerogative editors of the London journals seem to go, in maintaining that an editor 'can do no wrong.'

In the first place, then, I complain that, although you have printed my letter fairly (bating one or two press errors, such as possessing for professing religion), you have quoted it most unfairly, and this for the purpose of propping up an unsound argument. 'Britannicus tells us (you say) that the duties of a bishop are confined to the superintendence of his clergy, and providing every parish with a pastor qualified to instruct the people.' This is given as a quotation from my letter. But I did not tell you so. Look again, and you will see that my words are, 'The peculiar duties of a bishop do not require,' &c. Will you maintain that what I have stated are not the peculiar duties of a bishop? or that preaching, which is the duty of every clergyman in our church, is peculiar to the bishop? But can a man be a good bishop, you may ask, without preaching? Certainly not. Here, however, lies your fallacy. Is a bishop preaching in English unintelligible (as you and Vindex would fain insinuate) in Wales? Will you so far discredit your own countrymen? Or rather, I may say, will you so far stultify yourselves? for your paper, I observe, like all the other papers published in the principality, is written constantly and entirely in English. From the first day of January to the last day of December, hardly a line of Welsh is visible in your or their columns. Whether it be politics or religion, agriculture or trade, iron or lead, coal or cymreigyddion, matters of foreign or domestic intelligence, servants wanted, books or liberty, all is English, and a man might as well be an Hindoo as a Welshman, as far as your columns are concerned, if he did not understand familiarly the language of his English fellow-countrymen. What then? are the poor, you will perhaps rejoin, not to have the Gospel preached to them in their own language, because we do not give them the benefit of our newspaper? Beware, I entreat you, of this argument. You will not surely vilify all the parochial clergy of Wales, in order to screen yourselves. You will not say that the poor have not the Gospel preached to them in each parish in their own language, because the bishop does not come round to preach himself in each parish—because his preaching is exercised in town congregations, where English is not only understood, but almost exclusively used, as in England. Forbear, I beseech you, in the name of common sense, from uttering this reproach against your own countrymen. You cannot be ignorant that care is taken to provide every parish, when the bishop has the right of nomination, with a minister competent to instruct all the people in their own language; and when the bishop has not the nomination, that he refuses to institute a clerk disqualified in that respect. Of late years this duty has been vigilantly and firmly performed, even in spite of threatened litigation on the part of the patrons. But no! the bishop trusts to his chaplain, you say, for examining the persons presented to livings in Welsh. He does not examine them himself, and therefore he cannot know whether they are qualified or not. Such is the reasoning by which Britannicus is to be put down. I can hardly think that Cambrian intellect is so obtuse as to require a refutation. Let Vindex growl, and let Cyrus rave, they will never convince a single unprejudiced man that there is the slightest force in this objection. Every ordination, both in England and Wales, is equally vicious, if the examination by a chaplain, the chosen and confidential coadjutor of the bishop, is not to be esteemed a sufficient warrant for much higher qualifications than this. If Vindex Cambrensis, then, still retains his objection, let him keep it undisturbed,

> Habeat secum, servetque sepulchro.

The plain truth is, that an affected concern for the spiritual interests of the poor is made a stalking-horse for clerical ambition, aided by feelings of provincial jealousy. This is one of the fruits sprung from the fashionable folly of the day—the bardic revivals. If confined to literary or antiquarian research, their object is not only innocent, but laudable. Every year, however, may be perceived a progressive renovation of worn-out prejudices, of narrow-minded, querulous claims, of pretended grievances, of whimsical and almost ludicrous self-importance, and of spiteful antipathies.

But the notion that Welsh bishops must needs be Welshmen, is an assumption which no government will listen to. The absurd and pertinacious claim of right is the surest way to defeat the object in view. If it has any influence at all with men in power, its tendency must be to keep back the favour, which would otherwise be granted in due proportion to the number of men well qualified for it from each portion of the country:

> Tros Rutulusve fuat nullo discrimine habebo,

will undoubtedly be the motto of every administration, as far as relates to English or Welsh origin. But let not the Rutulian suppose he possesses any birthright as a descendant of Gomer.

I had almost forgotten to notice one passage of your defence, which, though of little importance to the main argument, stands most in need of correction. You are pleased to say, in answer to the charge of uttering a 'heartless sentiment,' that you repudiate the assertion. My assertion was founded upon the following passage of your own diatribe on the appointment of Englishmen to bishoprics in Wales.

'Every Welshman's indignation must be roused at seeing them bestowed upon strangers, bound to the Welsh by no earthly tie, and (mark that conjunctive) unable to communicate with them in the only tongue which the vast majority of them understand.'

This I called, and I still call it, a heartless sentiment—Bound by no earthly tie !

You say in your reply, 'that nothing could be further from your thoughts than to assert that the English are unconnected by any tie with Wales.' And yet you did affirm that they are unconnected by any earthly tie. The assertion you now make directly contradicts the former. Instead of repudiating my assertion, it would have better become you to retract your own.

I am, gentlemen, your fellow-countryman,
BRITANNICUS.

P.S. Since the above was written, I have seen the second letter of 'Vindex,' in which, after lauding your triumphant answer, he condemns the tone of my letter. If my argument was wrong, my tone was wrong, not otherwise. Sophistry and sedition are not only to be refuted, but reproved. Let 'Vindex' prove his charge against the parochial clergy of Wales, that those who hold the best livings, either wilfully, or through ignorance, suffer half the people, who require instruction most, to remain uninstructed in the church, and I will admit that his censure of *them* is merited, although his remedy is mistaken. But a beaten adversary may be allowed to whine, and to console himself, if he can, with admiring your triumph.

Early in his episcopate he was involved in a troublesome controversy with the lay patrons of a benefice in Glamorganshire, where it had been usual to have a sermon preached once a month in the Welsh language. They objected to the continuance of this service, threatening legal proceedings if the bishop required any Welsh service of the new incumbent; and after taking counsel on the subject, he found it necessary to yield to the objections of the patrons.

The following extracts from letters kindly supplied by the Rev. Thomas Edmondes, vicar of Cowbridge and rural dean, show how careful the bishop was in requiring an acquaintance with Welsh whenever that was necessary.

Writing to Mr. Edmondes in 1845, he says:—

...... 'It is necessary that a commission should be appointed to inquire into the state of Lantwit-Major parish, as to the use of the Welsh language there. It has been called an English parish, and as such W—— took it some twelve or fourteen years ago; but after a few years' experience, finding that there were many persons in that parish and in Lliswormey with whom he could not converse, he, from conscientious motives, resigned it. ...... As the dean and chapter of Gloucester wish to appoint a minor canon of their cathedral, who knows nothing of Welsh, I should be obliged to you to execute this commission, and to report to me your opinion whether it is necessary, and, if not absolutely necessary, whether it would be serviceable to the church, to have a minister capable of conversing in Welsh. I may thus, if not justified in refusing their nominee, yet impress upon them, as patrons, the duty of selecting a person qualified in that respect, both on account of those who are unable to speak English, and of those who use and prefer their native language, although they may have learnt English.' ......

Again, in 1847:

'My only doubt as to ——'s qualification for the divinity school is, that he is not acquainted with Welsh .... Certainly I mean to be strict in requiring a knowledge of Welsh before instituting or licensing a clergyman to a parish, in which that language in any material degree prevails.

The bishop recurred to the subject of language in the Charge delivered to his clergy in 1845, the following extracts from which will be found to contain much additional and valuable matter:—

'One of the disadvantages we labour under, tending materially to disunion and dissent, is the use among the people of two living languages, and those most dissimilar and incongruous in their character. This evil, in whatever countries it existed, it has been the policy of all wise governments to obviate, by encouraging, as much as possible, the ascendancy of one, and that the language of the larger part of the nation, so as in process of time wholly to supersede the other. The business of civil life, the administration of the laws, the intercourse of society, are all aided and improved by the adoption of one medium of communication among the inhabitants of the same region; and if all these interests require a sacrifice of that natural partiality which attaches us to local peculiarities, much more—infinitely more—is the cause of true religion entitled to that sacrifice, for the peace and the union of the church are in a still greater degree promoted by the same expedient. The feelings and affections are influenced by idioms and modes of speaking not easily transfused from one language to another, although external objects and mechanical operations, and the ordinary business of life, may be sufficiently expressed in translated words for all practical purposes. Now it is the former class of ideas with which revealed religion is chiefly conversant, and which the teacher of that religion seeks to instil into the minds of his hearers; these they may imbibe most eagerly, when clothed, not in an acquired vocabulary, which serves well enough for the common uses of life, but in their native tongue, long associated as that is with all emotions of the imagination and the heart. This is a quality not peculiar to the Welsh language; it is an incident common to all languages. When, therefore, a population is in that transition state, that a large portion have already dropped the use of their own language for that of another race, and the two races are become not only intermixed in all conceivable proportions, but their respective peculiarities are daily disappearing, it causes the greatest perplexity to the pastor of a parish how best to carry on the religious instruction of such a community: and whereas union is a vital principle of the church, which it concerns us all to cherish as much as possible, this mixture, while it lasts, becomes a fatal source of discord and disunion. All the expedients of alternate or occasional service in each language, according to the relative numbers of the two portions (which are besides ever varying), although the only remedies the case admits, are inadequate, and generally abortive. The minor party draw off to that assembly, whatever its denomination, in which their own language exclusively prevails, and separation soon ripens into absolute schism, and even hostility. When I reflect on the evils arising from this state of things, and when I know by experience that the only adequate remedy is the use of one language, it grieves me to think that any among us should, for the sake of indulging the love of antiquarian lore, or a romantic feeling of local and partial attachment, studiously endeavour to perpetuate the mixture in those districts where it was fast dying away, and thus purchase a pleasure of the imagination to themselves by the surrender of sacred and substantial good.'

On subsequent occasions the bishop was involved in controversies with lay patrons, who desired to nominate clergymen ignorant of the Welsh language to parishes in which it seemed to him necessary that the ministrations of the church should be performed in the native tongue; and in the latter part of his connexion with the see, he rebuked, in his place in Parliament, the lord chancellor of England for seeking institution in Welsh parishes for two clergymen, one of whom held a benefice in the diocese of Rochester, and was wholly unacquainted with Welsh, and the other of whom did not possess that complete acquaintance with the language, which in the judgment of the bishop was necessary for the satisfactory discharge of the pastoral, as well as ministerial duties of the particular parish to which he had been presented, although he had earned the commendation of the bishop for the manner in which he had discharged his duties in another parish of the same diocese, in which an occasional Welsh duty was required.

The chancellor for some time upheld the presentations he had made; and, although he at length yielded to the bishop's determination, and presented other clerks, yet this was not done until after a debate in the House of Lords, on a motion made by the bishop for an address to the crown, praying her Majesty to consent to the introduction of a bill, for limiting the time during which benefices in the gift of the crown might be kept vacant.

In a letter to a friend, written on the morning after the debate, the bishop gave expression to his feelings in the following language:—

'My fixed determination was, never to institute a man, incapable of performing the duty of a living, on the plea that he would employ a Welsh curate. When I found such a man in possession, it was the only expedient in my power to compel him to employ a Welsh assistant. But I resolutely refused to create such cases myself, and I have repeated, over and over again, that I looked upon such arrangements as not only unfair and unjust, but most offensive to the feelings of the Welsh people, and an insult to their clergy.'

The bishop's views on this subject were clearly manifested in the disposal of his patronage. The livings in his gift in both archdeaconries were six in number, to all of which he nominated once, and to some more than once: and by the courtesy of the chapter of Llandaff, his recommendation was usually followed in the disposal of their livings, twenty-one of which became vacant during his episcopate.

On every vacancy, whether the patronage was in the bishop or the dean and chapter, the benefice was conferred either on a native of the diocese, or on a native of some other part of Wales who had laboured in the diocese; and several of the benefices thus bestowed were English parishes, in which an acquaintance with the Welsh language was unnecessary.

He firmly upheld the order and rule of our own branch of the church catholic against the unscriptural pretensions of Rome on the one hand, and the mischievous spirit of schism and causeless separation on the other. Thus, in the Charge delivered to his clergy in 1839 is the following warning:—

'I would intreat you, my reverend brethren, not to disparage your church, or give encouragement to those who disallow it and break from it, by yielding, even in name, to their pretensions. To bestow the title catholic upon the Romish church, as contradistinguished from our own, is practically injurious, not only with uneducated people, but it has actually been employed in controversial argument as a proof of their superiority and of our recent origin. To speak of theirs as the old faith or the old religion, and of the Protestant confessions as a new form of Christianity, has an equally injurious tendency. The truth, as you well know, is, that ours is the old faith. Let us, however, drop altogether the distinction of old and new, and adopt that of genuine and corrupt. There is but one faith, one religion, one church, from the beginning—that church has been for ages grossly corrupted by the influence of popery, and it has been more or less reformed and restored to its original purity by Protestants in different parts of the Christian world. We of this land have accomplished the work more thoroughly, and yet more temperately, than any other nation. Let us cherish this great and glorious work as our dearest possession; at the same time, never let us give way by submission, no, not for an hour, to that spirit of schism and separation which is directly opposed to the very constitution of the church, as founded by Christ and his apostles, as placed on record in the holy Scriptures, and as transmitted to us through the uniform practice of the first and purest ages. Do not, I beseech you, under a false plea of liberality and charity, countenance the pernicious error, by which self-appointed teachers usurp the ministry and distract the church, to draw away disciples after them, when they already have a faithful minister at hand, able and willing to lead them in the way of salvation. Be not deterred by the fear of incurring the reproach of men from maintaining steadily the high privilege and the sacred dignity of your calling, but rather bear in mind the saying of our Lord (which has especial reference, not to moral conduct, but to this temporizing and spurious liberality in the messengers of God), 'Woe be unto you when all men shall speak well of you, for so did they of the false prophets who were before you:' and be assured that, in so doing, you will have ample recompense for any transient persecution, in the peace of your own conscience here, and in the approval hereafter of that Divine Master whom you serve.'

Without ascribing to the bishop the merit of being the first to expose that fallacy, by which the Romanist assumes the necessity of one visible earthly head in order to oneness of communion, thus confounding subjection to one governor with union in one faith, we may nevertheless assert, that no writer of our time has enforced the distinction with more clearness or force, or in a manner more calculated to convince all those who are open to conviction.

The reader is invited to judge for himself in the following extracts, taken from a Charge delivered by the bishop in 1845:—

'And now, my reverend brethren, in addressing you for the sixth time, and, considering the ordinary period of human life, not improbably for the last time, permit me to take a freedom which may expose me to the imputation of vanity from the world, or of attributing too much weight to my own opinions, but which you will, I trust, receive with greater indulgence.

'I would entreat you, then, to peruse with attention the last Charge I delivered in this diocese, written about the time when these Oxford tracts began to attract general attention. The occasion led me to meditate deeply upon the causes of that hold which papal corruptions and papal dominion still retained, in an age when the wide range of intellectual pursuits had for centuries opened the minds of all educated men, and had dislodged so many prejudices and errors that had prevailed during the middle ages. Why, it was natural to ask, amidst the general advancement, has no progress been made in subverting the false tenets and superstitions of Rome?

'And not only so, but, on the other hand, how comes it that so large a portion of the Protestant world is split into endless divisions and sects, many of them agreeing in the fundamental truths of Christianity, and rejecting, like ourselves, popish corruptions, and yet, not like ourselves, religiously preserving the unity of the church, as being a body constituted by Christ himself, and claiming allegiance and attachment from every member, according to the earnest and repeated injunctions of its founder.

'The solution of both these difficulties appeared to me to be the same, and to be alike traceable to this single error, slowly, indeed, and gradually formed, but at length boldly professed and imperiously enjoined, that the unity of the church consisted in having one visible head or governor of the whole upon earth. Now this is a notion for which there is not the slightest foundation in Scripture, nor the slightest evidence in the history of the church, during, at the very least, the first five centuries; yet, during all that period, as well as ever since, to maintain the unity of the church has been held to be a duty of sacred and eternal obligation. In one of our own prayers we recognise it, as stamping an inalienable character upon the body perfectly in unison with the whole economy of the Gospel dispensation,—that as there is but one body and one spirit and one hope of our calling, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of us all, so we may all be united in one holy bond of truth and peace, of faith and charity. How is it that, in all this enumeration of the elements and principles of unity, taken from Scripture and from ancient liturgies, the government of the church throughout the world by one bishop should never be hinted at—I do not say as essential, but as forming any constituent part of this divinely-commissioned institution. The claim, indeed, has long been proudly and arbitrarily asserted. But it rests on no evidence—it will bear no examination. It was, however, in times of darkness and ignorance, blindly submitted to in the western church as a dogma involving the very essence of the faith, and to dispute it was thought equivalent to a denial of our Redeemer. But that the pontifical supremacy is an innovation, a creature of man's invention, all history proclaims,—and this illusion being once dispelled, the whole fabric of superstitions and corruptions built upon it falls at once to the ground.

On the other hand, the overthrow of this imaginary claim, which had so long held European Christendom in subjection, led too many of the Protestants to shut their eyes altogether to the real unity of the church. Thus, the same confusion of thought became the source of pernicious error in each case. The Papist thought unity was destroyed if the pope ceased to govern; the Protestant held that because that dominion was usurped, there was no form of church government on earth which had divine authority, or to which the allegiance of Christians was due.

'The church of Rome is chargeable with inventing, from motives of ambition and the love of worldly greatness, this anti-Christian doctrine. But is it not marvellous that the world should have so long been held, and still continue to be held, bound under this spell,—that one prelate, whose claim is universal empire, should be deemed the representative and the vicegerent of Him, whose memorable saying is recorded in the everlasting Gospel, 'My kingdom is not of this world.' This monstrous imposture, prophetically shadowed out, as I firmly believe it to be, in the writings of St. Paul, must be regarded as the device of the enemy of the cross of Christ, for it is the original germ of all spiritual evils—evils of the most opposite descriptions—evils of fanaticism and disorder not less than of gross and abject superstition—evils which, in the one form or the other, will never, perhaps, wholly cease to afflict the church militant upon earth.'

He loved to proclaim his adherence to the principles of the Reformation, and would often speak admiringly of the love of truth, fortitude, and zeal, as well as the learning, moderation, and sagacity of the men by whom that great work was effected.

Deploring the grievous apostasy of some ordained members of our own church, and censuring those errors, whether in doctrine or practice, which he considered to have led to that most unhappy result, he adds, in the same Charge of 1845:—

'Out of this unlooked-for, because unprecedented apostasy, as out of all moral evil, some good, indeed, has sprung. It has led to a more accurate acquaintance with the origin and progress of the Reformation in our own country, when, having thrown off the usurped authority of Rome, our church purified itself from those corruptions, both in doctrine and practice, which had been contracted in the course of a thousand years, and restored both its profession of faith and its polity to a conformity with the original models from which, under the papal government, both had widely departed.

'The single-hearted love of truth, the indefatigable search after it—the fortitude in maintaining it, and the zeal in propagating it, which are characteristic of those pious and learned men to whom we are indebted for this blessed emancipation, are too well known for me now to demonstrate, or even to detain you by applauding them. But there is a quality in their proceedings equally characteristic, and much more rare, which I cannot pass by unnoticed—the temper I mean, the prudence, the moderation, with which this great work was carried on, and finally accomplished. In this respect, our Reformation stands happily and honourably distinguished from most of those religious changes which took place about the same time on the Continent of Europe. The church of this nation changed nothing for the sake of change. It preserved, unbroken and unimpaired, its original constitution, as being of divine appointment. It retained all that was decent and solemn and decorous in the outward forms of religion, provided it was also pure and edifying, and sanctioned by the practice of the church in its early and uncorrupted state.

'This task, in fact, after the first fiery trial was over, became their chief difficulty. To restrain the passions of men, naturally excited by the detection of fraud and profane artifice in the rulers and ministers of Christ's church, required more of the real Christian spirit than to face persecution. It is to this wisdom, displayed in meekness, that we owe our freedom from the wild excesses which prevailed elsewhere during the same period, and to which the popular mind is ever prone under religious commotion. The rejection of all legitimate rule derived from the apostolic church, which is the error of all the various sects around us, still exposes them to the same danger, and is the occasion of much natural anxiety to all sober-minded members of the church. While they obstinately cling to this error, and spurn authority, and refuse to hear the church, however near their doctrines may approach to those of the church, we cannot recognise them as sheep of the same fold. We feel bound to warn them of their sin and of their danger, although we dare not arrogantly affirm that they have no share in Christ's redemption.'

He lamented the want of adequate episcopal authority to remove unworthy ministers, and in a Charge delivered in 1833 described, in the following language, the evils thence arising:—

'The part, however, of our ecclesiastical constitution which appears to me most defective, is one which has least provoked animadversion among the advocates for reform—I mean the difficulty of removing unworthy ministers, or even of suspending them from the exercise of their sacred office. If it be hazardous to entrust a superior with absolute authority in such cases, let it be remembered that the hazard is infinitely greater, and affects interests of far greater magnitude, when a minister of the Gospel brings a scandal upon his profession, grieves and disgusts the better part of his flock, corrupts the weak, and confirms the wicked in their sins, all which may yet be done so artfully, as to baffle for a long time the formal interposition of the law, and in many cases to defeat it altogether.

'The points of clerical duty which are capable of being enforced by law are generally of that kind which have no necessary connexion with true piety and virtue. Residence in a prescribed place and for a certain time, the performance of church duty according to the rubric, the delivery of a sermon not containing false doctrine, are matters of easy cognizance—admit of easy proof; and it is notorious that such duties may be legally performed, by men whose manner during divine service deprives them of all salutary influence, and whose lives and conversation bring dishonour upon religion.

'A tedious and expensive prosecution may be instituted for some particular act of immorality, of which the issue is always uncertain, depending, as it must do, upon witnesses, who are apt to relent, and to shrink from an office of severity when the trial approaches, it being seldom found that, without some mixture of compulsion, or interest, or resentment, the mere sense of public duty will in such cases lead to a conviction.'

He affectionately inculcated in all his Charges the necessity for manifesting higher motives of conduct than any which can arise from the sense of coercive authority, originating in human laws.

'To you, my reverend brethren, I need hardly observe how utterly inefficient laws are in improving the heart of man; that the strictest legal discipline will only engender caution in him who seeks to do amiss; that it is for the sake of the church at large to avoid scandal, to remove every stumbling-block in the way of the Gospel, that we seek to exercise a control beyond what the law now warrants. Even then, the correction would be of a negative kind only. The willing mind, the pure and upright and disinterested purpose, the love of Christ, and the constant desire to increase his kingdom, no laws, no polity can impart. It can only be derived from above, from the gracious supply of that Holy Spirit, which is promised to all who sincerely and earnestly desire his assistance, and who rejoice in the promise distinctly made, that He will abide with us for ever.'

Amidst all the difficulties by which the church was menaced from within and without during much of his episcopate, he acknowledged with gratitude the improvement in her condition in his own diocese.

'But, against all the violence and all the arts of its adversaries, the cause of the church still advances. Great, indeed, is the power of truth. While standing on this vantage-ground, if we be not wanting to ourselves we must sooner or later prevail, and—I speak it with confidence—we are now prevailing. In the conduct of the parochial clergy; in their more constant residence, each within his proper sphere of duty; in their improved performance of divine service, not hastily or irreverently, but with devout solemnity; in the additional frequency of that service, and especially of the holy communion; in the more earnest and affectionate tone of preaching; in the attention paid to parochial schools; and, I may add, in a mode of life more consonant with the sacred character of their calling—in being careful not to give offence by impropriety of dress, or manners, or amusement; in all these particulars, I discern the cause of that increased respect and influence the church has certainly acquired among us within the last few years. Again, even the discussions with which the press teems upon ecclesiastical questions, whether relating to the due observance of formularies, or the enforcement of discipline among the clergy, are evidence of the interest now felt in such things; deeper interest than ever was felt within the remembrance of the present generation. How much fuller of hope is this state of the public mind, than the torpor and apathy which characterized the latter part of the last century, and which, in the commencement of this century, was visible in obstructing measures for rendering the pastoral office more efficient, and for raising a warmer sense of duty among the clergy. Instead of the selfish and worldly-minded principle then often quoted as a maxim of practical wisdom, 'quieta non movere,' we have for the last thirty years been occupied in enlarging the boundaries of the fold of Christ, in seeking for guests to his table among the highways and hedges and every quarter in which ignorant and wandering multitudes are to be found, and in proclaiming from the house-tops the message of salvation to all who have ears to hear.

'The natural concomitants of newly-excited zeal have, indeed, not been wanting—they have been visible in the formation of new sects, in frequent preaching through strife and envy, in detraction from the character of opponents, and sometimes in a restless dislike of regular authority.

But, against all these impediments, a sensible progress has yet been made, and is continually advancing. The duties of the church, rather than her secular rights and privileges, have engaged the thoughts of men—of the friends of the church as well as of her enemies; and it is a sign of the awakened sense of true religion among us, that the parochial clergy have earnestly betaken themselves to the task of proving, as far as possible, their conviction of its apostolical constitution, not by reviling their opponents, and proudly asserting their own superior authority, but by infusing into the services of the church a devout and holy character—by exhibiting a reverend regard for sacred things, and bringing back their instructions from mere moral teaching to the pattern of apostolic epistles, in which the great truths of revelation are invariably set forth as the motives for purity and integrity and charity in all the relations of life.'

Any record of the episcopate of Dr. Copleston would be incomplete, which did not exhibit the generous kindness which marked his intercourse with his clergy, and the scale and extent of his contributions to all objects of Christian benevolence within the limits of his diocese. To the diocesan societies for promoting christian knowledge at home, for propagating the Gospel abroad, for educating the children of the poor, for the relief of the widows and orphan children of the clergy, for church-building and church-restoration, and improving the taste for and promoting the practice of church psalmody, as an essential portion of public worship, the bishop was a liberal contributor. Diocesan associations for the furtherance of some of these objects were formed during his episcopate, and owed their success to his active and steady encouragement: and every separate undertaking, whether church, or school, or work of mercy, received from him its own separate donation.

There is no temptation to magnify unduly the merits of Bishop Copleston, by keeping out of sight the revenues which he derived from his deanery, nor is it forgotten that, under then existing arrangements, the deanery of St. Paul's was virtually held *in commendam* with the bishopric. It is, however, due to his memory to record, that with an episcopal income which did not average 1000*l.*, he expended in a single year, in occasional donations and subscriptions, public or private, connected with his diocese, and wholly distinct from claims elsewhere, 1332*l.*, while, throughout his episcopate, the whole income derived from his see was never equal to his expenditure within its limits for objects of Christian benevolence.

It should be added, that a portion of his income as bishop, small as that was, was derived from the tithes of two parishes, Mynyddysllwyn and Bedwellty, which were annexed to the see in the 17th century. As a consequence, the endowments of the parochial clergymen were very inadequate to the duties imposed on them, while those duties were multiplied from day to day by a rapid addition to the population. In order to secure for those parishes the services of well-qualified clergymen, the bishop contributed in each instance, as an augmentation to the ordinary stipend, 35*l.* a year from his own purse; and when his efforts to make such augmentations permanent, by charging the amount on the appropriated tithes, were thwarted by legal difficulties, which were overcome before his death, but which at one time seemed to be insurmountable, he charged his executors with the payment of 35*l.* yearly to each incumbent. The value of such acts of well-considered liberality was enhanced by the manner in which they were performed, and no quality of the bishop's character was more prominent, than his desire to relieve the objects of his bounty from any painful sense of obligation.

He learnt on one occasion that a clergyman, who had undertaken the restoration of his church on the assurance of aid from his parishioners, which was afterwards refused, was subjected to unexpected pecuniary claims on account of the work, and he obtained through one of the archdeacons a statement of the claims, in order that he might provide for their liquidation without any communication with the incumbent. On another occasion, it came to his knowledge that an incumbent of two large mountain parishes, who had laboured long in the ministry of the church, and had struggled to bring up a large family with a narrow income, was threatened with imprisonment for debts which he had contracted. The bishop having ascertained the extent of the claims, by correspondence with one of the churchwardens, sent that gentleman an order on his bankers for 140*l.*, with a request that he would discharge the debts.

The clergyman having requested the churchwarden to inform him the name of his benefactor, was told that he did not desire his name to be disclosed. The poor man, however, conjectured that his kind friend could be no other than the bishop, and rode over to Llansanfraed, where the bishop then lived, to express to him the grateful feelings which generosity such as his rarely fails to arouse. But on this occasion gratitude was speechless, for the old incumbent, on entering the bishop's study, and finding his hand warmly grasped by him whom he had come to thank, burst into tears.

Called to high office in the church in days of much disquiet, and appointed to a diocese which imposes on its chief pastor cares and difficulties of a special and peculiar character, Bishop Copleston must, doubtless, have erred, sometimes from mistaken judgment, and sometimes from defective information. But he had been to his flock a shepherd so ministering discipline, that he had not forgotten mercy, holding up the weak, binding together the broken, and seeking the lost. Hence it was that many of those who followed his remains to the grave assembled afterwards in the chapter-room of the cathedral church, to consider in what manner they could most appropriately commemorate the services of the accomplished scholar, the erudite theologian, and the munificent prelate, and resolved to found collegiate exhibitions for the sons of clergymen of the see of Llandaff, as a fitting memorial to one, who had won alike the respect and affection of the clergy and laity of his diocese.

Inner Temple, March, 1851.

APPENDIX I.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG REVIEWER, WITH A SPECIMEN OF THE ART.

YOU are now about to enter on a profession which has the means of doing much good to society, and scarcely any temptation to do harm. You may encourage genius, you may chastise superficial arrogance, expose falsehood, correct error, and guide the taste and opinions of the age in no small degree, by the books you praise and recommend. All this, too, may be done without running the risk of making any enemies, or subjecting yourself to be called to account for your criticism, however severe. While your name is unknown, your person is invulnerable: at the same time your own aim is sure; for you may take it at your leisure; and your blows fall heavier than those of any writer whose name is given, or who is simply anonymous. There is a mysterious authority in the plural *we*, which no single name, whatever may be its reputation, can acquire; and, under the sanction of this imposing style, your strictures, your praises, and your dogmas, will command universal attention, and be received as the fruit of united talents, acting on one common principle—as the judgments of a tribunal who decide only on mature deliberation, and who protect the interests of literature with unceasing vigilance.

Such being the high importance of that office, and such its opportunities, I cannot bestow a few hours of leisure better than in furnishing you with some hints for the more easy and effectual discharge of it: hints which are, I confess, loosely thrown together, but which are the result of long experience, and of frequent reflection and comparison. And if anything should strike you at first sight as rather equivocal in point of morality, or deficient in liberality and feeling, I beg you will suppress all such scruples, and consider them as the offspring of a contracted education and narrow way of thinking, which a little intercourse with the world and sober reasoning will speedily overcome.

Now, as in the conduct of life nothing is more to be desired than some governing principle of action, to which all other principles and motives must be made subservient, so in the art of reviewing, I would lay down as a fundamental position, which you must never lose sight of, and which must be the mainspring of all your criticisms—*Write what will sell.* To this golden rule every minor canon must be subordinate, and must be either immediately deducible from it, or at least be made consistent with it. Be not staggered at the sound of a precept, which upon examination will be found as honest and virtuous as it is discreet. I have already sketched out the great services which it is in your power to render mankind; but all your efforts will be unavailing if men did not read what you write. Your utility, therefore, it is plain, depends upon your popularity; and popularity cannot be attained without humouring the taste and inclinations of men.

Be assured that by a similar train of sound and judicious reasoning the consciences of thousands in public life are daily quieted. It is better for the state that their party should govern than any other: the good which they can effect by the exercise of power is infinitely greater than any which could arise from a rigid adherence to certain subordinate moral precepts, which, therefore, should be violated without scruple whenever they stand in the way of their leading purpose. He who sticks at these can never act a great part in the world, and is not fit to act it if he could. Such maxims may be very useful in ordinary affairs, and for the guidance of ordinary men; but when we mount into the sphere of public utility, we must adopt more enlarged principles, and not suffer ourselves to be cramped and fettered by petty notions of right, and moral duty.

When you have reconciled yourself to this liberal way of thinking, you will find many inferior advantages resulting from it, which at first did not enter into your consideration. In particular, it will greatly lighten your labours to *follow* the public taste, instead of taking upon you to *direct* it. The task of pleasing is at all times easier than that of instructing: at least it does not stand in need of painful research and preparation; and may be effected in general by a little vivacity of manner, and a dexterous morigeration (as Lord Bacon calls it) to the humours and frailties of men. Your responsibility, too, is thereby much lessened. Justice and candour can only be required of you so far as they coincide with this main principle; and a little experience will convince you that these are not the happiest means of accomplishing your purpose.

It has been idly said, that a reviewer acts in a judicial capacity, and that his conduct should be regulated by the same rules by which the judge of a civil court is governed: that he should rid himself of every bias; be patient, cautious, sedate, and rigidly impartial; that he should not seek to show off himself, and should check every disposition to enter into the case as a partisan.

Such is the language of superficial thinkers; but in reality there is no analogy between the two cases. A judge is promoted to that office by the authority of the state; a reviewer by his own. The former is independent of control, and may therefore freely follow the dictates of his own conscience: the latter depends for his very bread upon the breath of public opinion: the great law of self-preservation, therefore, points out to him a different line of action. Besides, as we have already observed, if he ceases to please, he is no longer read, and consequently is no longer useful. In a court of justice, too, the part of amusing the bystanders rests with the counsel: in the case of criticism, if the reviewer himself does not undertake it, who will? Instead of vainly aspiring, therefore, to the gravity of a magistrate, I would advise him, when he sits down to write, to place himself in the imaginary situation of a cross-examining pleader. He may comment, in a vein of agreeable irony, upon the profession, the manner of life, the look, dress, or even the name of the witness he is examining: when he has raised a contemptuous opinion of him in the minds of the court, he may proceed to draw answers from him capable of a ludicrous turn, and he may carve and garble these to his own liking. This mode of proceeding you will find most practicable in poetry, where the boldness of the image, or the delicacy of thought, for which the reader's mind was prepared in the original, will easily be made to appear extravagant or affected, if judiciously singled out, and detached from the group to which it belongs. Again, since much depends upon the rhythm and the terseness of expression, both of which are sometimes destroyed by dropping a single word, or transposing a phrase, I have known much advantage arise from not quoting in the form of a literal extract, but giving a brief summary in prose of the contents of a poetical passage; and interlarding your own language with occasional phrases of the poem, marked with inverted commas. These, and a thousand other little expedients, by which the arts of quizzing and banter flourish, practice will soon teach you. If it should be necessary to transcribe a dull passage, not very fertile in topics of humour and raillery, you may introduce it as a 'favourable specimen of the author's manner.'

Few people are aware of the powerful effects of what is philosophically termed association. Without any positive violation of truth, the whole dignity of a passage may be undermined by contriving to raise some vulgar and ridiculous notions in the mind of the reader: and language teems with examples of words by which the same idea is expressed, with the difference only, that one excites a feeling of respect, the other of contempt. Thus you may call a fit of melancholy 'the sulks,' resentment 'a pet,' a steed 'a nag,' a feast 'a junketing,' sorrow and affliction 'whining and blubbering.' By transferring the terms peculiar to one state of society, to analogous situations and characters in another, the same object is attained; a drill-serjeant or a cat and nine tails in the Trojan war--a Lesbos smack put in to the Piræus—the penny-post of Jerusalem, and other combinations of the like nature, which, when you have a little indulged that vein of thought, will readily suggest themselves, never fail to raise a smile, if not immediately at the expense of the author, yet entirely destructive of that frame of mind which his poem requires in order to be relished.

I have dwelt the longer on this branch of literature, because you are chiefly to look here for materials of fun and irony. Voyages and travels indeed are no barren ground, and you must seldom let a number of your Review go abroad without an article of this description. The charm of this species of writing, so universally felt, arises chiefly from its uniting narrative with information. The interest we take in the story can only be kept alive by minute incident and occasional detail, which puts us in possession of the traveller's feelings, his hopes, his fears, his disappointments, and his pleasures. At the same time the thirst for knowledge and love of novelty are gratified, by continual information respecting the people and countries he visits. If you wish therefore to run down the book, you have only to play off these two parts against each other:

when the writer's object is to satisfy the first inclination, you are to thank him for communicating to the world such valuable facts—as whether he lost his way in the night—or sprained his ancle—or had no appetite to his dinner. If he is busied about describing the mineralogy, natural history, agriculture, trade, &c., of a country, you may mention a hundred books from whence the same information may be obtained, and deprecate the practice of emptying old musty folios into new quartos, to gratify that sickly taste for a smattering about everything, which distinguishes the present age.

In works of science and recondite learning, the task you have undertaken will not be so difficult as you may imagine. Tables of contents and indexes are blessed helps in the hands of a reviewer; but, more than all, the preface is the field from which his richest harvest is to be gathered. In the preface the author usually gives a summary of what has been written on the same subject before; he acknowledges the assistance he has received from different sources, and the reasons of his dissent from former writers; he confesses that certain parts have been less attentively considered than others, and that information has come to his hands too late to be made use of; he points out many things in the composition of his work which he thinks may provoke animadversion, and endeavours to defend or to palliate his own practice. Here then is a fund of wealth for the reviewer, lying upon the very surface; if he knows anything of his business, he will turn all these materials against the author; carefully suppressing the source of his information, and as if drawing from the stores of his own mind, long ago laid up for this very purpose. If the author's references are correct, a great point is gained; for by consulting a few passages of the original works, it will be easy to discuss the subject with the air of having a previous knowledge of the whole. Your chief vantage-ground is, that you may fasten upon any position in the book you are reviewing, and treat it as principal and essential, when perhaps it is of little weight in the main argument; but, by allotting a large share of your criticism to it, the reader will naturally be led to give it a proportionate importance, and to consider the merit of the treatise at issue upon that single question. If anybody complains that the greater and more valuable parts remain unnoticed, your answer is, that it is impossible to pay attention to all, and that your duty is rather to prevent the propagation of error, than to lavish praises upon that which, if really excellent, will work its way in the world without your help. Indeed, if the plan of your review admits of selection, you had better not meddle with works of deep research and original speculation, such as have already attracted much notice, and cannot be treated superficially without fear of being found out. The time required for making yourself thoroughly master of the subject is so great, that you may depend upon it they will never pay for the reviewing. They are generally the fruit of long study, and of talents concentrated in the steady pursuit of one object; it is not likely therefore that you can throw much new light on a question of this nature, or even plausibly combat the author's positions in the course of a few hours, which is all you can well afford to devote to them. And, without accomplishing one or other of these points, your review will gain no celebrity, and of course no good will be done.

Enough has been said to give you some insight into the facilities with which your new employment abounds: I will only mention one more, because of its extensive and almost universal application to all branches of literature; the topic, I mean, which by the old rhetoricians was called ἐξ ἐναντίων. That is, when a work excels in one quality, you may blame it for not having the opposite. For instance, if the biographical sketch of a literary character is minute and full of anecdote, you may enlarge on the advantages of philosophical reflection, and the superior mind required to give a judicious analysis of the opinions and works of deceased authors: on the contrary, if the latter method is pursued by the biographer, you can with equal ease extol the lively colouring, and truth, and interest, of exact delineation and detail. This topic, you will perceive, enters into style as well as matter; where many virtues might be named which are incompatible: and whichever the author has preferred, it will be the signal for you to launch forth on the praises of its opposite, and continually to hold up that to your reader as the model of excellence in this species of writing.

You will perhaps wonder why all my instructions are pointed towards the censure, and not the praise of books; but many reasons might be given why it should be so. The chief are, that this part is both easier, and will sell better. Let us hear the words of Mr. Burke on a subject not very dissimilar; ‘In such cases,’ says he, ‘the writer has a certain fire and alacrity inspired into him by a consciousness, that, let it fare how it will with the subject, his ingenuity will be sure of applause; and this alacrity becomes much greater, if he acts upon the offensive, by the impetuosity that always accompanies an attack, and the unfortunate propensity which mankind have to the finding and exaggerating faults.’—Pref. *Vindic. Nat. Soc.* p. 6. You will perceive that I have on no occasion sanctioned the baser motives of private pique, envy, revenge, and love of detraction; at least I have not recommended harsh treatment upon any of these grounds; I have argued simply on the abstract moral principle which a reviewer should ever have present to his mind: but if any of these motives insinuate themselves as secondary springs of action, I would not condemn them: they may come in aid of the grand leading principle, and powerfully second its operation.

But it is time to close these tedious precepts, and to furnish you with what speaks plainer than any precept, a specimen of the art itself, in which several of them are embodied. It is hastily done, but it exemplifies well enough what I have said of the poetical department, and exhibits most of those qualities, which disappointed authors are fond of railing at, under the names of flippancy, arrogance, conceit, misrepresentation, and malevolence: reproaches, which you will only regard as so many acknowledgments of success in your undertaking, and infallible tests of an established fame and rapidly increasing circulation.

L'Allegro, a Poem. By John Milton. No Printer's name.

It has become a practice of late with a certain description of people, who have no visible means of subsistence, to string together a few trite images of rural scenery, interspersed with vulgarisms in dialect, and traits of vulgar manners; to dress up these materials in a sing-song jingle, and to offer them for sale as a poem. According to the most approved recipes, something about the heathen gods and goddesses, and the schoolboy topics of Styx and Cerberus, and Elysium, is occasionally thrown in, and the composition is complete. The stock in trade of these adventurers is in general scanty enough, and their art, therefore, consists in disposing it to the best advantage. But if such be the aim of the writer, it is the critic's business to detect and defeat the imposture; to warn the public against the purchase of shop-worn goods, and tinsel wares; to protect the fair trader, by exposing the tricks of needy quacks and mountebanks; and to chastise that forward and noisy importunity, with which they present themselves to the public notice.

How far Mr. Milton is amenable to this discipline, will best appear from a brief analysis of the poem before us.

In the very opening he assumes a tone of authority, which might better suit some veteran bard than a raw candidate for the Delphic bays: for, before he proceeds to the regular process of invocation, he clears the way by driving from his presence, with sundry hard names and bitter reproaches on her father, mother, and all the family, a venerable personage, whose age, at least, and staid matron-like appearance, might have entitled her to more civil language.

> Hence, loathed Melancholy;
> Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
>   In Stygian cave forlorn, &c.

There is no giving rules, however, in these matters, without a knowledge of the case. Perhaps the old lady had been frequently warned off before, and provoked this violence by continuing still to lurk about the poet's dwelling. And, to say the truth, the reader will have but too good reason to remark, before he gets through the poem, that it is one thing to tell the spirit of dulness to depart, and another to get rid of her in reality. Like Glendower's spirits, any one may order them away, 'but will they go, when you do order them?'

But let us suppose for a moment that the Parnassian decree is obeyed, and according to the letter of the *order*, which is as precise and wordy as if Justice Shallow himself had drawn it, that the obnoxious female is sent back to the place of her birth,

> 'Mongst horrid shapes, shrieks, sights, &c.

at which we beg our fair readers not to be alarmed, for we can assure them they are only words of course in all poetical instruments of this nature, and mean no more than the 'force and arms,' and 'instigation of the devil' in a common indictment. This nuisance, then, being abated, we are left at liberty to contemplate a character of a different complexion, 'buxom, blithe, and debonair,' one, who although evidently a great favourite of the poet's, and therefore to be received with all due courtesy, is notwithstanding introduced under the suspicious description of an *alias*.

> In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
> And by men, heart-easing Mirth.

Judging, indeed, from the light and easy deportment of this gay nymph, one might guess there were good reasons for a change of name, as she changed her residence.

But of all vices there is none we abhor more than that of slanderous insinuation; we shall therefore confine our moral strictures to the nymph's mother, in whose defence the poet has little to say himself. Here, too, as in the case of the *name*, there is some doubt: for the uncertainty of descent on the father's side having become trite to a proverb, the author, scorning that beaten track, has left us to choose between two mothers for his favourite: and without much to guide our choice; for, whichever we fix upon, it is plain she was no better than she should be. As he seems, however, himself inclined to the latter of the two, we will even suppose it so to be:—

> Or whether (as some sages sing)
> The frolic *wind that breathes the spring,*
> Zephyr with Aurora playing,
> *As he met her once a Maying;*
> There on beds of violets blue,
> And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew, &c.

Some dull people might imagine that the wind was more like the breath of spring, than spring the breath of the wind; but we are more disposed to question the author's ethics than his physics, and accordingly cannot dismiss these May gambols without some observations.

In the first place, Mr. M. seems to have higher notions of the antiquity of the May-pole than we have been accustomed to attach to it. Or perhaps he thought to shelter the equivocal nature of this affair under that sanction. To us, however, who can hardly subscribe to the doctrine that 'vice loses half its evil by losing all its grossness,' neither the remoteness of time, nor the gaiety of the season, furnishes a sufficient palliation. 'Violets blue,' and 'fresh-blown roses,' are to be sure more agreeable objects of the imagination than a gin-shop in Wapping, or a booth in Bartholomew Fair; but in point of morality, these are distinctions without a difference: or, it may be, the cultivation of mind, which teaches us to reject and nauseate these latter objects, aggravates the case, if our improvement in taste be not accompanied by a proportionate improvement of morals.

If the reader can reconcile himself to this latitude of principle, the anachronism will not long stand in his way. Much, indeed, may be said in favour of this union of ancient mythology with modern notions and manners. It is a sort of chronological metaphor—an artificial analogy, by which ideas, widely remote and heterogeneous, are brought into contact, and the mind is delighted by this unexpected assemblage, as it is by the combinations of figurative language.

Thus, in that elegant interlude, which the pen of Ben Jonson has transmitted to us, of the loves of Hero and Leander:—

> Gentles, that no longer your expectations may wander,
> Behold our chief actor, amorous Leander,
> With a great deal of cloth, lapp'd about him like a scarf,
> For he yet serves his father, a dyer in Puddle-Wharf;
> Which place we'll make bold with, to call it our Abydus,
> As the bank-side is our Sestos, and *let it not be denied us.*

And far be it from us to deny the use of so reasonable a liberty; especially if the request be backed (as it is in the case of Mr. M.) by the craving and imperious necessities of rhyme. What man who has ever bestrode Pegasus but for an hour, will be insensible to such a claim?

> Haud ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.

We are next favoured with an enumeration of the attendants of this 'debonair' nymph, in all the minuteness of a German dramatis personæ, or a rope-dancer's hand-bill:—

> Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
> Jest, and youthful Jollity;
> Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
> Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
> Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
> And love to live in dimple sleek:
> Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
> And Laughter, holding both his sides.

The author, to prove himself worthy of being admitted of the crew, skips and capers about upon 'the light fantastic toe,' that there is no following him. He scampers through all the categories, in search of his imaginary beings, from substance to quality, and back again; from thence to action, passion, habit, &c. with incredible celerity. Who, for instance, would have expected *cranks, nods, becks,* and *wreathed smiles,* as part of a group, in which Jest, Jollity, Sport, and Laughter figure away as full-formed entire personages? The family likeness is certainly very strong in the two last, and if we had not been told, we should perhaps have thought the act of *deriding* as appropriate to laughter as to sport.

But how are we to understand the stage directions?

> *Come,* and trip it as you *go.*

Are the words used synonymously? Or is it meant that this airy gentry shall come in at a minuet step, and go off in a jig? The phenomenon of a *tripping crank* is indeed novel, and would doubtless attract numerous spectators. But it is difficult to guess to whom among this jolly company the poet addresses himself, for immediately after the plural appellative [you], he proceeds,

> And in *thy* right hand lead with *thee*
> The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty.

No sooner is this fair damsel introduced, but Mr. M., with most unbecoming levity, falls in love with her, and makes a request of her companion, which is rather greedy, that he may live with both of them:

To live with her, and live with thee.

Even the gay libertine who sung, 'How happy could I be with either,' did not go so far as this. But we have already had occasion to remark on the laxity of Mr. M.'s amatory notions.

The poet, intoxicated with the charms of his mistress, now rapidly runs over the pleasures which he proposes to himself in the enjoyment of her society. But though he has the advantage of being his own caterer, either his palate is of a peculiar structure, or he has not made the most judicious selection. To begin the day well, he will have the *sky-lark*

—— to come in *spite of sorrow*,
And at his window bid good morrow.

The sky-lark, if we know anything of the nature of that bird, must come in spite of something else, as well as of sorrow, to the performance of this office. In his next image the natural history is better preserved, and as the thoughts are appropriate to the time of the day, we will venture to transcribe the passage, as a favourable specimen of the author's manner:—

While the Cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before;
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.

Is it not lamentable that, after all, whether it is the cock or the poet that listens, should be left entirely to the reader's conjecture? Perhaps also his embarrassment may be increased by a slight resemblance of character in these two illustrious personages, at least as far as relates to the extent and numbers of their seraglio.

After a *flaming* description of sunrise, on which occasion the clouds attend in their very best liveries, the bill of fare for the day proceeds in the usual manner. Whistling ploughmen, singing milkmaids, and sentimental shepherds, are always to be had at a moment's notice, and, if well grouped, serve to fill up the landscape agreeably enough. On this part of the poem we have only to remark, that if Mr. John Milton proposeth to make himself merry with

Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks *do* stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds *do* often rest,
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide,
Towers and battlements, &c. &c. &c.

he will either find himself egregiously disappointed, or he must possess a disposition to merriment, which even Democritus himself might envy. To such a pitch indeed does this solemn indication of joy sometimes rise, that we are inclined to give him credit for a literal adherence to the apostolic precept, 'Is any merry, let him sing psalms.'

At length, however, he hies away at the sound of bell-ringing, and seems for some time to enjoy the tippling and fiddling and dancing of a village wake: but his fancy is soon haunted again by spectres and goblins, a set of beings not in general esteemed the companions or inspirers of mirth.

With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said;
And he, by friar's lanthern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set;
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,

> And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
> Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
> And crop-full out of door he flings,
> Ere the first cock his matin rings.

Mr. M. seems indeed to have a turn for this species of nursery tales and prattling lullabies; and if he will studiously cultivate his talent, he need not despair of figuring in a conspicuous corner of Mr. Newbury's shop window; unless indeed Mrs. Trimmer should think fit to proscribe those empty levities and idle superstitions, by which the world has been too long abused.

From these rustic fictions we are transported to another species of *hum.*

> Tower'd cities please us then,
> And the busy hum of men,
> Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
> In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
> With *store of ladies,* whose bright eyes
> *Rain influence,* and judge the prize
> Of wit or arms, while both contend
> To win her grace, whom all commend.

To talk of the bright eyes of ladies judging the prize of wit is, indeed, with the poets, a legitimate species of humming: but would not, we may ask, the *rain* from these ladies' bright eyes rather tend to dim their lustre? Or is there any quality in a shower of *influence,* which, instead of deadening, serves only to brighten and exhilarate? Whatever the case may be, we would advise Mr. M. by all means to keep out of the way of these knights and barons bold; for, if he has nothing but his wit to trust to, we will venture to predict, that without a large share of most undue *influence,* he must be content to see the prize adjudged to his competitors.

Of the latter part of the poem little need be said. The author does seem somewhat more at home when he gets among the actors and musicians, though his head is still running upon Orpheus and Eurydice, and Pluto, and other sombre gentry, who are ever thrusting themselves in where we least expect them, and who chill every rising emotion of mirth and gaiety.

He appears, however, to be so ravished with this sketch of festive pleasures, or perhaps with himself for having sketched them so well, that he closes with a couplet, which would not have disgraced a Sternhold :

> These delights if thou canst give,
> Mirth, with thee I *mean* to live.

Of Mr. M.'s good *intentions* there can be no doubt ; but we beg leave to remind him, that in every compact of this nature there are two opinions to be consulted. He presumes perhaps upon the poetical powers he has displayed, and considers them as irresistible ;—for every one must observe in how different a strain he avows his attachment now and at the opening of the poem. Then it was,

> If I give thee honour due,
> Mirth, admit me of thy crew.

But having, it should seem, established his pretensions, he now thinks it sufficient to give notice, that he means to live with her, because he likes her.

Upon the whole, Mr. Milton seems to be possessed of some fancy and talent for rhyming ; two most dangerous endowments, which often unfit men for acting an useful part in life, without qualifying them for that which is great and brilliant. If it be true, as we have heard, that he has declined advantageous prospects in business, for the sake of indulging his poetical humour, we hope it is not yet too late to prevail upon him to retract his resolution. With the help of Cocker and common industry he may become a respectable scrivener ; but it is not all the Zephyrs, and Auroras, and Corydons, and Thyrsises, aye, nor his junketing Queen Mab, and drudging Goblins, that will ever make him a poet.

APPENDIX II.

EXTRACTS FROM 'REPLIES TO THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.'

From the Introduction to the first Reply.

BUT what are the fruits of this harsh discipline (*i. e.*, of the reviewing critics), even supposing it to be impartial? Among the most industrious husbandmen in that vineyard, are those who are not impelled by want or the lure of high wages, but who *love their work*, and who think they cannot better or more honestly employ the time which God has given them, than in this task. These men, if treated with plain and homely fare, are well satisfied; but they turn with disgust, and shrink back with fear from a service which exposes them to the headstrong and boisterous humours of some insolent taskmaster: and, rather than endure his railings and impertinence, they will eat their bread in private, and shun all communion, except with their nearest neighbours.

Why, then, should we permit a few forward and loud talkers to confound and silence such men as these? men who, though not fitted to guide the conversation in the great society of the world, are yet well qualified to sustain their part in it, to enliven, to diversify, and occasionally to enrich it? Why should we scare from the face of day that useful and laborious mediocrity, which is not ambitious of fame, although it may be tender of its reputation; which intrudes not into our uppermost seats, but demands only a civil and not unfriendly reception? This surely is neither consistent with justice nor humanity, nor sound policy. It is dangerous to check the current of free commerce. By so doing, we either in time divert it wholly from ourselves, or idly pond back the wealth which ought to circulate through a thousand ducts and channels, for the public good.

The humbler labourers in the field of literature not to be despised.

Literature, as well as science, if it does not go forward, is apt to perish where it stands, or even to lose ground rapidly. But let us not imagine that he who sits aloft guiding her car, or that the fiery steeds which bear it along, are alone entitled to our admiration. How many unseen hands are at this moment employed in shaping the various and complicated parts of that divine machinery! How many in drawing together the fit materials for its structure, scattered as they are over the whole surface of the universe! How many in exploring distant regions, for those gems and brilliant dyes, which glitter in the sunshine of peace, and captivate for a time our roving fancy! How many faithful and diligent pioneers are now clearing thickets, fencing our precipices, and removing the obstructions with which time and neglect and prejudice and ignorance have contributed to impede our progress! How many skilful engineers are planning new lines of direction for our road, smoothing ascents, cutting off angles and useless windings, uniting the yawning sides of valleys, round which we formerly toiled in tedious circuit, and providing across the hitherto untrodden gulf a firm and safe passage! How many of livelier imagination, and more buoyant spirits, are adorning the road-side with flowers, dressing out the country, right and left, in all the fair varieties of nature, opening the landscape to our view, and giving us at intervals a prospect of those happy fabled regions, lighted up by the gleams of hope and of memory, which please even at a distance, and charm away the tedium of human life!

We are all engaged in one service, although our powers may be unequal, and our departments various. And whoever heartily and honestly lends himself to any of these duties, deserves not our contempt and derision, but our favour and encouragement. Let him even fail of satisfying the expectation he has raised, still if his labours have not been wholly barren, the most moderate services may be allowed to save him from the keen edge of scorn and ridicule, and strong invective. Dulness must indeed be made to understand its proper level; arrogance must be humbled, forward ignorance abashed, error reprimanded, and prejudice condemned. But that powerful enginery should be reserved for offences of deeper guilt and more serious mischief, for the grovelling reptiles of quackery and obscenity, for the foul deformed monsters of malice, sedition, and impiety. Against these let the indignant Spirit of criticism bare his red right arm, and hurl his thunders; against these let him send forth the fierce ministers of his vengeance, with their viper hair and sounding lash.

Vindication of Aristotle.

It has been a current charge against Aristotle, that he meditated the same thraldom over the minds of men which his pupil Alexander endeavoured to effect over their bodies and fortunes. A charge which, from its flippancy, one might suspect to be of French growth, but which had its origin with no less a name than Bacon. Now if ever a writer laboured more than another, in an age of sophistry and dogmatism, to establish the empire of common sense and reason, it was Aristotle. He was thoroughly versed in all the doctrines of the schools of Greece; he subscribed implicitly to none. He even incurred the obloquy of deserting and undermining his master Plato, because he rejected the visionary speculations of that philosopher, however fascinating to the fancy, as delusive and irreconcilable with reason. He is most generally known as the author of the syllogistic form of reasoning, in which his aim has been commonly misunderstood, and misrepresented even by those who should have pointed out and corrected the vulgar error. This is one of the least of his works: but it is a noble specimen of that inflexible, unwearied perseverance, which the love of truth only, mixed perhaps with the honest love of fame, is able to sustain. His chief characteristic is a resolute endeavour to get to the bottom of his subject, whatever it may be. In this resolution his firmness and intrepidity are beyond example. It resembles that unextinguishable ardour, that insatiable desire of finishing their enterprize attributed to the heroes of romance. He never rests satisfied with partial glimpses and imperfect demonstration, where the subject seems capable of closer handling. And however thorny and desert the tracts through which he pursues his prey, however far he may be led from the cultivated and elegant walks of life, the fear of losing admiration, or of disheartening his companions, never bends him from his purpose.

Aldrich's Compendium of the *Organon*.

These virtues, conspicuous as they are in all his writings, are most observable in what is now called the *Organon*, because, from the dry and repulsive nature of the subject, it possesses hardly any other attraction. Much of this work is at present useless, as being applicable merely to the Greek language, and to errors and practices now seldom observable. Much of it has been judiciously compressed and *re-cast,* with increased perspicuity and no loss of matter; and some of the modern compendiums, more especially that of Aldrich, contain the substance of the original, relieved of its tedious explanations and subtleties, and totally free from the barbarous jargon with which the later schoolmen had overloaded and corrupted it. It is in this reformed shape that his system is now studied in the university. And besides the incidental benefit derived from the rigorous accuracy with which every argument is analysed, much good is supposed to arise from enabling a young student to state his reasoning, *whenever it may be necessary,* in its most bare and elementary form, and to examine any suspected reasoning of another by the same rule.

A principal use of Logic to cut short wrangling.

These were the leading objects which the author of the *Organon* himself had in view when he unfolded the system. He has been absurdly supposed to have forged his weapon for the purpose of endless wrangling. Nothing is more opposite to the truth. Its principal use and advantage is to *cut short* wrangling, by marking out precisely the real object of dispute, and by confining the disputant to correct reasoning. Before the method of the syllogism was invented, an ingenious sophist could set at defiance the soundest and the most acute reasoner: but the laws of the syllogism, if well enforced, cannot by any art be long evaded, and if the contending parties be of equal power (which is the only way of trying the utility of any method), *truth must prevail.* The practice of wrangling (ἐριστικὴ, as it was anciently called,) or supporting an argument for the sake of victory, is adopted merely as an exercise to try the powers and dexterity of the disputant, to give him the free use of his limbs, and the command of his weapons, just like the practice of a fencing school,* or the drill of a light-horseman. And as this was one of the favourite exercises in the leisurely schools of Athens, it is no wonder that its author should have pointed out the assistance which might be derived to it from his own system. But never, no never, does he by his advice, his sentiments, or his example, encourage that perversion of the noblest faculty of man, in serious discussion: on the contrary, he always speaks of it with contempt; and he has done what he could, by exposing all the trick and mystery of false reasoning, to suppress and defeat the imposture. In all his writings he spurns the use of such artifice; he never evades the difficulties of his subject; he never seeks to disguise or gloss over the imperfections of his reasonings; maintaining that it is better to get near to truth, even if we cannot reach her, than always to stand contentedly at a distance.

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* It is related as a shrewd saying of a nobleman, who, upon being shown the college of the Sorbonne at Paris, and being told that regular disputations had been held in their hall for six centuries, asked, what they had *settled* in all that time. To me the wit appears no better, than if a man should ask in a fencing-school, how many quarrels had been ended, or how many men slain there.

Aristotle no sophist.

Some allowance will, I hope, be made for the length of these remarks. It arises from a conviction that the world are greatly misled on this subject by writers of high authority, and from an earnest desire to vindicate an illustrious name from the unjust aspersions with which ignorance and frivolity delight to insult it.

Inconsistency of Locke.

Even the candid and sagacious Locke is not proof against the blind propensity mankind feel to mark their disgust of the abuse of a thing by denying its use. How else can we account for his continual reflections on the folly and uselessness of logic, when, in his *Thoughts on Education,* he recommends that his friend's son should be made to read Chillingworth? Read Chillingworth! Not a page of Chillingworth is intelligible without logic. All the distinctions of logic, the maxims, the rules, the technical names and phrases, are employed in the course of his controversy, not only without scruple, but in a way which would now be called pedantry and ostentation.

The *Treatise on Rhetoric* a magazine of intellectual riches.

It is unfortunate for the fame of Aristotle, that he should be known chiefly as the author of the Logical Treatises. The *Treatise on Rhetoric* is a magazine of intellectual riches. Under an arrangement the most accurate perhaps, and the most luminous ever marked out, the diversified elements of thought, of feeling, and of taste, are presented in due order to the reader's mind. Nothing is arbitrary, nothing gratuitous. Long experience with mankind, attentive observation of human nature in public and in private life, the political history of past times, and the occurrences of his own age, furnished him with the materials of this great work. In the course of the inquiry, nothing is left untouched, on which rhetoric, in all its branches, has any bearing. His principles are the result of extensive original induction. He sought them, if ever man did seek them, in the living pattern of the human heart. All the recesses and windings of that hidden region he has explored: all its caprices and affections, whatever tends to excite, to ruffle, to amuse, to gratify, or to offend it, have been carefully examined. The reason of these phenomena is demonstrated, the method of creating them is explained. The third book contains a body of rules for good writing, traced to those natural principles out of which they all grow, and illustrated by examples, which his own intimate acquaintance with the best poets and orators of Greece readily supplied. The whole is a text-book of human feeling; a storehouse of taste; an exemplar of condensed and accurate, but uniformly clear and candid reasoning.

General view of the Writings of Aristotle.

It would lead me too far, if I were to do justice to my own feelings on this subject. These works will perhaps be mentioned again, when I come to treat particularly of our plan of study. In the meantime let it be observed, that the writings of this great philosopher on logic, rhetoric, poetry, ethics, and politics, were not merely dissertations and essays, such as procure fame to the writers, if they contain but some valuable hints and opinions diffusely argued: they are not merely critical *diatribes* and ingenious detached arguments, improvements upon former theories. But they are, what is the highest and most laborious effort of human intellect, entire *systems* moulded into a full and perfect shape; they are buildings planned and raised from their foundation by the same hand, and carefully finished in all their parts. Nothing seems to have been too vast for his comprehensive mind; nothing too minute or intricate for his sagacity.

He is accused indeed of severe judgment of those who went before him, of a dictatorial spirit, of jealousy against his contemporaries, of pride and arrogance. As these charges are unsupported by proof, it is enough to say that I have met with no proof of them in his writings. And they may in general be refuted by that sentiment of his own, that noble characteristic, which often raises the clamours of little minds, an uniform zeal in the cause of truth—a settled devotion, which suffers no other passion to interfere with it. A sentiment, which I cannot but recommend to the attention of this reviewer, if ever he should feel himself wavering between his prejudice and his conscience.

Ἀμφοῖν γὰρ ὄντοιν φίλοιν, ὅσιον προτιμᾷν τὴν ἀλήθειαν.

The Clarendon Press—how managed.

The Clarendon Press has been liberally endowed, and the management of its concerns is entrusted by the university to a board of eleven members, called delegates of the press, who derive no emolument from their office. They have the entire disposal of its funds; they direct what books shall be printed; and to what extent the authors or the editors shall be favoured with their aid. A constant and regular supply issues from this press of Bibles, Common Prayer Books, and reprinted editions of the most useful works. Persons who project improved editions often submit their proposals to the board, which are always attentively considered, and encouraged in proportion to the opinion entertained of the competency of the person, and the general merits of his plan. If the plan be adopted, the money for carrying it on is supplied, and the whole risk is thrown upon the public fund. It is also common for undertakings of this kind to originate with the delegates themselves; and in that case individuals are sought out, who are thought well qualified for conducting them, and who have given, either in public or private, some proof of their fitness.

In none of these proceedings do the delegates take on them that kind of responsibility which belongs to the editor of a work, except as far as the printing is concerned. For the general plan, and the general competency of the person employed, they *are* responsible, but not for the detail of the execution. Mistakes both in matter and in language may be made, for which an editor may be blamed: but the disgrace attached to these mistakes cannot in any fairness be imputed to the delegates; especially if the work contain valuable materials procured by their means, and openly communicated to the world.

The true principles of educating a gentleman.

Some, who dispute the utility of classical learning, have joined issue on this ground: What remuneration does a boy receive for the time and money expended in this pursuit? For what employment does it fit him? or how does it enable him to improve his fortunes?

To this I answer, that the object of classical education is not to fit him for any *specific* employment, or to increase his fortune. Such, I admit, is the object of most parents when educating their children; but it is an object not only different from that of true philosophy or enlightened policy, but even frequently at variance with it. The peculiar interest of the individual is not always the same, is seldom precisely the same, with the interest of the public. And he who serves the one most faithfully, always forgets, and often injures, the other. The true principles of educating a gentleman cannot be better sketched than they are by Locke, although his language already sounds rather quaintly.

'The great work of a governor is to fashion the carriage and form the mind; to settle in his pupil good habits, and the principles of virtue and wisdom; to give him, by little and little, a view of mankind; and work him into a love and imitation of what is excellent and praiseworthy; and, in the prosecution of it, to give him vigour, activity, and industry. The studies which he sets him upon are but, as it were, the exercise of his faculties, and employment of his time, to keep him from sauntering and idleness, to teach him application, and accustom him to take pains, and to give him some little taste of what his own industry must perfect. For who expects that, under a tutor, a young gentleman should be an accomplished critic, orator, or logician; go to the bottom of metaphysics, natural philosophy, or mathematics; or be a master in history or chronology; though something of each of these is to be taught him; but it is only to open the door, that he may look in, and, as it were, begin an acquaintance, but not to dwell there."—Vol. iii. p. 39.

Correction of Locke's Remarks on Education.

It is remarkable, however, that Locke, like most other writers on education, occasionally confounds two things which ought to be kept perfectly distinct, viz. that mode of education which would be most beneficial, as a system, to society at large, with that which would contribute most to the advantage and prosperity of an individual. These things are often at variance with each other. The former is that alone which deserves the attention of a philosopher; the latter is narrow, selfish, and mercenary. It is this last, indeed, on which the world are most eager to inform themselves: but the persons who instruct them, however they may deserve the thanks and esteem of those whom they benefit, do no service to mankind. There are but so many good places in the theatre of life; and he who puts us in the way of procuring one of them, does to *us* indeed a great favour, but none to the whole assembly.

It is again sometimes asked, with an air of triumph, what is the *utility* of these studies? and *utility* is vauntingly pronounced to be the sole standard, by which all systems of education must be tried.

Utility considered as the standard of education.

If in our turn we were to ask what *utility* is, we should, I believe, have many answers not quite consistent with each other. And the best of them perhaps would only give us other words equally loose and indefinite; such as *wiser, better, happier;* none of which can serve to untie a knotty question, and all of which lead us into a wider field of doubt and inquiry, than the subject which originally produced them. Before I attempt to show what the utility of classical learning is, in my own sense of the word, let it be permitted me to explain what it is not; and to take up the inquiry a little farther back than writers on this subject commonly go.

It is an undisputed maxim in political economy, that the separation of professions, and the division of labour, tend to the perfection of every art—to the wealth of nations—to the general comfort and well-being of the community. This principle of division is in some instances pursued so far, as to excite the wonder of people, to whose notice it is for the first time pointed out. There is no saying to what extent it may not be carried; and the more the powers of each individual are concentrated in one employment, the greater skill and quickness will he naturally display in performing it. But while he thus contributes more effectually to the accumulation of national wealth, he becomes himself more and more degraded as a rational being. In proportion as his sphere of action is narrowed, his mental powers and habits become contracted; and he resembles a subordinate part of some powerful machinery, useful in its place, but insignificant and worthless out of it.

So sensible is the great and enlightened Adam Smith of the force of this objection, that he endeavours to meet it by

Adam Smith, and the question whether national wealth is the ultimatum of human society.

suggesting, that the means of intellectual improvement multiply rapidly with the increasing wealth of society; that the facility therefore of acquiring these means may increase in the same ratio with the injurious tendency of that system we have been just considering; and thus counteract or compensate all its evil. An answer, which affords a much stronger proof of the candour of the philosopher, than it is a satisfactory defence of his system against the supposed objection. The evil of that system is certain, and almost demonstrable; the remedy suggested is doubtful, and even conjectural. It would have been better to alter the shape of the whole question, and remove at once the groundwork of the objection, by guarding his theory against that extreme in which it takes its rise.

If indeed national wealth were the sole object of national institutions, there can be no doubt but that the method demonstrated by Dr. Smith, being the surest means of attaining that end, would be the great leading principle of political philosophy. In his own work *it is* the great and sole end of his inquiry: and no one can blame him for confining himself to that single consideration. His undertaking required no more, and he has performed his part well. But, in truth, national wealth is not the ultimatum of human society; and although we must forbear entering on the boundless inquiry, *what is the chief good*, yet all reflecting minds will admit that it is not wealth. If it be necessary, as it is beyond all question necessary, that society should be split into divisions and subdivisions, in order that its several duties may be well performed, yet we must be careful not to yield up ourselves wholly and exclusively to the guidance of this system: we must observe what its evils are, and we should modify and restrain it, by bringing into action other principles, which may serve as a check and counterpoise to the main force.

One of the greatest faults in all moral and political reasoning is an excessive and immoderate application of one principle, to the exclusion of others, with which it ought in reason to be combined; and whose relative force should always vary with the circumstances of the case.

Ill effects upon the mind when it is wholly absorbed in one isolated study;

There can be no doubt that every art is improved by confining the professor of it to that single study. There are emergencies, which call for his *whole mind and faculties* to be absorbed in it, which require him to forget every other relation of life, however sacred or natural, except that artificial one in which he is then placed. Times will occur when a surgeon or a general must dismiss the common feelings of human nature, and, in order to do his task well, must look upon himself as engaged in working out one problem, and upon all around him as instruments subservient merely to the acquisition of some one distinct purpose, without regard to their bearings on anything besides.

But although the art itself is advanced, by this concentration of mind in its service, the individual who is confined to it goes back. The advantage of the community is nearly in an inverse ratio with his own. Reason and common sense require that neither object should be exclusively regarded. And if, as in the cases above mentioned, an *entire* sacrifice of the individual is demanded, in all other cases that sacrifice can be required only in proportion as they approximate to this extreme. And thus a wide space is left to the discretion of the individual, where the claims of the community are either not pressing, or are wholly silent.

yet confined exercise of the intellect is not without its enjoyment.

Of course it will be understood, that in this statement I consider the intellectual enjoyment of the individual merely, when speaking of his *advantage*, and that I do not lose sight of that enjoyment, which even the most confined exercise of the intellect imparts: I consider it as abridged only in proportion to the contracted sphere of action in which he is doomed to move.

Indeed, when the emergency is past, society itself requires some other contribution from each individual, besides the particular duties of his profession. And if no such liberal intercourse be established, it is the common failing of human nature, to be engrossed with petty views and interests, to underrate the importance of all in which we are not concerned, to carry our partial notions into cases where they are inapplicable, to act, in short, as so many unconnected units, displacing and repelling one another.

In the cultivation of literature will be found a cure for narrow professional prejudices.

In the cultivation of literature is found that common link, which, among the higher and middling departments of life, unites the jarring sects and subdivisions in one interest, which supplies common topics, and kindles common feelings, unmixed with those narrow prejudices with which all professions are more or less infected. The knowledge, too, which is thus acquired, expands and enlarges the mind, excites its faculties, and calls those limbs and muscles into freer exercise, which, by too constant use in one direction, not only acquire an illiberal air, but are apt also to lose somewhat of their native play and energy. And thus, without directly qualifying a man for any of the employments of life, it enriches and ennobles all. Without teaching him the peculiar business of any one office or calling, it enables him to act his part in each of them with better grace and more elevated carriage; and, if happily planned and conducted, is a main ingredient in that complete and generous education which fits a man 'to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war.'

Thus far then we have considered the utility of those liberal pursuits, which in a refined state of society engage the attention of the higher orders, and which, by common consent, impart a dignity to the several professions of life, and to mercantile adventure.

Classical literature more particularly considered.

It still remains to prove that what is called *classical literature* answers this purpose most effectually.

And here, if the question is to be compendiously treated, it must be allowed me to take for granted many points, which a captious adversary might dispute, but which the authority of the greatest names, and the general experience of educated men, concur in establishing. That the relics of Grecian and Roman literature contain some of the choicest fruits of human genius; that the poets, the historians, the orators, and the philosophers, of Greece especially, have each in their several lines brought home, and laid at our feet, the richest treasures of invention; that the history of those early times presents us with a view of things 'nobly done and worthily spoken;' that the mind and spirit which breathed then lives still, and will for ever live in the writings which remain to us; that, according as taste, and genius, and learning, have been valued among men, those precious remains have been held still dearer and more sacred, are all positions which it is better to assume as indisputable, than to embarrass the present argument with any new attempt to prove them.

Inadequacy of translations to convey the spirit of the originals.

Neither is it necessary to say much in order to silence the feeble and querulous cry, that all the good which those works contain may be had through the medium of *translation.* To demonstrate, indeed, how, from the very nature of language, translation cannot adequately perform this office, would require an extended argument. I would rather appeal to the reflection and experience of every man who is acquainted with more than one language, whether he has not often felt a translated thought, even when best executed, to be rather a cold inanimate bust, than a living counterpart of the original: whether he has not been affected by sentiments or descriptions in one language, in a degree which no power or skill can equal in another. Even

Translations serve rather to tell us that the original was excellent, than present us with that excellence itself.

the rudest languages have in some words and phrases, or some peculiarity of construction, their characteristic advantage; and the more copious and perfect a language is, the more must these advantages be multiplied. A bare chronicle of facts indeed, or a rigid demonstration in science, may perhaps be transferred from one to the other without loss or injury. For where the ideas are few, simple, and determinate, they readily find in all languages an adequate expression. But how shall the inspirations of genius and fancy be packed up, lettered, and consigned over, from hand to hand, in this literary traffic? How shall even the ordinary phraseology of moral reasoning, of sentiment, of opinion, preserve its native colouring, and exact features? How shall the language of varied passion, of tender feeling, of glowing description, find, in the distant region to which it is transported, the precise measure of its value? How, after this change of place and manners, where all is so new and so different, how shall it suit itself with the commodities adapted to its former wants and habits? Mere subsistence, it is true, the bread of life, may be obtained everywhere. The great truths of religion, the bare theorems of science, whatever is addressed to the understanding strictly, may perhaps pass unimpaired. But all that constitutes the grace, the beauty, the charm, the dignity of composition, all that tends to awaken the fancy, or to affect the heart, like the finer and more volatile parts of substances, is lost during the experiment; or if these qualities be partially retained, they are in a manner the invention of the translator; and serve rather to tell us, that the original was excellent, than to present us with a view of that excellence itself.

The writer of an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, on Edgeworth's *Professional Education*, whose petulant sarcasms alternately provoke our spleen and our laughter, endeavours to convince the world that, notwithstanding

The impeachment of Oxford by the Edinburgh reviewer exhibited in four distinct charges.

the advantage of classical learning, the ascendancy it has acquired in English education is preposterous, and the mode of teaching it in English schools, and universities, utterly absurd. I confess it was the reading of that article which drew forth the present remarks, and I had designed a formal discussion of the false opinions and accusations contained in it. The bulk of this volume, however, swelling imperceptibly far beyond my first intention, induces me to contract the plan; and the truly meagre and flimsy texture of the article itself is hardly deserving of any solid criticism. There is a sprightliness, however, and vivacity, which takes with the world at first reading, and raises a transient admiration, which perhaps was the sole ambition of the writer: for, upon comparing one page with another, he seems wholly regardless of the dull virtue of consistency, and, like some popular divines, thinks only how he may keep up the requisite smartness for his fifteen minutes to amuse his audience.

He may think it injustice to compress his airy satire; but there is really not time for quoting him always in his own words. I could wish the reader of this chapter first to give an attentive perusal to the reviewer, while I endeavour to exhibit his impeachment in distinct charges.

1st. That classical learning forms the *sole* business of English Education.

2dly. That hence the taste and imagination only of the student are cultivated.

3dly. That the instruction of public schools and universities, even in classical literature, is of a limited and mistaken kind.

4thly. That in Oxford particularly, every manly exercise of the reasoning powers is discouraged.

The first charge, besides being spun and twisted into the materials of every page, is also distinctly laid before us in the following terms:—

'A young Englishman goes to school at six or seven years old, and he remains in a course of education till twenty-three or twenty-four years of age. In all that time, his sole and exclusive occupation is learning Latin and Greek.' (No. 29. p. 45.)

'Latin and Greek not a sort of *black art,* unconnected with human affairs.

From the manner in which the phrase *learning Latin and Greek* is used, one might be led to suppose that the Grammar and the Lexicon were the sole companions of the student; that Latin and Greek were a sort of *black art,* something wholly unconnected with the system of nature and of human affairs; that the languages were learnt for the sake of the sound or form of the letters, not for the stores of taste and knowledge which they contain. What else is the reviewer's notion of learning Greek? Can we be said to learn Greek, without making ourselves acquainted with the authors who wrote in Greek? A modern language may perhaps be learned without much of its literature; but how is it possible to separate the study of an ancient language from the study of those works in which it has been preserved? Of all known languages, the Greek perhaps is the most copious and extensive; and no one can pretend to call himself a master of it, who has not studied the several classes of authors in which its compass and variety are displayed. The language of Aristotle is as different from that of Homer, Sophocles, or Pindar, as these again are from Thucydides, Xenophon, or Demosthenes. It would be useless to pursue the topic through all its branches. Those who are acquainted with the subject will admit the statement as soon as it is made; and those who are not will hardly, I presume, apply to the *Edinburgh Review* for information about the classics.

Milton and Locke.

It may be curious (however) to see the real opinions of two illustrious writers on this point of school compositions. Milton rejects the practice altogether, and calls it 'forcing

Their opinions on school compositions.

the empty wits of children to compose themes, verses, and orations, which are the acts of ripest judgment, and the final work of a head filled, by long reading and observing, with elegant maxims and copious inventions. These are not matters, he continues, to be wrung from poor striplings, like blood out of the nose, or the plucking of untimely fruit.'* He makes no difference between compositions, in Latin and English, in verse and prose : he equally proscribes them all.

Locke is just as adverse to the practice, and much more diffuse in his reasoning against it. 'By all means,' says he, 'obtain, if you can, that your son be not employed in making Latin themes and declamations, and, least of all, verses of any kind.'† He then proceeds to inveigh against all such exercises, especially in Latin; and condemns verses of every kind, chiefly for this reason. 'If he has no genius to poetry, it is the most unreasonable thing in the world to torment a child, and waste his time about that which can never succeed; and if he have a poetic vein, it is to me the strangest thing in the world, that the father should desire or suffer it to be cherished or improved;' adding, in substance, 'that it is not likely to promote his fortunes, but rather to make him poor and idle.'

The sketch of 'a complete and generous education,' drawn by the first of these great masters, is magnificent indeed and imposing, but has never been thought reducible to practice even by his fondest admirers. It is read, and will continue to be read, for its bold and large conceptions, and the majestic eloquence of its style—for that heavenly fancy, and that mighty soul which breathes through all his works, and which makes even his prejudices and his errors awful.

For the memory of the other I also feel sincere reverence,

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* *Tractate of Education*, vol. i. p. 275. 8vo.

† Vol. iii. p. 76, fol. ed.

Locke too apt to attack with light freedom all established notions.

although his own opinions would have been entitled to greater respect, if he had himself treated with more deference the opinions of others who had gone before him, and the practice of sensible men of his own time, whose judgment was worth more, in proportion as it was confirmed by experience. The light freedom, indeed, and the confidence with which this philosopher attacks all established notions, is one of the principal blemishes in his character. Intrepid and sagacious he certainly is; but these are not the only qualities requisite in a discoverer of truth; especially if the inquiry be of such a nature as to draw after it important practical consequences. Caution and respect for the opinions of others, in all cases, but more particularly in matters incapable of demonstration, are virtues not of the lowest order.

The authority of Cicero and Quintilian opposed to those opinions.

To these authorities, as in a matter of judgment and experience, we may surely oppose that of Cicero and Quintilian. Locke pronounces, that writing does not help towards good speaking, p. 77. Cicero says, it is the best and most efficient preparation for it. *De Orat.* i. 33. Quintilian recommends it as a main part of the education of an orator; and describes, with his usual candour and good sense, his own method in examining the compositions of his pupils. *Inst.* ii. 4. So much for authority in this matter. The thing itself strikes every one at first sight as reasonable: and the experience of most persons concerned in education bears testimony to its use. Without some exercise in composition, the student, who has read even the best authors, feels a difficulty and embarrassment in arranging his thoughts on any given subject, in connecting, illustrating, and adorning them. Just as in the conduct of life, if he has never been accustomed to think or act for himself, although he may have lived among the purest examples, yet when called upon to act or reason, he is apt to be disconcerted, diffident, and confused. In fact, the utility, and almost necessity of *practice*, is so received a maxim, that we may fairly demand the strongest proof against it, before we give way. Milton's reason does not meet the question. It is not for the value *to us* of what the boy writes, that we impose the task, but for the benefit of the exercise to himself.

The power to 'write well' can be acquired only by persevering discipline.

To write well is, as he justly calls it, 'the act of ripest judgment;' it is the last best fruit, the τελευταῖον ἐπιγέννημα of an educated mind: but without previous effort and training, it is idle to expect that these manly virtues will ever arrive at maturity. That finished offspring of genius starts not, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, perfect at once in stature, and clad in complete armour: but is the produce of slow birth, and often of a hard delivery; the tender nursling of many an infant year—the pupil of a severe school, formed and chastened by a persevering discipline.

Importance of cultivating that poetic faculty which exists to a certain degree in all minds.

The same reply may be made to the objection against verses. It is not that we seek to stock the world with new poems, but to give play in the most effectual manner to the *poetic faculty*, which exists to a certain degree in all minds, and which, like every other faculty, ought to lie wholly uncultivated in none. At least it is an irreparable injury to young minds, if it be entirely neglected. They may still be useful members in the mechanism of society, if the powers of reasoning and calculation only be encouraged: but they lose that intellectual charm, from which life borrows its loveliest graces; they lose, in a refined age, the means of recommending virtue herself, if taste and elegance be not found in her train. The reasoning of Locke on this subject does, I confess, appear to me sordid and illiberal. He says, indeed, in a phrase not very intelligible, that we must be careful how we 'make anything a boy's business but downright virtue.' p. 76. But the improvement of the faculties which God has implanted in us is surely itself a virtue. Our attention may be given in undue measure to one, and may violate that just harmony, without which nothing is virtuous, nothing lovely. But the faculty itself, which he condemns, was one of the kindest gifts of heaven. And why, then, should man be niggardly where Providence has been bountiful? Why should he think scorn of that pleasant land, and undervalue those fair possessions, which were not thought beneath the care even of the Almighty? In the garden of Eden, we read, was made to grow, not only what was good for food, but every tree also that was pleasant to the sight: and in that garden man was placed, to keep it, and to dress it.

Distinction drawn between the practice of schools and that of the universities.

That in some schools too much stress is laid upon this accomplishment, I will not take upon me to deny. Let the excess, where it is an excess, be blamed and corrected. The reproach of the reviewer, however, extends equally to the universities: and here, I can undertake to affirm, the charge is false. If anything, the fault lies on the other side. Verses, especially Latin verses, are looked upon as a boyish exercise; and although it is the practice not to call for this exercise, except from those who are known to excel in it, yet even this limited demand is seldom satisfied. So prevalent is the conviction, that the highest excellence alone can give it dignity; and that other roads to distinction are open, in which every degree of merit will command respect. Its utility, however, even in the lower department of elegiac verse, is not generally understood. It imparts a habit of compression without obscurity; a habit of selecting the fittest materials, and of setting them in the nicest order; and a command of pure, terse, and polished diction, which cannot long be practised without imparting a salutary tincture to all other kinds of composition. Still, I admit, it is not a principal, but a subordinate feature, in every sound plan of education; and the farther we advance in life, the more urgently do other claims press upon us.

Oxford freed from the charge that she checks the progress of science.

It is time, however, to notice the fourth charge of the reviewer, the substance of which is, 'that in Oxford particularly, every manly exercise of the reasoning powers is discouraged.'

The best answer to this will be given in the account of our studies; and something, I trust, has been already said in refutation of it, when the false estimate made of the nature of classical learning was exposed. The student undergoes a close examination in the *subject matter* of all he reads, and some of the works most read are no light exercise of the understanding. Strict logic, divinity, and mathematical theorems, whether pure or mixed, cannot fail to discipline the reasoning powers; and these form a part of the studies in every college. There are lectures read in experimental philosophy, in astronomy, in chemistry, in mineralogy, and in botany: how far these pursuits *exercise* the student's mind, can only be collected from the general tendency of such studies. They do not enter (except the two first, and these at the option of the candidate) into the examination for degrees; and as they are taught, not by Tutors, but by public professors, it cannot well be ascertained what impression they make on each individual.

In reply, however, to the frivolous impertinence about checking the progress of science, and keeping us back to the measure of the ancients, let it suffice to state, that a rank fallacy runs through the whole argument. The writer confounds the *cultivation of literature* with the *acquisition of science.* In the former, unless our models be defective, which is not attempted to be shown, the study of those models must be as beneficial now as ever. In the latter, the ancients are not made our guides. We study them for the facts, the reasonings, the descriptions, the characters and the sentiments, for the principles and the examples of pure taste, which they contain. These must ever be what they once were, and their relative importance must ever remain the same. It is not the discovery of neutral salts, or the decomposition of alkalies, that can alter the value of ancient literature—that can make eloquence less powerful, poetry less charming, historical example less forcible, or moral and political reflections less instructive. Where then is the wisdom of bringing into comparison things which have no common points of relation; which are, in fact, heterogeneous, and incommensurate with each other? Whatever may be the advancement later ages have made in the knowledge of the properties of bodies, the temper and constitution of the human mind cannot have changed; and the writers best adapted to make impression there, if we turn not stupidly and sullenly away, will perform their office now as heretofore.

The intellectual laboratory not to be superseded by the material.

Never let us believe that the improvement of chemical arts, however much it may tend to the augmentation of national riches, can supersede the use of that intellectual laboratory, where the sages of Greece explored the hidden elements of which man consists, and faithfully recorded all their discoveries. Never let us permit the volumes which enclose these early records, which present us with a distinct view, not only of the results, but of each varied process in all its stages; never let us permit them to moulder and perish as they lie, insensible of that kind Providence which preserved them through their long and dark voyage, and of those heroic efforts which baffled all the fury of ignorance, and enabled them to ride out the storm in safety. Some, indeed, have unhappily foundered in their course; but even of these, the scattered wreck has been washed in by the waves, and proves to us, while we gather along the shore its glittering fragments, how precious the lading was which has been cast away.

If, in the search for these dismembered parts, something more than sober reason would dictate has been felt, some devotional passion, as for 'the torn body of a martyred saint,' why should we scoff at the honest toil, and not rather admire and applaud the zeal which sustains it? As the feigned wandering of that Egyptian queen for her lost Osiris, or, as the nobler fable tells, though born in later days,* of the virgin truth, whose lovely form, once so perfect and glorious to look upon, was, by a race of wicked deceivers, hewn into a thousand pieces, and scattered to the four winds; so has it been with the body of ancient learning, mangled and dispersed as it was throughout the world. And it is only by long search and painful diligence, that limb after limb has been found, and restored, in some measure, to that form of perfect beauty which it once had. The service surely is entitled to our thanks and praise: and that enthusiasm, which magnifies the value even of the minutest relic, will meet with respect and forgiveness among liberal minds.

Reasons why plans of studies sketched out beforehand are often fallacious.

A plan of studies sketched on paper is, I am aware, often very fallacious: and nothing is more easy than to mislead the public by a fair and plausible statement of this kind. I have myself seen outlines drawn, divided into studies of the first year, of the second year, and so on, which appeared to comprehend almost all one could desire to learn either in literature or science: but the persons who execute this plan must be more fortunate than common, if the materials on which they operate are capable of bearing it. In a university, one-fourth part of which changes every year, the new comers differ so widely in age, in capacity, in disposition and turn of thought, in previous knowledge and attainments, that it seems inconceivable how they can be classified in this manner, without a sacrifice, not of extreme cases, (for that must happen in all comprehensive plans,) but of something worth preserving and improving in all. The books and the portions of science allotted to the first year are such as many, by the most diligent study during four years, can never go beyond; while others come so ripe and forward as to be quite fit to begin where the former end. The facility, again, of learning, the rate of advancement, varies in such wide proportions, that no fair classification can be founded on this basis. It is idle to think that any system of education can equalize the powers of different minds. The nominal rank and precedence of the student, like rank in all the liberal professions, must be determined chiefly, not by his merit, but by his standing: the habits of society, the mixed and entangled interests of life require it: but in obtaining this rank, it may be contrived (and it is the great secret of liberal education so to contrive it) that emulation shall be an active, steady, and commanding principle. Compulsion in such cases is ridiculous. It scarcely succeeds even in a nursery; and, as we advance in years, is less to be wished for, and is in fact less practicable. Constant admonition, the consciousness of an over-seeing eye, the fear of reproof, and the hope of praise, are indeed of service, are even necessary to overcome the desultory habits of youth, to check its wanderings, to fix its resolutions, and keep it to its purpose. These however are secondary and incidental powers: they serve to refit and keep the machinery in order; but the great spring, which moves and invigorates the whole, is emulation.

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* See Milton's *Speech for the Liberty of unlicensed Printing,* p. 317. 8vo.

No system of education can equalize the powers of different minds.

The mode of instruction by college lectures, which prevails at both the English universities, is an innovation upon the original plan, which formerly obtained among them, and which is still practised in foreign universities, and I believe in those of Scotland. Some peculiar advan-

Advantages peculiar to College Lectures.

tages there are attending each method, and the best method perhaps would be that which should unite both more completely than is the case with any modern university. If, however, they are compared one against the other, as means of instruction, the preference seems strongly due to that of college lectures.

By a system of College Lectures, the mental habits of the pupil are more readily ascertained and improved.

Under this system the pupils of one tutor are easily classed according to their capacities, and the stock of learning and science they bring with them. When formed into these subdivisions, the choice of the lecture may be adapted to their peculiar wants, and the lecturer can perceive, individually as he goes along, how his instruction is received. The heaviness of solitary reading is relieved by the number which compose a class: this number varies from three or four to ten or twelve: a sort of emulation is awakened in the pupil, and a degree of animation in the instructor, which cannot take place with a single pupil, and which approaches to the vivacity of a public speaker addressing an audience. At the same time he can address himself to individuals, satisfy their scruples, correct their errors, and in so doing, the subject being thoroughly sifted and handled is seen in a variety of lights, and fastens more durably on the mind of those who are listeners merely. Indeed, the impression thus made by theorems of science, and by processes of reasoning on every subject, is so much more vivid, and the means are at hand of ascertaining so satisfactorily how each pupil receives what he hears, that the business of teaching is made less irksome and fatiguing to both parties; and in a few weeks the tutor is enabled to form a juster estimate of the abilities, and quickness, and mental habits, of his pupil, than any other system could explain to him in as many years.

In reading the principal classic authors also, which forms a great part of Oxford education, the advantages of this method are not less conspicuous. A habit of accuracy, the last habit which a young man acquires by himself, is thus created.

The same subject pursued.

A thousand points are remarked as he goes along which would have escaped a solitary student. Bad school-practices are corrected. Principles of taste and criticism are conveyed in the most striking manner, because they arise out of the occasion, and are taught with the example before him. Opinions of men and books, and whatever else is connected with the topics as they occur, are easily communicated The scheme of literature is gradually unfolded to his mind, according as he is able to bear it, and to profit from it. In fact, there is no work of the class here alluded to which may not serve as a text-book, with which information of every sort may, as the occasion requires, be interwoven, and the mode of imparting it may be adapted to the individual who is addressed. It is thus that the stores of one mind may most effectually be transfused into another, whether concerning matters of literature, or philosophy, or religion, or the conduct of life. It is in these readings that the full merit of those ancient models is made prominent, and brought home to the feelings and apprehension of every one. They serve as specimens and exemplars, according to which private study may be formed and moulded; for in private study, after all, the great field of literature must be traversed. And hence is established that intercourse of mind, which, imperceptibly, gives a tincture even to the most thoughtless, and marks a lasting stamp on others, who are hardly conscious of the successive impulses, by which the impression is continually worn in.

In the more ambitious display of a public lecture, there are, beyond a doubt, advantages which private instruction cannot have. The effort of the lecturer is naturally greater, his matter more carefully prepared, his tone and diction more elevated and impressive. There are emotions which eloquence can raise, and which lead to loftier thoughts and nobler aspirings than commonly spring up in the private intercourse of men; when the latent flame of genius has

The object of a university education to produce many improved minds, rather than a few illustrious specimens.

been kindled by some transient ray, shot perhaps at random, and aimed least where it took the greatest effect, but which has set all the kindred sparks that lay there in such a heat and stir, as that no torpid indolence, or low earthy-rooted cares, shall ever again smother or keep them down. From this high lineage may spring a never-failing race; few indeed, but more illustrious because they are few, through whom the royal blood of philosophy shall descend in its purest channels, but will hardly be brought down to mingle with the baser alloy of the unschooled multitude. It is not, it cannot be, the most effectual means by which instruction is to be conveyed to the minds of the great majority of students; and to do this, surely, is the prime object in any system of national education. The succession of illustrious names brought into notice by the other mode, is apt to cast a delusive splendour over the prominent masses which it illumines, and to withdraw our attention from the thousand inferior objects which are crowded in the back ground, less captivating, it is true, to the imagination, but equally entitled to the care of true philanthropy. I would not undervalue these higher doings; but we must be cautious how they lead us out of the track of plain and sober industry. A thirst for distinction may interfere with homely duties more really important to mankind. Our husbandry is truly on a large scale; but let us beware how we sacrifice, after the example of vain ostentatious breeders, the food of some twenty or thirty, for the sake of making a proud show of one. Such produce is not the true or certain test of skilful management. If we send out into the world an annual supply of men, whose minds are imbued with literature according to their several measures of capacity, impressed with what we hold to be the soundest principles of policy and religion, grounded in the elements of science, and taught how they may best direct their efforts to farther attainments in that line; if, with this common stock, of which they all partake, they be encouraged afterwards to strike off into the several professions and employments of life, to engage in the public service of the state, or to watch over and manage the lesser circle of affairs, which the independent gentlemen of this country, and of this country only, conduct in their respective neighbourhoods; I think we do a greater and more solid good to the nation, than if we sought to extend over Europe the fame of a few exalted individuals, or to acquire renown by exploring untrodden regions, and by holding up to the world, ever ready to admire what is new, the fruits of our discovery.

Speculation not discouraged, though it ought not to be the business of a body such as the University.

Let not this be construed into an admission that speculation is discouraged. The fact is not so. But it is not, and it ought not to be the business of a body. It is for us to execute an established system; to teach and to recommend what is thoroughly approved. Individuals may engage in the task of discovery; and they are better fitted for that task, if they be well informed in what is already known. In case they should be rewarded for their honourable search, 'if truth shall have spoken to them before other men,' let them in the name of truth not withhold the secret; it will be eagerly listened to here as elsewhere; and if, after due probation, it be found to be indeed the voice of truth which spake it, our system will thankfully receive the wholesome aliment. But to expect that every crude opinion or untried theory shall enter as soon as it demands admission, and take its place amongst us, while we rise up and make room to receive it, is against all reason and the analogy of things. Let the experiments be tried, and repeatedly tried, in some insignificant spot, some corner of the farm; but let us not risk the whole harvest of the year upon a doubtful project.

There is one province of education, indeed, in which we are slow in believing that any discoveries can be made. The

We do not believe that any discoveries remain to be made in the scheme of Revelation.

scheme of Revelation we think is closed, and we expect no new light on earth to break in upon us. The sacred volume we know has been abused, (as what gift of the Almighty has not been abused?) for the worst and wickedest ends. It has been hidden from the world, it has been corrupted, misinterpreted, and perverted, so as to become an engine of fraud and error, and blind fanaticism. These arts and these acts of violence we hold it our especial duty to remedy and to guard against; to keep strict watch round that sacred citadel, to deliver out in due measure and season the stores it contains, to make our countrymen look to it as a tower of strength, and to defend it against open and secret enemies. It stands conspicuous in all our streets; it catches the eye in every direction, and at every turning; and we should think all our views incomplete without it.

Those are much mistaken who would have education to be one continued system of restraint and of artificial guidance.

Plans of education can never create great men. It is a weak and mistaken opinion one now and then meets with in the world; and all the testimony of history and experience will never wholly explode it. Native vigour and persevering exertion are the rare qualities, which lead to excellence of every kind. These qualities, it is true, may be aided, encouraged, and directed by method. Still it cannot happen that the method best adapted for the generality of cases will exactly suit each. The charge of education is a weighty one, and many interests are involved in it: it must be conducted with a view to the general benefit; and rules not always liked, not always profitable to individuals, must be enforced. Some perhaps will be impatient, and overshoot the convoy, in hopes of making a better market. But it is at their own peril; and as the advantage is precarious, so is the failure unpitied, and without remedy.

There are again many who speak, there are some even

Wax-work minds the result of such management.

who have written upon education, as if in its best form it were one continued system of restraint, of artificial guidance, and over-ruling inspection. The mind, they tell us, may be moulded like wax; and wax-work truly is all these plans will make of it. Such was the old Platonic reverie; such was the Jesuit scheme, the most perfect drill-training, perhaps, from the sentinel to the general, that ever was devised. Such in a great measure is the method of the modern Quakers. Heaven, and the guardian genius of English liberty, preserve us from this degrading process. We want not men who are clipped and espaliered into any form which the whim of the gardener may dictate, or the narrow limits of his parterre require. Let our saplings take their full spread, and send forth their vigorous shoots in all the boldness and variety of nature. Their luxuriance must be pruned; their distortions rectified; the rust and canker and caterpillar of vice carefully kept from them: we must dig round them, and water them, and replenish the exhaustion of the soil by continual dressing. The sunbeams of heaven, and the elements of nature, will do the rest.

In the first stages indeed of infancy and boyhood, restraint must be continually practised, and liberty of action abridged. But, in proportion as reason is strengthened, freedom should be extended. At some of our public schools, it is said, this freedom is indulged to a dangerous extent. The charge may be just; and if so, the evil calls aloud for correction. But when a student is sent to the university, he ought to understand that he must think, in a great measure, and act, for himself. He is not to be for ever watched, and checked, and controlled, till he fancies that everything is right which is not forbidden: as if there were no conscience within him, and no God above him, to whom he is accountable. Obedience is indeed a virtue even in man; but it is obedience founded in right reason, not in fear. Unless joined with this principle, virtue itself hardly deserves the name. Unless some choice be left it, some voluntary action to try its steadiness, how shall it approve itself to be virtue?

Good effects of a manly and generous discipline.

On this principle I rejoice to see a manly and generous discipline established among us—a discipline which enjoins nothing, which prohibits nothing, which punishes nothing, but what reason and common sense declare deserving of that treatment. There are decencies and formalities, indifferent perhaps in their own nature, which all well-ordered communities, especially if numerous, find it expedient to enforce by rules; and which none but a depraved taste would disrelish or habitually violate. But in all the great business of education, the student feels that what he does is his own doing; the free working of his own will; assisted certainly by counsel, by reproof, and by encouragement; but springing principally from his own sense of what is fitting, virtuous, and honourable.

The histories of Thucydides and Xenophon.

In the favourite studies of the place, they meet with nothing but what tends to breed and foster these noble sentiments; to make them feel what they owe to their country in a land of freedom, and what their country expects from them. In the histories of Thucydides and Xenophon they see reflected all the great causes and motives which can ever agitate and distract their own nation. They read, unmixed with the prejudiced and perverse clamours of party, the fatal consequences of misrule and anarchy, of wild democracy, of unlimited or unjust power. In these works, more especially in the former, is spread out before their eyes a crowded but not a confused picture of human affairs, exhibiting all the passions, both in their secret workings and in their fullest energy—all the difficulties and duties of a true patriot—all the virtues, the vices, the intrigues, the reciprocal interests, and the diversified fortunes of free states; and with the fullest and minutest detail of facts are interwoven such reflections and reasonings, as must for ever fix on that history the seal of political wisdom, and make it to be, what its author nobly and boldly foretold it would be, a standing monument of instruction to all times.

In the latter of these writers they will see how active patriotism and skill in affairs may be combined with the cultivation of letters and sound philosophy: while in his luminous narrative will occur to them such a lively and just account of things, such strong portraits starting, as it were, from the page in their native mien and features, as to carry almost all the distinctness, and more than all the authority, of living examples. And from no study can an Englishman acquire a better insight into the mechanism and temper of civil government: from none can he draw more instructive lessons, both of the danger of turbulent faction, and of corrupt oligarchy: from none can he better learn how to play skilfully upon, and how to keep in order, that finely-toned instrument, a free people.

To think that any student can peruse and understand these works without catching some portion of the generous spirit that breathes in them, is to argue an ignorance of the frame and constitution of man's nature; and many, we trust, there are, who, in the lofty language of Milton, 'are led by them and drawn in willing obedience, enflamed with the study of learning, and the admiration of virtue; stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men, and worthy patriots, dear to God, and famous to all ages.'

So live they yet
Unchang'd by time, and hold their empire still
With noble minds: still lingering on the banks
Of Isis' silver stream, the Muse of Greece,
As by Ilissus once, her awful truths
Unfolds, and draws from many a record proud
The great example, not in vain address'd
To Britain's youth, that teaches how to prize
Their country's worth, and how to guard its weal
With virtue or with arms. Lo! where she points
To Marathon's dread plain, and the rough shore
Of sea-beat Salamis, and bids them mark

How Heaven itself will arm, to aid the cause
Of virtuous freedom. From the mystic shrines
Of old Eleusis, and her dark abodes,
Went forth 'The Mighty Mother,' and in clouds
Hovering aloft o'er Persia's baffled host
Pour'd wild dismay, and on the Colian rock
Scatter'd the frequent wreck. Then while the flame
Glows in their youthful breasts, pausing awhile
The sweet instructress bids then mark again
How Athens rose to empire; firm, and wise,
Resting her sway on lovely virtue rose;
Till wealth and power prevailed at length to taint
Her simple faith, and warp'd her from the line
Of equal rule: and the vile demagogue
Unfix'd the people's mind: and loosening first
The fence of law, that held him from his prey,
Chang'd them from what they were, from just and mild
To fierce and cruel. Ponder th' eventful tale,
Ye rising hopes of Britain, for it speaks
With no light warning.*

Such was the impression made by these studies on one, who had himself drank largely at the fountain of modern science as well as of ancient learning; who lately shone a bright example among us as the warm friend to merit of every kind; who never ceased to encourage, to direct, and to assist those around him in every honourable pursuit; and who is now wisely gone to enjoy the evening of life in repose, sweetened by the remembrance of having spent the day in useful and strenuous exertion.

The true notion of utility.

Utility, if it means anything, means that which is conducive to some good end. Thus, a thing may be useful, which is not good in itself, provided it lead to what is good. It is the value of the end, which must determine the value of the means. And if a question arise concerning the comparative utility of two things, it can only be determined by considering the nature of the ends to which they respectively lead.

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* These lines are, I believe, by Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christ Church.—Ed.

Is a rational being most nobly occupied in supplying his bodily wants?

Now all those arts and studies which relate to the improvement of manufactures, and to the raising or multiplying the means of subsistence, terminate merely in the bodily wants of man. Our houses are better furnished, our table may be better supplied, our travelling more commodious; and all these are very desirable ends. But will any man who aspires to the name of philosopher, maintain that these are the principal ends of human life—that a rational being is most nobly occupied in supplying his bodily wants—in ministering to the caprices of fashion in dress, in building, in equipage, or in diet? There surely is some object paramount to all these, for which his faculties are fitted, and towards which they receive from nature some secret impulse and bias; an impulse which he is enabled to obey, in proportion as the pressure of those other motives is lessened, which are inferior in dignity, although prior in necessity. To make *necessity* the standard of what is praiseworthy or honourable, is against the uniform judgment of mankind. If that position were admitted, the lowest employments of life are unjustly depressed: for what services are more necessary than those which provide us with food and raiment? If the other wants and pleasures of life could not be consulted, without a sacrifice of these, no man could hesitate to which to give the preference. It is only on the presumption that these can be supplied by ordinary hands, and that there is time and labour enough at the disposal of society for other purposes, that we can at all justify those less necessary pursuits, which engage the attention of the higher departments in civilized life. This universal testimony of mankind, uncalled for and undesigned, appears to me the strongest evidence for the reasonableness of that distinction which everywhere prevails, and which admits only of such variations as local and accidental peculiarities naturally cause. The main principle is not only observable, but is prominent under all these variations, and has been so in all ages of the world.

Cultivation of mind in itself a good of the highest order.

Still we are continually reminded, that solid and useful attainments are preferable to those which are less necessary, and which adorn rather than support life. I readily grant that they are so: but only when brought into *competition* with each other. It is only when we are called upon to *make a choice between two*—when we cannot *have both.* We must build our house before we furnish it: but he who supplies the library and the pictures may surely be allowed to rank above the artificer that raised the walls and framed the roof.

Neither can any distinction be justly made between the case of *manual* and *intellectual* labour. They cannot indeed be altogether separated, even in the lowest occupations. And where the labour is purely intellectual, I do not see how its dignity can be measured by the tendency it has to satisfy the bodily wants of men. It is not, at least, a self-evident proposition, which this reviewer presumes it to be. And if it be true, much more reason does there seem for measuring the mechanical and corporeal employments of life by that standard. But it is *not true*, and never will be *established* in the opinions of men. It may be brought forward upon occasion, like many other plausible deceptions, to serve a temporary purpose, to excite odium against one party, or to acquire popular favour for another; and the mischief may be great for a time, although the delusion cannot be lasting.

There must be surely a cultivation of mind, which is itself a good: a good of the highest order; without any immediate reference to bodily appetites, or wants of any kind. Of this cultivation I should say, as of many professions and trades, that it must not be allowed to *interfere* with duties of a plainer kind. If they cannot *both* be allowed in the same society, that which is least necessary must give way. But in the present case, such is not the question. No pretence is set up, that an undue proportion is withdrawn from the general population, and employed in these studies; but that the *studies themselves* are frivolous, because they do not immediately tend to what is called *practical* good.

Vulgar errors concerning the acquisition of knowledge.

Never, while the world lasts, will it be wholly disabused of that specious error, that the more there is crammed into a young man's mind, whether it stays there or not, whether it is digested or not, still the wiser he is. And writings such as those which I have been examining, smart, witty, and confident, tend to confirm this diseased habit of thinking, and to spread the contagion. A half-educated father hears that lectures are read in chemistry, botany, mineralogy, &c. &c., at one place, and his son is learning nothing of this sort at school. Incapable of judging how mental powers are improved by continual exercise, and how the moral character is in a great measure formed by the study of good authors, he fancies that when the grammar of a language is learnt, all farther attention to that language is lost time—that there is nothing new gained, because there is no new name. If the boy is captivated by the novelty and variety of the studies which are presented to him, he seldom returns with any relish to philological pursuits. He may become a skilful agriculturist, an improver of manufactures, an useful inspector of roads, mines, and canals: but all that distinguished grace, which a liberal education imparts, he foregoes for ever. It cannot be acquired in a later period of life, if the morning of his days have been occupied with other cares, and the intellectual habits already settled in different forms and postures. If, as too often happens, these matters are received into the ears, but take no possession of the mind, there is not only a moral blank, but an intellectual barrenness—a poverty of fancy and invention, a dearth of historical and poetical illustration, a want of all those ideas which decorate and enliven truth, which enable us to live over again the times that are past, to combine the produce of widely distant ages, and to multiply into one another the component parts of each. The experiment is a cruel one. I have seen it tried, and have witnessed the melancholy and irreparable result.

The first object to discipline the mind and prepare the intellect.

On the contrary, if this liberal instruction be first provided, and if the intellect be duly prepared by correct logic and pure mathematical science, there is no analysis, which the business of life may afterwards call upon him to investigate, beyond the reach of a moderate understanding. The habit of discrimination, the power of stating a question distinctly, and of arguing with perspicuity, are of much greater importance than the hasty acquisition of miscellaneous knowledge. Not that I would be understood to exclude the study of those matters from an university. They are taught, and esteemed and encouraged here: but we do not deny that they are the subordinate, and not the leading business of education: and (what I think should never be forgotten) they are much more easily attained by a well-disciplined mind, after he enters into life, than the other studies upon which we lay the greatest stress.

If it be seriously complained of as a defect, that scepticism either in philosophy or religion is discountenanced, I can only pity the folly of the writer who could advance so untenable a position. If, indeed, the object of education be to distract the mind of the student, to make his opinions loose, wavering, and inconstant, instead of guiding his choice, assisting his judgment, and concentrating his powers, then we must admit that we are altogether under a mistake. If he was sent here, not to be fed with what we believed to be the most wholesome diet, but to be turned adrift amongst a medley of all sorts of food and all sorts of poison, and left to choose for himself, then, indeed, have we still to learn our duty, and to begin at that point where we have hitherto fancied education ought to end. But the wretched absurdity of this doctrine is too manifest to bear a question. It must seem like trifling to attempt its refutation. I will therefore proceed to notice one topic more, on which I have heard the complaints of friends as well as enemies.

Christian ethics best taught from the pulpit.

Much wonder has been sometimes expressed, that, in so important a science as moral philosophy, no more distinct provision should have been made in the English universities, and that so much respect should still continue to be paid, more especially in Oxford, to the ancient heathen systems of ethics, after so many corrections and improvements, with the light and authority of the Gospel to guide us.

To this objection, the first answer which occurs is, that in a Christian community, ethics is much more included within the province of religion than that of philosophy. Without the sanction of religion, the purest system of ethics would be comparatively lifeless and unfruitful: and without ethical instruction, religion itself is vapid, and even dangerous. They may be considered as inseparable ingredients of one compound; and the care of teaching both in the most effectual manner, may well be intrusted to the same hands. It is, then, from the pulpit that we are to look for the fullest performance of this branch of education; and it is in this service that we see called forth amongst us the greatest efforts of moral and metaphysical reasoning.

The name of sermon has, with some people, become synonymous with a trite superficial statement of truths which no one combats. A volume of sermons is too often regarded by the world in that light: and it is well known to be a most unpromising title to a work. Call the same composition lectures in moral philosophy, dissertations on certain theorems in ethics or metaphysics, and they are immediately supposed to contain something profound—some display of acute and original reasoning—some new illustration or powerful vindication of established truths. And the same injustice is equally observable with regard to the unpublished arguments which are continually framed, and delivered from the pulpit. The instruction, however, thus conveyed is, for all practical purposes, and in a great degree also for intellectual exercise and improvement, the most solid and impressive.

The Gospel not designed to supersede moral reasoning.

Religion adapts itself to all conditions, to all occupations, whether of mind or body; and that form, in which its truths are best represented to a congregation of students and of educated men, is one which calls for a power of abstract reasoning, and for a knowledge of the best ethical works, the matter of which, according to its worth, may be incorporated with religious discourse. Hardly any man but the enthusiast contends that the Gospel was designed to supersede moral reasoning. It adds a sanction to ethics, which the sublimest philosophy could never give: it corrects some errors, into which the purest philosophy, without that guide, had fallen. But it displays no entire and systematic code, which renders the employment of our natural faculties in such an inquiry less needful: on the contrary, it affords a strong additional stimulus to exert them in this service. If, therefore, the whole of what we learnt in morals were to be derived from one work, no Christian could hesitate between the system of Aristotle and the system of Paley. The latter work is well known here, and never mentioned without respect. But whether as an exercise of the reasoning faculty, or as exhibiting moral theorems in a more captivating and convincing shape, I cannot think it entitled to a decided preference. It may lead to a notion, also, that it contains *all* we think well established in Christian ethics: whereas, the Greek philosophy is always studied with a reserve in favour of Christianity, and an habitual reference is made to a more unerring standard, by which its soundness is to be tried. When we consider, too, how frequently, from the very nature of the case, a popular modern work in English will be read without much specific encouragement, while a foreign stimulus is almost always wanted to make an ancient treatise of any depth generally studied, the prudence of fixing on the latter as the object of reward and honour, supposing them nearly equal in value, cannot be questioned. My own conviction, after much consideration of the matter, decidedly settled in that way: but I admit it to be a point on which different opinions may well be entertained, even by people acquainted with the works of both classes.

We must not be deceived by ideal pictures of perfection.

In the view which has thus been given, and the defence which has been attempted, of Oxford education, although I have not been able, nor indeed have I been willing, to suppress the strong affection which I feel for the place and for its peculiar studies; yet nothing has been farther from my mind than to act the part of a professed advocate—to hide its defects—to exaggerate its merits—and to give a false complexion to the whole case. It is one of the marks either of extreme weakness, or of artful malignity, to draw an ideal picture of what a seminary of learning might be, or ought to be. A kind of intellectual paradise is delineated, from which human passions, prejudices, and interests are altogether excluded. Nothing is to occupy the mind but a never-failing and laborious attention to peculiar duties. No allowance is to be made for difference of bodily or mental constitution—none for occasional languor, or fluctuation of spirits—none for the avocations of business—for multiplied and entangled connexions—for pursuits of private interest and advancement—pursuits which are thought not only allowable, but laudable in every other department of life.

And when this visionary scene has been exhibited to the fancy, what wonder if the reality shall be found homely and disappointing! Where human beings are, human follies and interests will ever be found. The comparison ought not in candour to be made with a perfect standard; but with that which seems fairly practicable, and reasonably to be expected in the present state of things. If there be any institution so pure, any body of individuals so devoted to the public good, that no other motive finds place in their minds, and no other view or inclination, from day to day, is harboured there but the service of God and man, let *them* (with solemn reverence and sincerity of heart I speak it), let them cast the first stone at us. But these are not the men from whom the language of insult and invective is heard. It is that many-tongued spirit of jealous discontent or political discord, which utters these jarring sounds; which ever and anon flits across our path, and, occupying some sheltered nook or over-hanging eminence, derides us with fiendlike mockery, and points with a reproachful hand at each faltering step or accidental failure, while nothing seems to delight it more than to see its elfish tricks imitated by an idle throng of spectators, or to hear an echo of laughter raised at the expense of silent and unpretending worth.

The University of Oxford not a national foundation.

There are, moreover, some points in the constitution of this place, which are carefully kept out of sight by our revilers, but which ought to be known and well considered before any comparison is made between what we are, and what we ought to be. *The university of Oxford is not a national foundation.* It is a congeries of foundations, originating, some in royal munificence, but more in private piety and bounty. They are moulded, indeed, into one corporation; but each one of our twenty colleges is a corporation by itself, and has its own peculiar statutes, not only

The authority of founders' wills not to be put aside because their provisions are not always the best that might have been.

regulating its internal affairs, but confining its benefits by a great variety of limitations. In this particular, I believe, we are much more restrained than the foundations in Cambridge, although in many cases the limitations bear a close resemblance. In most colleges the fellowships are appropriated to certain schools, dioceses, counties, and in some cases even to parishes, with a preference given to the founder's kindred for ever. Many qualifications, quite foreign to intellectual talents and learning, are thus enjoined by the founders; and in very few instances is a free choice of candidates allowed to the fellows of a college, upon any vacancy in their number. Merit, therefore, has not such provision made as the extent of the endowments might seem to promise. Now, it is certain that each of these various constitutions cannot be the best. The best of them, perhaps, are those where an unrestrained choice is left among all candidates who have taken one degree. The worst are those which are appropriated to schools, from which boys of sixteen or seventeen are forwarded to a fixed station and emolument, which nothing can forfeit but flagrant misconduct, and which no exertion can render more valuable.

But what can be said to all this? Are the wills of private benefactors to be set aside, not because they contain provisions *injurious* to the public (for in that case no one could question the propriety of interference in the legislature), but simply because these provisions are *not the best that might have been?* If the country were about to allot anew any portion of its wealth for the purpose of education, of course the plan would be uniform, and the regulations such as might seem best adapted, in every respect, to promote the desired end. But an English legislature has always evinced, and I trust ever will evince, a tender regard for the authority of wills, and the sacredness of private property.

Whatever innovations may be made, no one can apprehend from such a legislature, that any personal loss should be sustained by the present individuals. And whether even the maintenance of a sacred principle be not a greater good than the mere *amelioration* of a system, ought to be, and would be, I am confident, well considered, before any change is made.*

Salutary check of public opinion.

In the meantime, I never wish to see the university placed above responsibility to public opinion. I never wish to see her shielded from the fear of public censure, reposing securely on her endowments, and disregarding the clamours of the world around her. It is the terror of the public voice which keeps in awe our very government, and all our public institutions: and when once that salutary check is removed, we know how soon every ill weed springs up and ripens in every quarter of the estate, and how indolent all its stewards and labourers become. To the voice of the public we ought always to answer with respect, and to render an account, if called upon, of our proceedings. And when that account is fairly given in, I do not fear that a judgment will be passed, upon the vain and ungenerous expectation of perfect virtue. If, indeed, the great purpose of national education were defeated or lightly regarded by us, if the life-blood of England, instead of being invigorated by healthy food, and quickened by pure patriotism, were sent back tainted and diseased, to circulate through her veins disloyalty, irreligion, or fanaticism, then indeed might we hang down our heads in shame, and shrink from that storm of obloquy which is gathering so thick around us. But if no such deadly mischief is suffered to lurk here, if, with the allowances candour will ever make for human frailty, we be found upon the whole to discharge our duty with discretion and fidelity, we need never scruple to meet our accusers with a clear and unabashed countenance, confident, as we well may be, that we shall continue to enjoy the protection of the government we live under, and the favour of that nation whose best interests we serve.

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* Mr. Cockburn, late Christian Advocate at Cambridge, has proposed a plan for limiting the duration of all fellowships to ten or twelve years, securing, of course, the present possessors from any loss or injury. Although I admire and applaud the zeal of this writer, and have no doubt of the purity and rectitude of his intentions, yet I cannot think his plan desirable, on several accounts. The hardship, which many individuals would *certainly* suffer, outweighs in my mind the value of any *incidental good* which might arise from this system. Besides, the great object proposed is, to send fellows of colleges into active employment. Now this purpose is already effected by the permission, universally granted, of non-residence. Not more than one-sixth part, I believe, of the fellows of colleges in Oxford are resident: very few more than are engaged in the business of education. The rest are employed in the world in different ways. The system of non-residence is carried so far, as to have affected materially the aspect of the place, perhaps farther than in prudence it ought to be. Very few are there who are possessed of leisure to carry on learned works. And the consequence is, that the business of authorship is often assumed by most incompetent hands; while abler men are occupied in the more useful but less showy task of tuition. On this subject I believe the public are much misinformed. The life of a college is far from being the life of a cloister. The character of a fellow of a college, so often made the theme of satirical humour, like that of the squire in country life, has nearly disappeared. The evil, if any, is now reversed. So far from a college being a drain upon the world, the world drains colleges of their most efficient members; and, although the University thus becomes a more effectual engine of education, it loses much of that characteristic feature it once had, as a residence of learned leisure, and an emporium of literature.

The nature and design of Bacon's *Organon.*

*There is in fact so much trick and juggle in the use which is made of Bacon's name, that I shall risk the imputation of prolixity, in order to expose, once for all, the shallow sophistry to which writers of this description are for ever resorting. The *Organon* of Bacon has been already

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* This extract is from the second *Reply*.

An improper use made of the authority of Bacon.

shown to be confined to the department of physical science. It is indeed truly said to constitute a grand era in the history of philosophy: but to propose it as a manual of instruction, or a guide for philosophical inquiries in the present age, is to mistake its real nature and design. The great author of that work had to explode inveterate prejudices; to awaken men from a stupid lethargy; to rouse them to action; to convince them that as yet they knew little of nature; and to set them an example, after which they might be enabled to learn more. These great purposes have been long ago answered: there is not one, I believe, of the *idola* which is now defended or cherished in any seat of learning, or by any person of liberal education. The process of experiment has been unceasingly pursued, and is still hourly pursued, by persons who never read a line of Bacon, with more skill, sagacity, and success, than if they had learnt by heart all his twenty-seven *instantiæ*, and practised his *vindemiatio* upon them. Thus even the object which alone he had in view himself—that of promoting discovery, is better attained by this revolution which has taken place in the opinions and practice of philosophical inquirers, than it was by his own most sedulous endeavours: for it is somewhat remarkable, that the conclusion, to which he is led in the first exemplification of his method of inquiry, is found by later experiments to have been directly false; nearly one fourth of the second book being occupied with an investigation of the nature of heat, which is determined at length to be '*Motus* expansivus, cohibitus, et nitens per partes minores.' Lib. ii. Aph. 20.

Let me not be understood to speak disrespectfully of the greatest of modern philosophers, when I say this. My sole object is to show that an improper use is made of his authority. There is a spirit of party, as Professor Playfair informs us,* even among geometers; and this spirit has, I fear, had more share, even than ignorance, in misrepresenting the question respecting ancient and modern philosophy. The reviewer, who is perpetually exalting the latter above the former, seems to have derived all his knowledge of the works of Aristotle from Dr. Reid's *Analysis of the Organon,* a work which, whatever its merits may be, is certainly very defective, not only because the author, by his own confession, never read the treatise entirely through, of which he proposes to give a summary, but still more because he had hardly any acquaintance with the other writings of that philosopher. This acquaintance is not only useful, but even indispensable in a writer, who would present a just exposition of any of his speculative works.

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* Notes to *Elements of Geometry*, p. 427.

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